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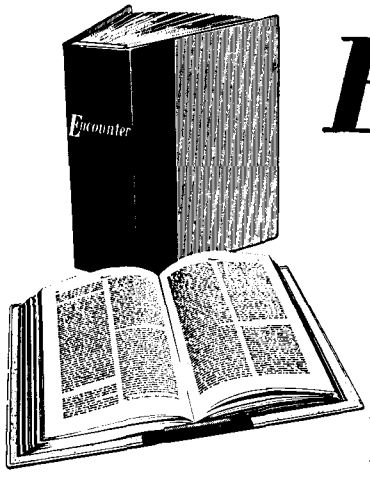

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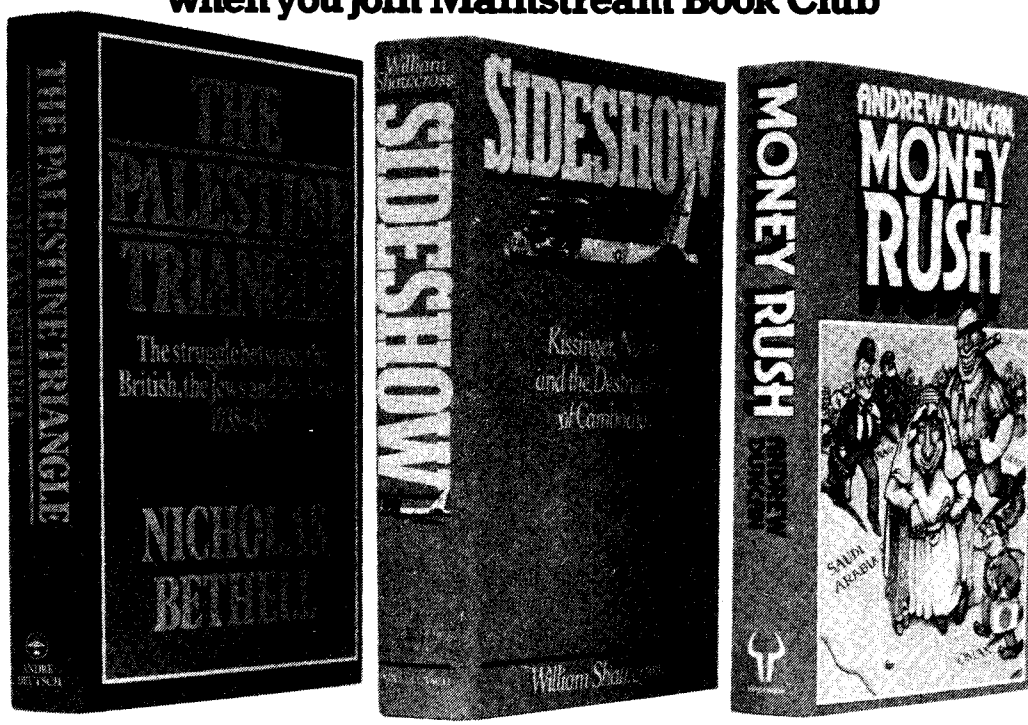

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Clive Sinclair

Bed-Bugs

DURING THE NIGHT I have a vision of bed-bugs in congress. A concrescence of male and female. The polluted mass pulsates, masculine organs pullulate, grow into dangerous spikes that, blinded by passion, miss the proffered orifices and stab deep into the soft bellies of their consorts. While I thus dream my blood is sucked and the satiated bugs, too bloated to return to their hiding places, excrete their waste upon the sheets and make their getaway. When I awake I observe the tell-tale black stains and become conscious of new islands of itchiness erupting upon my body. Life has taken a turn for the better for the dispossessed bed-bugs, homeless since the demolition of the ancient slums, with the construction of the concrete college. Here at last the flat-bodied bugs have found sanctuary in the snug crevices, and plenty of food in the beds. Even during the long summer vacation, when the abandoned beds are filled by foreign students and their teachers; the former having come to Cambridge to improve their English, the latter to improve their finances. I am among the latter.

Some weeks previously I had been telephoned by a director of Literature & Linguistics Ltd, hitherto unknown, and been offered a job as a tutor at their Cambridge Summer School, held annually in the vacated university. He was frank. He said that they had been let down at the last minute and that someone had given him my name; he apologised for the short notice and enquired if I knew anything about the poets of the Great War, the course set by the deserter, for which books had already been purchased and despatched to the students; he added that these students tended to be young, German, intelligent, fluent, and—with a chuckle—female; he said by way of conclusion that Literature & Linguistics Ltd was a reputable company and that the salary was equally respectable. I promised to let him know the following day. Here was irony! Teaching First World War poetry to Germans, who had cut short the careers of most of the poets. Being Jewish I also felt a more personal thin-skinned irony. But was such irony justified? After all neither I nor the students were even born in the days of the Third Reich, so could I blame them for the fact that had their parents proved victorious I would never have been born at all? Easily. Then what made me take the position? Money? Of course. But even more persuasive was Isaac Rosenberg. On account of a little known biographical detail: his affair with my grandmother. He was ten and she was seven. They kissed one fine afternoon outside the Rosenbergs' house in Stepney, a few doors down from my great-grandfather's green-grocery. Furthermore, when Rosenberg decided to enlist he ran away from home and joined a bantam battalion in Bury St Edmunds. You can see his barracks from our bedroom window. The grotesque red-brick pastiche of a castle looms over me as I call the director to announce my acceptance. I do not mention that I have re-named the course Rosenberg's Revenge.

However, the German girls completely disarm me. They are charming, receptive and funny. Above all they seem so innocent. Our first class began in a tentative way, polite, giggly, until one of the girls demanded to know why we were studying such poetry. "The concerns of the poets are out of date, they do not mean anything to us", she said, "especially since we are mostly girls here and not interested in war one bit. So why do you make us read about these horrible things?" Other girls snorted, to be interpreted as derisive. In that parallel course running in my head, Rosenberg's Revenge, I rubbed the cow's nose

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in Nazi atrocities, but in our Cambridge classroom I was patient, persuasive. I did not mention the pink stain on her neck which I took to be a love bite, sign of her preoccupations. "Why? Because the poetry transcends its environment", I said. "War becomes the inspiration. A source of destruction, but also creation. A paradox to contemplate. The proximity of death added to the intensity of the poet. Their minds were concentrated wonderfully." My allies moved in to attack. Women not interested in war? What nonsense! War involves everybody. My enemy was routed, isolated, leaving the rest of us clear to commence the course. In that introductory meeting relationships were established, and I was pleased to note that foremost among my supporters was the most attractive girl in the room. Vanity also is an inspiration.

THERE ARE TWO TUTORS for the twenty students; myself for literature, the other for linguistics, with composition shared. Although Bury St Edmunds is only thirty miles from Cambridge I am expected to sleep in the college, since my duties include evening entertainment. Tonight my colleague is giving a lecture on phonemes, freeing me to telephone my wife. As I listen to the ringing tone I consider the fact that while each peal is identical, subsequent conversation gives it a retrospective value; from phony, wrong number, to euphony for a lover. "Hello love", says my wife, "miss me?" "Lots", I say. So our catechism continues, a pleasant exchange of self-confidences, until I realise with alarm that my answers are counterfeit. I am not thinking about her. I do not miss her. I am a liar. Second sight suddenly reveals this peccadillo as prophetic and I foresee the wreck of our marriage. Doubtless this is a romantic fallacy to be dismissed as easily as the psychosomatic cramp that has gripped my stomach. What harm can there be in euphemism if it makes her happy? "Sleep well", says my wife, "sweet dreams."

But the belly-ache won't go away. Back in my room I stretch upon the bed. My room is modernistic, without extraneous matter; for example, there are no handles on the drawers, just holes for fingers to pull them open. Being double the room is a duplex, and in the steps that connect the levels the style reaches its apotheosis. Granted that only 50% of a regular staircase is used, since just one foot presses on each step, what does the architect do? Lop off the redundant half, of course. Leaving steps that alternate, right, left, right, left, etcetera. True the residents have tried to impress their personalities upon this chamber, by decorating the walls with posters, but in their absence, devoid of their possessions, these emphasise the emptiness. Nor are there any books on the shelves, save my war poems, and a book marked with a single yellow star. The ghetto journal of a Warsaw Jew. The diary was discovered after the war, his body never was. Actually, I did not bring the book along to read, rather as a reminder of an evil that cannot be exorcised. Nevertheless, flat out with colic I read it from cover to cover. What can I say? In class we talk of literature, but this is not art. The writer chronicles everything as dispassionately as possible, a record for future historians, until in the end he can restrain himself no longer. "Daughter of Germany!" he curses. "Blessed is he who will seize your babes and smash them against the Rock!"

Sweet dreams! I dream of flesh in torment and awaken to find my body in a rash. No stranger to hives I blame my brain, never suspecting the true culprits. But instead of fading the hives swell so that by mid-morning, my class in full swing, they are throbbing in sympathy with the soldiers in the trenches. Fighting the temptation to scratch I ask my enemy to read Rosenberg's *Louse Hunting*. Blushing she begins,

Nudes, stark and glistening,
Yelling in lurid glee. Grinning faces
And raging limbs
Whirl over the floor on fire;
For a shirt verminously busy
Yon soldier tore from his throat
With oaths
Godhead might shrink at, but not the lice . . .

And gets no further. Bursting into tears she cries, "You mock me! You see the bites on my neck and you think I am dirty! But only here have I got them! There are bugs in my bed!" "She means Franz", says someone, referring to my only male student, likewise bitten. "My dictionary tells me that a bug is a ghost, a bogeyman, a night prowler", says another, "so

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Franz could be defined as a bed-bug." "But they are not the only ones who have been bitten", I say, "look at my arms." Whereupon my enemy regards me with something like gratitude. "You see", I say, "the poems are relevant to our condition after all."

TONIGHT IT IS MY TURN to amuse the students. So I have arranged a visit to the Cambridge Arts Theatre. Since the play is Ionesco's *The Lesson*, which ends with the pedagogue stabbing his pupil and donning Nazi uniform, we have made attendance voluntary. In the event I am accompanied only by my erstwhile enemy, Franz, and my most attractive acolyte. Naturally I am curious to see how my charges will react to the drama. Franz and Monika fidget as the dead girl drops immodestly into a chair and her professor pulls on his swastika armband. On the other hand Inge is impressed. "Such a play explains much about fascism", she says, "and about Germany." "Perhaps Germany as it was", says Franz, "but today things are different." "Nonsense", says Inge, "we remain a nation of *hausfraus* who thrive on order. We didn't like the Jews so we made them disappear. Just like dust. We were frightened by the Baader-Meinhof gang so we killed them. Pouf! No more terrorism. We adore neatness. That is why Monika is horrified by her bed-bugs. They leave marks. So she cannot forget them. She cannot sweep them under the carpet—is that what you say?" "Suicide", says Franz, "they killed themselves." "That is what we are told", says Inge, "what you are pleased to believe." Monika looks at Franz. "We must go", he says, "we are tired." "Not me", says Inge, "the play has given me an appetite."

The Castle, an unexceptional pub on the road back to college. We request drinks and curries. The landlord motions us to a table. It is midweek and the pub is deserted save for a couple sitting in a darkened corner. The man is not in his right mind. "Tell me, George", he says to the landlord, "now the season is a fortnight old what do you think of our esteemed football team?" "My name is not George", says the landlord. "No spunk, that's their problem", he says, "not enough aggression." "They've only lost two games", says the landlord. "But how many more?" says the man. "Listen, George, you know everyone in Cambridge. You tell the manager I've got some advice for him. A bastard I may be, pardon my French—father was killed in the war before he had time to do the honourable thing—but I'm related to lords, the highest in the land. Therefore the manager will listen to me. Did you hear about that Aussie coach who showed his team newsreels of Nazi war crimes before a big match? That got their blood up! Went straight out and thrashed the opposition. I've plenty of ideas as good as that. I'm counting on you, George. Tell the manager the bastard wants to see him." "Wash your mouth out", shouts the landlord, "I won't have bad language in this pub. Not when there's ladies present. If you won't behave you can clear off." But Inge is not embarrassed. "That was a fine play we saw tonight", she says, "perhaps we could produce something like that in our composition class?" "Good idea", I say, "but it will be difficult with so many people. You and Monika will never agree about anything. You'll argue over every word and nothing will get written." "You are right of course", says Inge. "Maybe we could do something with a smaller group", I say, "you, me and one or two others." "But then those who are left out might become envious", says Inge, "they will accuse us of élitism." "Then we must arrange a cabaret for the last night", I say, "everyone will be invited to help. I'll advertise for poets, singers, even stripteasers. Our contribution will be the play." Inge laughs. Her shoulders tremble. Not for the first time I observe the body beneath the shirt.

Two plates of curry stand in the serving hatch growing cold. We watch them while the landlord sulks. Finally I deliver them myself. But before we can begin our meal the loony snatches Inge's plate and scurries to his table. "You've taken our dinner", he yells, "we were here before you!" His companion looks miserable, but remains silent. As if awaiting this opportunity the landlord reappears. "You have gone too far", he bellows, "apologise to these people at once!" The man is outraged. He puckers his lips as if about to blow a kiss. "Sir", he says, "it is they who should apologise to us for stealing our food." The landord's wrath descends upon the lunatic who flees for his life. "I might be illegitimate", he cries into the night, "but I do not copulate with Germans." Now I am angry. But I am a hypocrite, the half-wit is a prophet.

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BRUSHING MY TEETH in preparation for bed there is a knock on the door. Foaming at the mouth I admit Inge. "This afternoon I purchased equipment to purge your bed-bugs", she says, "I planned to tell you after the theatre but the events in the pub drove it from my mind." I rinse out the toothpaste. Inge meanwhile is crumbling a firelighter into a large metal fruit-bowl, and mixing the fragments with charcoal chips. The result is ignited. Flames leap from the bowl like tongues ravenous for bed-bugs. "Now we must wait", says Inge, "until the charcoal becomes red hot." We sit looking at one another. "You are married?" says Inge. "Yes", I say. "I am not married, though I have a man in Germany", she says, "here I am free, there I am a prisoner. You understand? Always we must do what he wants. Do you know the word 'eudemonism'? It means you act for another's happiness. It is your moral duty. That is always the role of women, don't you think? Your wife, does she work?" "No", I say. "Why not?" says Inge. "She was pregnant", I say, "but she lost the baby. She is going back to work soon." "Is she—how do you say?—in a depression?" asks Inge. "She is over it now", I say, "we don't talk about it any more." We feel the heat from the glowing coals. "Let us hope the bowl does not crack", says Inge, "it isn't mine, it comes from my room." As if casting a spell she pours yellow powder on to the embers. Asphyxiating fumes immediately fill the room. "Sulphur", she says, "the gas it makes will kill all the bugs." Coughing I lead her upstairs.

We stare into the underworld. "Look", says Inge, "as I said." Sure enough, bugs are dropping lifelessly from crannies in the ceiling. Suddenly an unexpected twang! The bowl has split. "Oh no", cries Inge. Brilliant as the steps are in conception it is dangerous to descend them at speed, as Inge learns. She tumbles, hits the floor with a thump, and remains utterly inert. Spreadeagled, supine. There is no blood, but I do not know if this is a good or a bad sign. Her hand is limp. I feel for the pulse, but it is either stopped or I have my thumb in the wrong spot. Her heart. Situated, of all places, beneath her left breast. I place my hand upon the breast. It is warm certainly. But I can feel no heartbeat, though the nipple tantalisingly hardens. However, for all I know this may be a posthumous reflex action or even the beginnings of *Rigor mortis*. I am no doctor. At a loss I rock forward upon my knees and part her lips with my tongue, intending to administer the kiss of life. But as I begin to blow into her mouth I feel Inge's right arm curl around my neck. And as she presses me closer I realise that my hand is still upon her breast.

BUGS CONTINUE TO FALL as Inge glides out of her pants. Possessed now, I turn out the lights so that Inge's naked body is illuminated only by the smouldering charcoal, a serpentine shape, splashed with red, an undulant stream of lava into which I fling myself. "Take me", hisses Inge, "here, as I am, on the floor." While the madness lasts I pump my body into her, aware only of our sweat and the uncontrollable pleasure, dimly conscious of the mocking parody the dying embers cast upon the wall. Spent, prone upon Inge's salty body, I gasp for breath in the sulphurous air. "Please", whispers Inge, "I am not finished." She directs my hand down her belly to a damper place. Slowly my senses settle as I watch Inge's spectre writhe, and listen to her ecstatic groans, which dissolve as a deeper voice fills my ear:

Soon like a demons' pantomime
This plunge was raging.
See the silhouettes agape,
See the gibbering shadows
Mix with the baffled arms on the wall.

A man emerges from the shadows. He is dressed in khaki and puttees, but looks too delicate to be a soldier. "Do you like my poem?" he says. "Yes", I say, "you were a genius." "Tell that to the Germans", he says. I nod. I am. "Do you hate them?" I ask. "You cannot hate the dead", he says, "and you lose touch with the living." Inge, oblivious, cavorts on the end of my finger. "I'm doing this for you", I say. He shrugs. "Why bother with humbug when you've got bed-bugs?" he says. "Jews, Germans, we're all the same to them. They have cosmopolitan sympathies. We destroy one another and the bed-bugs take revenge." "Not here", I say, "they're all dead." "So am I", he says. "Do you remember my grandmother?" I ask. "Eva Zelinsky, she lived near you in Oxford Street." "What does she look like?" he asks. "An old lady, white hair, in her eighties", I say. He smiles. "Everything changes", he says, "except the dead."

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"Aaaaaaah!" cries Inge. She comes, he goes. There is quiet in the room. Inge is drowsy with delight. The charcoal has burned itself out. "Come", I say, "let's go to bed." During the night I have a vision of bed-bugs in congress.

Throughout the day Inge wears a silk scarf to conceal the bites upon her neck. Likewise, when I telephone my wife, I hide the truth from her. Better keep quiet and skip the consequences. In two weeks Inge will be back in Germany with her jailer. At the moment, however, she is in my room again. We are awaiting another girl, selected to complete our playwriting team. "When you took off your clothes", says Inge, "I saw something. That you are a Jew. Please, you must tell me. When you fucked me, was it for revenge?" I shake my head. "No", I say, "I did it because I wanted you. I forgot you were a German." "I am glad", says Inge. "You know, I have always admired the Jewish people. You have read Martin Buber?" "Buber? Sure", I say. "I know my melancholy fate is to turn every *thou* into an *it*, every person into a thing. Last night you were a *thou*, this afternoon already you are an *it*, last night we had intercourse, a real spiritual dialogue, this afternoon we must write dialogue." Inge grins. "And do you have any ideas?" she says. "No", I say, "I am the producer. Ideas are not my responsibility. Do you?" "Only simple ones", she says, "like a husband and wife, eating dinner, watching television, talking but not communicating. Just one twist, a girl will be the husband and you must play the wife." The other girl arrives and accepts the idea with enthusiasm. We work on the play through the evening and into the night. The other girl goes. Inge stays. Martin Buber? A *boobe-myseh!*

ON THE LAST SATURDAY I escort all the students to Bury St Edmunds. A coach has been hired and I sit up beside the driver holding a microphone. As we approach the town along the Newmarket Road I indicate, to the left, the barracks where Rosenberg trained, on the right, my house. The coach halts in the large square at the top of Angel Hill. "Okay", I say, "I'll tell you what there is to see in Bury St Edmunds. Opposite are the walls of the Abbey, behind are the ruins and a park. There is a cathedral. Go up Abbeygate Street and you'll come to the market. Fruit. Vegetables. Junk. Beyond the market is Moyses Hall. Built by a Jew in 1180. Unfortunately for him all the Jews were expelled from Bury in 1190. Now off you go. Back here at three o'clock." Gradually the others slip away until I am left with only Inge for company. It is a hot day, dusty with heat. The locals look white and sweaty, like creatures unused to the light. The women wear drab moth-proofed frocks that show off the freckles on their breasts; the men roll up their shirt-sleeves to reveal the tattoos upon their arms. It is a mystery, this abundance of sample-book tattooing, all of course applied by choice. By contrast Inge's spectacular sexuality stops people in their tracks; her black scarf, her red tee-shirt, clinging like a second skin, her denim shorts and—this I know—no underwear. "I feel so good today", says Inge, "I should like a souvenir. Is there perhaps a booth where we can have our photograph taken together?" "There's one in Woolworth's", I say. A photograph! Thus far the affair has been vague, nothing to do with my real life, as insubstantial as a dream. It will be a simple trick to persuade myself that it never happened. But a photograph! Our faces fixed, cheek by cheek, our relationship projected into the foreseeable future. Proof snatched from the lethal fingers of time.

The booth is already occupied by three small boys. We can see their legs, and hear their excited giggling. Then as the first flash fades we hear, above their laughter, the screech of a creature in terror. Inge tears back the curtain and exposes the boys, including one who is dangling a kitten by its tail in front of the camera. The kitten flails about uselessly, tensing and squealing with horror at each flash, only to redouble its efforts in the lacuna. "You monsters", cries Inge, "stop torturing that poor animal." The boys grin. The kitten swings. Faster and faster. Until the boy lets go. The kitten lands on Inge's shoulder. Seeking to steady itself it raises its paw and sinks its claw into her ear. Inge gently lifts the kitten so her ear is not torn although the lobe is pierced and bleeding profusely, staining her tee-shirt a deeper red. I give her my handkerchief to press against the wound. "It looks worse than it is", says Inge, "it does not hurt." "Nevertheless, you must come back to our house", I say, "you must wash and change. You can't go around covered in blood." Once again a

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curious accident has left me with no choice. Inge will meet my wife.

We surprise my wife sunbathing naked in the garden. "Hello love", she says, "I didn't know you were bringing somebody back with you." "Only one of my students", I say, "she's been wounded." My wife, wrapping a towel around herself, approaches Inge and leads her off to the bathroom. They reappear in identical cotton shirts, bargains from the market. A stranger might take them for sisters. I cook omelettes for lunch, with a few beans from the garden, and serve them on the lawn where my wife had been alone less than an hour before. I am astonished how relaxed we all are. Inge rattles off examples of her lover's male chauvinism. We all laugh. I feel no guilt, my wife feels no pain. She suspects nothing. She waves the flies from our food and throws breadcrumbs down for the sparrows. "Are you enjoying the course?" she asks. "Very much", says Inge, "especially our little playwriting group. Has Joshua told you about our play? Yes? Of course. You must come to our cabaret and see it performed." "I shall look forward to that", says my wife. She removes the plates and returns with a bowl of peaches. They are sweet and juicy and attract many wasps. Our fingers become sticky. "I am glad everything is going so well", says my wife, "without any problems." "Only the bed-bugs", I say, "look what they've done to my arms." "Poor thing", says my wife, "can't you move into a different room?" "No need", I say, "they've been exterminated." My wife smiles. What contentment! I realise now why I feel so untroubled; I do not really believe that I have made love to Inge. She is what she seems, just a visitor. My wife is my wife. We belong. Cambridge is a foreign city. To which I must return, however. I kiss my wife. "See you on Wednesday", I say. "What a nuisance", says Inge as the coach passes our house, "I have left my scarf behind." "Never mind", I say, "I'll pick it up on Wednesday. Besides you can hardly see the bites now."

ON TUESDAY we complete the play. In the evening the heatwave breaks with a tremendous storm. Knowing how much my wife dreads thunder I telephone her. She does not answer. Later, when the rain has stopped, Inge and I stroll to the Castle to toast our success. Afterwards we return to my room, where Inge now sleeps as a matter of course. In the morning I telephone my wife again. No reply. Probably shopping. Lunch over, teaching being at an end, I drive home to collect her. There are three milk bottles on the doorstep, the first already sour. Its top is off, filling the stagnant air with its nauseous odour. Within is a different smell, naggingly familiar. I shout my wife's name. But there is no response. The house seems deserted. Bedrooms, bathroom, dining room, all empty. On the table is Inge's black scarf, neatly folded, and a note:

Don't forget this, Love Rachel
PS. Hope the bed-bugs have stopped biting Inge.

Then in the kitchen I realise what the smell reminds me of. A butcher's shop. Naked, legs splayed, my wife sits upon the kitchen floor with the wooden handle of our carving knife protruding from her belly. Her back rests against the wall, her arms hang stiffly down, her eyes are open wide. The blood is dry. It flowed down from her wound, between her thighs, and formed puddles on the floor. The only sound is the buzzing of flies. They walk upon her breasts, mass around her vagina where the hair is matted with blood. This horror is too shocking to be true! It is a phantasmagoria produced by my conscience. Art, not life.

"Your face is very white", says Inge, "is everything all right?" "I'm just nervous about this evening", I say. We have gathered all the props we require; cutlery, crockery, sauce bottles, and a starting pistol loaded with blanks. And while Monika—of all people!—strips down to her underwear in front of the directors of Literature & Linguistics Ltd Inge and I exchange clothes. A suit and tie for her, a dress for me. "This is Cambridge", I think, "this is my life. There is nothing else." We hear Franz sing his folk songs. Then applause. We are joined by the third member of the cast. We walk out to cheers and laughter. "Your wife is in the audience?" asks Inge. "I hope so", I say, "she is coming by train." The play begins.

Inge—my husband—is a bank clerk. I am a housewife. The other girl is a television set. Inge orders me to switch her on. We hear the news. I serve dinner to my husband and our two children who are invisible. An argument develops between us over the boy's long curls.

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"You'll turn your son into a pansy with your ways of bringing him up", yells Inge. "They're always my children when there is something the matter", I shout, "I don't think you really wanted them. I won't forget how you treated me when I was pregnant. You didn't even try to hide your disgust. But you're the one who's disgusting!" What am I talking about? Why am I pretending to be my wife? Wife? I have no wife. How these silly words have confused me! What next? Oh yes, I am supposed to take the gun from my handbag. I point the gun at Inge. Why? Because I hate her. But why? Because she seduced me? Because she murdered my wife? Wife? I can't even remember her name. With her shirt and tie and pencil moustache Inge looks like a creature from pre-war Berlin. I hate her because she is German. A Nazi! I fire the gun. The blast fills my head. "Daughter of Germany!" I scream. "Daughter of Germany!" I shoot at her until the gun is empty.

False Postulate

A flock of seagulls on a field—
"Oh that means storms at the coast" I said.
"You've got it wrong" as you shook your head,
"They live on the lakes. They are always here."

What other essential wisdom have
I based on misinformation
And, unaware of deformation,
Leaned on a world that isn't there

But floats some feet above the earth
Rooted in supposition;
Based on premise not on stone,
Separate, complete; like a bubble of air?

And if, because I like your hat
Or eyes, or because the shape of your hand
Reminds me of people I have loved,
I take as fact that you understand

I find myself in this muddy field
As the winter light sinks in the ground
And strange birds with no tidy story
Lurch in circles closer round

With love and its signs as miles apart
As pigeon-seagulls and the sea;
Meaning and manifestation
Knotted far away from me

In bright rooms where the people greet
Things and facts they know they know;
And I across this weary field
The long way homeward plodding go.

Jenny Joseph

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Karl Popper

Creative Self-Criticism in Science and in Art

FIRST OF ALL I should like to express my thanks for the kind invitation to give the opening address at the Salzburg Festival. This is a great honour. The invitation came as a complete surprise, and it was even somewhat disturbing. Ever since 1950 my wife and I have led a secluded life in our house in the Chiltern Hills. We have no television and no newspaper, and we are completely absorbed by our work. This work is concerned mainly with an abstract subject: the problem of human knowledge and, in particular, of scientific knowledge. That hardly qualifies me to give an opening address at the Salzburg Festival.

So I wondered why I had been invited. First I thought I had been confused with somebody else. Or was it perhaps because of my love for this city, which springs from a childhood love, when I was about five or six years old, well over 70 years ago? Yet no one knew of this. And nobody knew about an adventure I had here on an icy cold night, more than half a century ago. It was midnight, and I was on my way home from skiing, when, in the beautiful light of a full moon, I happened to slip into one of Salzburg's two famous horseponds. . . . Indeed there must have been other reasons for choosing me as your guest speaker. Then something occurred to me. In one respect I am really quite unique: you see, I am an optimist. I am an optimist in a world where among the intelligentsia it has become a strict rule that one must be a pessimist if one wants to be "in." But I am convinced that our age is not so bad as is generally asserted: I believe that it is far better and more beautiful than its reputation. A quarter of a century ago, I gave a lecture, the title of which sounds today even more provocative than it did then: "The History of our Time: An Optimist's View." So if there is anything that qualifies me to give this address, then it is perhaps my reputation of being an incorrigible optimist.

ALLOW ME TO SAY a few words about this optimism of mine since it also pertains to things connected with the Salzburg Festival. For many years—at least since the time of Adolf Loos and Karl Kraus, both of whom I knew—our intellectuals have strictly adhered to the principle of cultural pessimism, according to which our so-called culture is a commercialised industry that can produce only vulgar kitsch. Especially in what this industry offers to the masses as culture, the pessimist sees nothing but depravity and tastelessness. But an optimist can see also the other side: millions of records and tapes of the most beautiful works by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert—the greatest musicians of all—are being bought; and the number of people who have come to love these great musicians and their wonderful music has become incalculable.

Of course I must agree with the pessimists when they point out that we almost deliberately educate our children to become accustomed to cruelty and violence by exposing them to cruel and violent films and to television. Unfortunately almost the same holds for modern literature. As an optimist, however, I can say that in spite of all our attempts to propagate violence, there are still many good people in the world, people who are anxious to help others. And in spite of everything the cultural pessimists have to say about the hatefulness of our time—and sometimes it is quite convincing—there

SIR KARL POPPER's *opening address to the 1979 Salzburg Festival was first printed in the official programme, and has been slightly revised by him for its publication in* ENCOUNTER.

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are still many people who are happy to be alive, and who feel grateful for being alive.

The pessimists point to the decline of moral and political standards, and to the disregard of human rights which we all thought secure. They are right. But are they also right when they blame this on science and its use in technology? Certainly not. And the optimist may point out that science and technology have brought modest prosperity to the peoples of Europe and America, and that the appalling poverty and the suffering of the previous century have almost been banished from large areas of the world.

IT SO HAPPENS that I do not believe in progress, or in a law of progress. In the history of mankind there are ups and downs. Great wealth can concur with great depravity, and a flowering of the arts may concur with a decline of goodwill. More than forty years ago I wrote a few things against the belief in progress and against the influence of fashions and the cult of modernity upon art and upon science. Only quite recently we were called upon to believe in the ideas of modernity and of progress, and today we are to be injected with cultural pessimism. What I want to say to the pessimists is that during a long life I have seen not only retrogression but also very clear evidence of progress. The cultural pessimists who do not want to admit that there is anything good about our age and our society are blind to this, and they make others blind. I believe that it is harmful when our admired intellectual leaders continually tell people that they are in fact living in hell. In this way they make people not only dissatisfied—that would not be so very bad—but they make them also unhappy. Their joy in living is taken away from them. How did Beethoven, who in his personal life was deeply unhappy, end his work? With Schiller's *Ode to Joy*.

Beethoven lived in an age of disappointed hopes of freedom. The French Revolution had ended in a reign of terror and given way to the Empire of Napoleon. Metternich's Restoration suppressed the idea of democracy, and it sharpened class antagonism. The misery of the masses was terrible. Beethoven's *Hymn to Joy* is a passionate protest against the class antagonism by which mankind is divided; "*streng geteilt*" (sharply divided), says Schiller. Beethoven alters these words in one place, for an outburst by the choir, writing: "*frech geteilt*" (insolently divided). Yet he knows no class hatred: he knows only the love of his fellow men. And almost all his works end either in a spirit of solace, as does the *Sixth Symphony* or the *Missa Solemnis*, or jubilant, as do most of the symphonies and *Fidelio*.

MANY OF OUR contemporary productive artists have become victims of pessimistic propaganda about our culture. They believe that it is their task to present what they regard as a gruesome world or a gruesome historical period in a gruesome manner. It is true that even some great artists of the past did just this. I am thinking of Goya, or of Käthe Kollwitz. Such criticism of society is necessary, and it ought to be deeply disturbing. But its significance should not lie in lament; rather, it should be a call to overcome suffering. Think of *The Marriage of Figaro*: it is packed with criticism of its period. It is full of wit, satire, and irony; but it also contains a deeper significance. There is plenty of seriousness and even grief in this great work, but also much joy and overflowing vitality.

IT IS HIGH TIME to come to the topic I have announced, "Creative Self-Criticism in Science and in Art." This topic is closely related to what I said in my introduction. I intend to speak about some of the similarities and differences between the creative work of the great natural scientists and that of the great artists, partly in the hope of combating the propaganda of the cultural pessimists against the natural sciences, an issue that has recently become topical.

Great artists always have one central interest: their work—the work on which they are engaged. That is the meaning of the saying "Art for art's sake"; for this means: art for the sake of the *work of art*. But the same is true of the great scientists. It is quite wrong to think that the inducement for doing natural science lies in its applications. Neither Planck nor Einstein, neither Rutherford nor Bohr thought of a possible application of the atomic theory. On the contrary, until 1939 they thought that any such application was impossible; they relegated the idea to the realm of science fiction. These men were searching for the sake of the search; seeking the truth for its own sake. They were physicists, or, perhaps better, cosmologists, inspired by that great desire which is expressed by Goethe's Faust when he says:

Dass ich erkenne, was die Welt
Im Innersten zusammenhält.

(To know what forces there might be
That hold this world in unity.)

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To know this is an ancient dream of mankind, a dream of poets and of thinkers. Cosmological speculation can be found in all the ancient civilisations. It is found, in a form that may have led to the theories of Anaximander, in Homer's *Iliad* (8, 13–16) and in Hesiod's *Theogony* (720–725).

There are still some scientists and, of course, many amateurs who believe that the natural sciences just collect facts—perhaps in order to make use of them in industry. I see science differently. Its beginnings are to be found in poetical and religious myths, in human fantasy that tries to give an imaginative explanation of ourselves and of our world. Science develops from myth, responding to the challenge of rational criticism: a form of criticism that is inspired by the idea of truth; by the search for truth, and by the hope of attaining it. The basic questions underlying this criticism are: Can this be true? And is it true? Thus I come to the first thesis of my address: poetry and science have the same origin. They originate in myths.

MY SECOND THESIS is as follows: we can distinguish two kinds of criticism, one that is inspired by aesthetic and literary interests and one that is inspired by rational interests. The first leads from myth to poetry, the second leads from myth to science; or to be more precise, to natural science. The former evaluates the beauty of the language, the energy of the rhythm, the radiance and vividness of the images; the dramatic tension and the persuasive power. This kind of critical judgment leads to poetry, especially to epic and dramatic poetry; to poetic song, and with it to classical music.

Rational criticism, by contrast, asks whether the mythical report is true; whether the world really evolved in the manner asserted: whether it could have been created as Hesiod tells us or, perhaps, as *Genesis* tells us. Under the pressure of such questions myth becomes cosmology, the science of our world, of our environment. It turns into natural science.

MY THIRD THESIS is that there are still many traces left over from the common origin of poetry and music on the one hand, and of cosmology and science on the other. I am not saying that all poetry is mythical in character, or that all science is cosmology. But what I wish to say is that in poetry and in science the creation of myths still plays an unexpectedly large role. (One has only to think of Hofmannsthal's *Jedermann*.) Myths are our attempts—naive attempts, inspired by our imagination—to explain, to ourselves, ourselves and our world. A large part not only of poetry but also of science can still be described as a naive attempt, inspired by our imagination, to explain our world to ourselves.

Thus science and poetry—and therefore also music—are blood relations. They stem from the attempt to understand our origin and our fate, and the origin and the fate of our world.

THESE THREE THESES can be described as historical hypotheses, although for Greek poetry, especially for Greek tragedy, the mythical source can hardly be doubted. The three theses have shown their fruitfulness for the enquiry into the beginnings of Greek natural philosophy. Our present Western natural science and our Western art are both the rebirth—the renaissance—of their Greek predecessors. Yet although art and science have a common origin, there are of course essential differences between them.

In science there is progress. That has to do with the fact that science has an aim. Science is the search for truth and its aim is approximation to the truth. In art, too, there may be aims; and if the same aim is pursued for some length of time, one can indeed sometimes talk of progress in art. For a long time, the imitation of nature was an aim in painting and in sculpture; although it was certainly never their only aim. And indeed we can speak of progress, relative to this aim, for instance in the treatment of light and shade. Perspective can also be mentioned here. But aims like this were never the only driving forces in art. Great works of art may affect us quite independently of the artist's mastery of such skills and of other means that are subject to progress.

It has often been seen and has often been emphasised that there is no general progress in art. Primitivism has perhaps over-emphasised this fact. Yet where there certainly is progress, and of course also decline, is in the creative power of the individual artist.

Every artist has to learn his art, even an incredible genius like Mozart. Every artist, or nearly every artist, has his teacher; and every great artist learns from his own experiences, from his own work and, above all, from his own mistakes. Oscar Wilde, a great poet not unknown in Salzburg, said: "Experience is the name everyone

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gives to their mistakes." And John Archibald Wheeler, a great physicist and cosmologist, said: "Our whole problem is to make the mistakes as fast as possible." My own comment on this is: it is our task to discover our mistakes, and to learn from them. Even Mozart made radical changes and improvements to some of his works, for example to an early work of his, the first string quintet in B flat major. Mozart's greatest works were produced in the last decade of his short life, from about 1780 to his death in 1791, when he was 35 years old. This shows indeed that he must have learnt through self-criticism, and astonishingly quickly. It is still quite incredible that he wrote the *Seraglio* at the age of 25 or 26, and *Figaro* at the age of 30.

YET THE TITLE of my present address, "Creative Self-Criticism in Science and in Art", was inspired by the work of Beethoven; more precisely, by an exhibition of Beethoven's sketch books (organised by the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* in Vienna) which I visited many years ago.

Beethoven's sketch books are documents of creative self-criticism; of his constant reconsideration of his ideas, and of the often relentless corrections which he made to them. This attitude of ruthless self-criticism makes it perhaps a little easier to understand Beethoven's astonishing personal development, from the time he began composing, influenced by Haydn and Mozart, to his last works.

THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS of artists and of writers. Some do not seem to work with the method of error elimination. They are, it seems, capable of creating a perfect work, without any preliminary attempts; they achieve perfection immediately. Amongst philosophers, Bertrand Russell was a genius of this kind. He wrote the most beautiful English; and in his manuscripts there was perhaps just one single word changed, in three or perhaps four pages. Others work in a totally different way. Their method of writing is the method of trial and error, the method of making mistakes and of correcting them.

Mozart belonged to the first group of creative artists, it seems, although he rewrote some of his works. But Beethoven certainly belonged to the second, to those whose work sometimes grows out of many corrections.

It is of interest to contemplate the methods of work adopted by those artists who belong to the second group. I conjecture that these artists start with a problem, or a task; for example with the task of writing a violin concerto; or a mass; or an opera. I suppose that it is part of the task to have some idea about the size of the work, its character and its structure—say, its sonata form—and perhaps also about some of the themes to be used. The plan may be much more detailed, especially in the case of a mass or an opera.

Yet when it comes to the execution, to the actual work, to the realisation of the idea and to transferring it on to paper, then even the plan of the artist begins to change under the influence of the execution of his work, that embodies his self-critical corrections and the elimination of errors. The plan becomes more concrete, its outlines become more definite. Each part, each detail, is judged as to whether or not it fits in with the ideal picture of the whole. And vice versa: the ideal picture of the whole is constantly corrected as the work proceeds to be realised in its details. There is a feedback effect here, a give and take between the plan, the ideal picture, as it becomes clearer and more definite, on the one hand, and, on the other, the emerging concrete work, as it grows through the correction of errors.

ALL THIS CAN PERHAPS be seen most clearly in the case of a painter working on a portrait; that is, in the case of an artist who tries to interpret a natural object. He plans, he sketches, he starts to correct. Here he adds a speck of colour and stands back to test the effect. The effect of the added speck of colour greatly depends on the context, on everything which is already there. And vice versa, the new speck of colour in its turn affects the whole. Everything is changed by it, everything becomes different, better or worse. And with the effect on the whole, the ideal picture at which he aims, and which is never quite fixed in his mind, is also changed. In the particular case of the painter of portraits the likeness that the artist tries to attain and his interpretation of the character of the subject, are changing too.

The important thing here is that the act of painting, that is, an attempt at realisation, must of course come before any critical comparison or correction. ("Making comes before matching", says Gombrich.) There must be an idea, something like an ideal picture, with which the artist can compare the work so far achieved, since any correction is only made possible by a comparison with such an ideal object. When, in the particular case of the painter of portraits, an object is to be represented

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by the artist, then this problem may be somewhat less pressing. It is probably similar in music where self-criticism and the correction of errors may be easier if a text is to be set to music. In any case, the correction of errors is like a comparison, a comparison between what has been achieved and what is being aimed at: the ideal picture of the work that is continuously changing under the impact of the work actually done. The work that has been done influences the creative process more and more powerfully. In the case of a great work this can go so far that the artist who wrote it can hardly recognise the completed work any longer as his own work. It has become greater than his conception. This happened with Haydn's *Creation* and, in a completely different way, with the symphony that Schubert himself abandoned: the *Unfinished.*

LET ME NOW TURN in conclusion to a comparison of the arts with the sciences: the natural sciences that are maligned rather than understood by the cultural pessimists.

In science the work is the hypothesis, the theory; and the aim of the activity is truth, or approximation to the truth, and explanatory power. This aim is largely constant; and this is the reason why there is progress. It is a progress that can last for centuries: the progress towards ever better theories. In art, the most important criticism is the creative self-criticism of the artist; in science, however, criticism is not just self-criticism but also co-operative criticism: when a scientist overlooks a mistake or tries to conceal it—something that fortunately happens only rarely—this mistake is as a rule discovered by other scientists. For the method of science is self-criticism *and* mutual criticism. This criticism judges the theory by its achievements in the search for truth. It is that which makes the criticism rational.

The theory—that is to say, the work of the creative scientist—has therefore much in common with the work of art; the creative activity of the scientist resembles that of the artist—at least the activity of those artists among whom Beethoven belonged, those artists who begin with a bold conception and who can raise their work by means of creative criticism to heights unthought of; so that, as a result, the beautiful *Choral Fantasia* grows into the marvellous *Hymn to Joy.*

In science, the great theoretician corresponds to the great artist, and, like the artist, he is guided by his imagination, his intuition and his sense of form. Einstein said of the model of the atom developed by Niels Bohr in 1913—a revolutionary theory that was soon afterwards greatly improved—that it was a work of the "greatest musicality." Yet in contrast to a great work of art, the great theory always remains subject to further improvement.

The scientist knows this and he also knows that his imagination, his intuition, and even his sense of form lead him more often astray than towards his aim; that is, towards a better approximation to the truth. This is why, in science, a permanent critical examination not only by the creator of a theory but also by other scientists is essential. In science, no great work is based *merely* on inspiration and a sense of form.

I WANT TO CLOSE with a quotation from one of the greatest of scientists, Johannes Kepler, the great cosmologist and astronomer who died in the year 1630, the twelfth year of the Thirty Years War. In this quotation, Kepler takes as his starting point his theory of the movement of heavenly bodies, and he compares it to music, especially to the divine music of the spheres. Yet almost unintentionally, Kepler concludes with a hymn of praise to the music created by man, to the polyphonic music that was then still a fairly recent discovery. Here are Kepler's words (in my translation of the Latin text):

> Thus the heavenly motions are nothing but a kind of perennial concert, rational rather than audible or vocal. They move through the tension of dissonances that are like syncopations or suspensions with their resolutions (by which men imitate the corresponding dissonances of nature), reaching secure and pre-determined closures, each containing six terms like a chord consisting of six voices. And by these marks they distinguish and articulate the immensity of time. Thus there is no marvel greater or more sublime than the rules of singing in harmony together in several parts, unknown to the ancients but at last discovered by man, the ape of his Creator; so that, through the skilful symphony of many voices, he should actually conjure up in a short part of an hour the vision of the world's total perpetuity in time; and that, in the sweetest sense of bliss enjoyed through Music, the echo of God, he should almost reach the contentment which God the Maker has in His Own works.

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Murder on Waterloo Bridge

The Case of Georgi Markov—By KYRILL PANOFF

Munich

"Munich police are investigating the suspicious death of Frau Rosemarie Heilmann, 37, an acquaintance of Georgi Markov, the Bulgarian broadcaster killed by a poison-tipped umbrella in London a year ago.

When Frau Heilmann was found dead in her Munich flat in May, an initial post-morten indicated a heart attack, but subsequent examinations disclosed traces of a toxic substance in her body."

DAILY TELEGRAPH
(1 September 1979)

JUST OVER A YEAR AGO—on 11 September 1978—Georgi Markov, aged 49, died in St James' Hospital in London. His wife had brought him to the hospital emergency ward three days earlier, with a sudden temperature of 104°.

Although the doctors could not establish the exact cause of death, probably nothing more would have happened in the case had Markov not been so insistent that on 7 September he had been the victim of an attack near Bush House—and had he not been the man he was: a prominent Bulgarian exile writer who was a well-known broadcaster for the Bulgarian Service at Bush House (the headquarters of the BBC External Services in the Aldwych, at the top of the Strand).

There is a bitter retrospective irony. If the death had been treated as a normal, natural case of kidney failure—Markov had been suffering occasional bouts of kidney trouble—the goal of the assassin and his bosses would not have been achieved. For them it was obviously necessary that the broadest possible publicity should be given to the news that a certain famous dissident in the West had become the victim of premeditated murder.

The way the case developed after Markov was brought to St James' Hospital seems to have fitted into the plan of the plot. The patient's insistence that he had been the victim of a mysterious attack by "a man with an umbrella" and that he had been "poisoned" met first with a certain amount of scepticism; but the doctor who dealt with the admission of patients had already recorded that he was puzzled by the skin puncture discovered on the back of Markov's right thigh. It was too big for either an insect bite or a hypodermic needle.

Some four months later, at the Battersea Coroner's Court, one of the four doctors who had been treating Markov, Mr Bernard Riley (Resident at St James' Hospital, Balham), revealed that his patient had been undergoing chemical changes of an altogether remarkable and indeed scarcely credible kind. He noted that soon after Markov's admission (on 8 September) he was in the throes of septicaemia, of blood poisoning, and this soon developed into septicaemic shock, despite attempts to control resistance in Markov's blood against whatever was poisoning him. The white blood cells, multiplying in their attempts to destroy bacteria, had increased at an extraordinary rate. Normal blood contains less than 10,000 white cells per cubic millimetre; but on 10 September, the day before his death, the count stood at 33,000—the highest Dr Riley had ever encountered.

Yet at the same time the blood samples showed no bacterial growth. Markov had put up an amazing fight against something which did not appear to exist, but which all the same had killed a generally healthy 49-year-old man. . . .

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This—and Markov's feverish story of what had happened to him on 7 September—brought the police into the picture. On Tuesday, 12 September, Scotland Yard detectives began an investigation into the sudden death of Georgi Markov. And this led to the widest publicity for the case, particularly since the first post mortem revealed "no natural cause of death." A police spokesman said that Scotland Yard was keeping an "open mind" on the story, told by Markov to his wife and friends, that "a man with a foreign accent" had jabbed him in the thigh, "possibly with an umbrella", as he walked past a bus queue on Waterloo Bridge on his way to Bush House. He had parked his car, as usual, below the bridge. Scotland Yard: "If it should prove to be correct that the umbrella did have a poisoned tip, then we have a potential murder case. . . ."

BUT WHY SHOULD anybody want to murder him? The only possible motive was political. Nothing in the private life of Georgi Markov—who had married an Englishwoman, Annabel Dilke, and lived with her and their two-year-old daughter near Clapham Common in South London—offered any kind of explanation. The only reasonable clues to his assassination lay in his background, and in his present activities: with the BBC Bulgarian Service and also with the "Deutsche Welle" radio station in Cologne and the Munich-based US-Congress-financed Radio Free Europe. Markov was probably the only exile working simultaneously for all three, owing to the popularity of his name, and the appeal it had for the listening audiences in his Bulgarian homeland.

GEORGI MARKOV was in a way a phenomenon. In his native country he had become a literary star overnight, and was admitted to the privileged Communist élite. He was permitted unlimited foreign travel and a limited amount of intellectual license—and even became a favourite of the Party leader Todor Zhivkov, who has held power for more than 25 years as an exponent of the pro-Soviet line of the Bulgarian régime. "We breathe with the same lungs, we have common blood-vessels and one heart", said Zhivkov, describing his view of Bulgarian-Russian relations and his policy of "full integration with the Soviet Union."

Georgi Markov, born in 1929 in Sofia, was the son of an army officer. From the Marxist-Leninist viewpoint he belonged to the "class enemy." Still, he was allowed to study and to qualify as a chemical engineer. But his youthful talents included powers of acute observation and a concise, if impressionistic, literary style. The result was two volumes of short stories, published in 1961, which allowed him to start a new career as a full-time writer. In 1959 he published a science-fiction novel and some short stories, but his breakthrough came when his novel *Men* was published—first in instalments in the literary periodical *Septemvrii*, and then in book form. The novel (which deals with the psychological problems of a teenager on the eve of his military service) was translated into several languages and awarded a literary prize. More important, Markov was admitted to the Union of Writers, and Todor Zhivkov soon got to hear of him. Though Markov declined to become a Party member, he struck up a friendship with Zhivkov which was considered to be close. Zhivkov invited him to go on hunting expeditions; and the alert novelist got a rare insight into the personality of the veteran Communist boss and his entourage.

Markov enjoyed all the privileges of the new ruling class (including a BMW car). But his eyes remained clear for the deficiencies of Bulgarian life. He tried to describe them, cautiously, in some of his first plays, but rather more daringly in *The Assassins*—the drama of a plot to kill a general in a police state was severely criticised by the Party daily *Rabotnichesko Delo* (26 June 1969). Another Markov play, *The Man Who Was Me*, was staged by the Satirical Theatre but after the performance a Colonel of the State Security remarked to him: "This is a *Czech* play!" He meant that it was inspired by the Prague Spring; and that was an end to it. Markov did not wait for further repercussions. He left—legally—for Italy to visit his brother (who was living in Bologna as a stamp-dealer), and he never returned. In 1971 he came to Britain to start "a new life and a new career." His play *Let's Go Under the Rainbow*, which had been a success in his native country, was performed at the Little Theatre in St Martin's Lane in 1974; in the same year *The Archangel Michael* was performed for the first time at the Edinburgh Festival, and received one of the "Fringe First" awards given by *The Scotsman*.

IT CAN BE ASSUMED, I think, that nothing would have happened to Georgi Markov in exile had he not taken what proved to be a fatal decision—to record in Bulgarian and for Bulgarian audiences his "Reports in Absentia", a series broadcast on the wavelengths of Radio Free Europe. "Had I really had feelings of civil uprightness and valour", said Markov in one of these talks, "the most consistent expression of these would have been for me to remain in Bulgaria and try to fight there, as men much braver, more honest and courageous than I are doing. . . ." He explained:

> "In the course of my Reports I have tried my very best to give an accurate and objective picture of the life to which I was a witness. I was

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aware of the great advantage I had over writers who live in Bulgaria—the fact that no one was directing or restricting my reports—and I tried to say what many of them would like to be able to say. Nevertheless, I once was an active participant in that life, and that can serve as an explanation if at any point my emotions have overshadowed my objectivity. . . ."

In "My Meetings with Todor Zhivkov", one of his "Reports in Absentia", Markov describes colourfully his impressions of the man who for more than a quarter-of-a-century has been master of Bulgaria's fate. One of his last meetings with Zhivkov had aspects which—in retrospect—had something to do with Markov's tragic end.

"In November 1968, the day American voters chose Nixon for President, a Politburo car drove me and the writer Ljubomir Levchev to Bistrica, the former Royal Palace at Borovets [a resort in the Rila mountains, 40 miles south-east of Sofia]. Todor Zhivkov had invited us to dinner, together with a number of other writers and functionaries, and we were to stay the night.

During the four years which had passed since my first meeting with Zhivkov I had lost all my illusions. The naive, unjustified hope that it was possible to change things from within the Party had vanished with the invasion of Czechoslovakia. For me—and for many like me—the end of Dubcek was also the end of my efforts to reconcile the irreconcilable.

My disillusionment with Zhivkov had started, however, long before August 1968. The First Secretary's flirtation with the creative intelligentsia did not further their aspirations, but on the contrary was deluding and harmful. On the one hand he was meeting and dining with more-or-less 'angry' Bulgarian intellectuals, but the same man was making speeches to workers in real Stalin-Zhdanov style—claiming, for instance, that 'Bulgarian intellectuals are running riot, and so the stick must be applied. . . .'

Zhivkov, surrounded by other guests who had arrived earlier, welcomed us in his usual sociable way. He was in a good mood, and asked me in front of all the others if I had ever slept in a King's bed. When I replied in the negative, he gave orders for the room of the former King Ferdinand to be put at my disposal. Incidentally, once in the room I was amazed at how modestly the old Bulgarian monarchs had lived, compared to the 'peoples' representatives' of today. I recalled the remark of a Politburo member about the old dynasty: 'If only they had built real palaces! But what they left us was nothing more than hen-houses! . . .' "

Before dinner was served, Zhivkov raised the question of the coming US elections. Somebody said that it didn't matter who won, since there was no real difference between Democrats and Republicans. Zhivkov countered by saying that this was untrue, that Senator Hubert Humphrey would be the lesser evil. Markov proposed a wager on the result, and it was accepted. "Up to this day Zhivkov still owes me the bet he lost when he picked Humphrey as the winner. . . ."

One other interesting passage:

"Almost the whole dinner was devoted to one theme: hunting, Zhivkov's main hobby. And I was amazed how the other guests had prepared themselves and turned out to be 'experts.' Obviously only one man could change the subject—the host. But he was in no hurry. After coffee had been served, the Secretary of the Writers' Union, Anastas Stoyanov, finally expressed a wish to make a speech. Zhivkov agreed.[1] Clearly, this was part of the scenario. Zhivkov leaned back, stopped smiling, and assumed the air of a judge waiting to hear an important witness for the prosecution."

Stoyanov began his speech with lavish praise of the First Secretary for the unending pains he took on behalf of Bulgarian literature and art. Then he raised his voice, and said, 'We should not close our eyes to certain phenomena in Bulgarian literature which I am ashamed to speak of.'

I realised that Stoyanov had been entrusted with the task of delivering a previously prepared text that Zhivkov wanted to hear. This was fully in accordance with the practice of Party government. It seemed to me that this farce reflected the essence of the so-called 'Peoples' Democracy.' Whenever somebody had to be criticised or punished, it was never a matter for the responsible leader and the person concerned. The leader takes the initiative by dropping hints to his staff that so-and-so should get 'a reminder.' His hint is transformed into a 'collective decision.' And then follows the most grotesque farce—the leader 'approves' the decision for punishment, letting the victim know that although really he wanted to help him, he had to subordinate himself to the general decision . . . taken by the collective. Pontius Pilate was an innocent compared with such leaders! . . ."

Anastas Stoyanov pressed on with his attacks on named and unnamed writers for their "shameful

[1] The relationship between Zhivkov and Stoyanov was like that between a craven court-poet and a philistine monarch. The writer of calculatedly harmless verses does not have it easy. In one of his poems Stoyanov went on effusively about Bulgarian pine trees and how "the forest smelled of incense. . . ." At a meeting in the Party headquarters the Leader exploded, and shouted from the rostrum his ideological objection: "Our partisan forest, comrades, cannot smell like a church!"

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and irresponsible way" of seeking popularity by going against the Party line. The real subject of his attack, however, was the poet Vesselin Andreev. Andreev had been the "politkommisar" in the partisan Tchavdar Brigade (these days—in contradiction to the facts—presented as "Zhivkov's brigade"). Andreev knows the truth, and that may be one of the reasons for his bad relationship with Zhivkov; the other was the shock of hearing of his brother's death in Stalin's Gulag during the war. Markov quotes Stoyanov:

> "'Comrade Zhivkov, as a representative of the Writers' Union I attended the celebrations in the town of Pirdop on the occasion of Andreev's 50th anniversary. But, dear comrade Zhivkov, imagine! this man made a speech thanking his mother for giving birth to him, thanking the people in whose midst he had grown up, thanking the river, the forest, the Balkan mountains . . . *but he did not thank the Party! He never mentioned the Party. Never once did he mention the Party or your name!*'
>
> The face of our host became sullen, and he interrupted Anastas' words with unconcealed irritation:
>
> 'Vesselin Andreev should have been shot long ago!'
>
> I was dumbfounded to hear straight from the First Secretary's lips regret that someone had not been shot a long time ago. The word *shot* made me shudder."

MARKOV'S "REPORTS IN ABSENTIA", and particularly his "Meetings with Todor Zhivkov", broadcast by RFE in the autumn and winter of 1977–78, were beyond any doubt embarrassing to the régime. Embarrassing, because he was saying openly what others dared only to think, in his descriptions of Bulgarian reality and the relationship between society and the individual. Writing about his departure from Bulgaria, Markov said:

> "Once over the border, on the Yugoslav side, I stopped in a meadow. I looked back towards Bulgaria, and it seemed to me that the natural beauty intensified that unendurable feeling produced by the ugly life which I and so many others like me were obliged to live. It was as though nature, history, and the national spirit had established very clear criteria for beauty and ugliness. I sensed that I could no longer endure the atmosphere in which I had lived and worked, and I was overwhelmed by a feeling of unbearableness, as much towards the outside world as towards myself. . . . I knew that it really had been impossible for me to continue living in Bulgaria and still remain myself. Life in that country was an endless chain of compromises. Even the struggle against compromise involved compromise. And it seemed to me that the ancient rule—that man gradually assumes the features of that which he fights against—was functioning impeccably. More and more frequently I discovered in myself the same elements of primitive instinct, lack of feeling, and even ruthlessness that were typical of those whom I loathed. . . ."

MARKOV'S RFE BROADCASTS coincided with a number of dissident developments involving Bulgarians abroad and at home. The most startling was Vladimir Kostov's defection in June 1977—he had been the chief Bulgarian TV and Radio commentator in Paris and perhaps the most familiar face and voice of the Bulgarian media. Dramatic too was the publication in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (17 November 1977) of a series of interviews given to a French journalist, Annie Daubenton, by the "grand old lady of Bulgarian literature", the poet Blaga Dimitrova. Asked if there was any dissidence in Bulgaria, Mrs Dimitrova replied, avoiding a direct answer:

> "What is terrible is the lack of information, so that we live amid the ebb and flow of rumour and counter-rumour. . . . But I still hope that we will be able, with the help of the country's youth and the people, to achieve a more humane freedom and to obtain recognition of our unqualified right to have our works published. . . ."

On the question of emigration she declared:

> "Emigration is not the answer. The idea of leaving my country has never occurred to me. Even if you face prison you must stay where you are. . . . Each day we must ask ourselves: is it more important to speak out, or to remain silent? And each day we must struggle for freedom. . . ."

Obviously her views were not shared by Georgi Markov or Vladimir Kostov. Their backgrounds were different, and their perception of what could and should be done. On the other hand, Blaga Dimitrova is not an isolated case, as Todor Zhivkov indirectly admitted at a closed meeting of a Conference of Young Writers in Sofia. "Dissent is not a literary but a political fact"—a phenomenon "of the present acute ideological struggle between capitalism and socialism", Zhivkov contended. "Dissent does not exist in Bulgaria as a political fact", but there are "a number of people who think differently." He could easily mention names. It was not altogether logical, not to say convincing, but the mere fact that Todor Zhivkov mentioned the question of dissidence at all showed that the Party was aware of heretical undercurrents running strongly enough to break through to the surface,

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and it was necessary for notice to be served to the Bulgarian intelligentsia that dissidence would not be allowed to take root in "healthy socialist soil."

THE APPEAL was fruitless. Early in 1978 in Sofia, "Declaration '78" put forward six demands: an end to violations of human and civil rights; freer exchange of people and information; improvements in social benefits; the creation of genuinely independent trade unions; abolition of privilege in all spheres of public life; and publication of the Declaration in the daily press. The manifesto was addressed "To All" and signed by the letters "ABD" which, as far as could be established, did not stand for anything or anybody. The régime took this Declaration seriously, and official commentators did their best to discredit the document.

The situation quickly became unbearable for the régime. Although RFE is heavily jammed, in many parts of Bulgaria its signal is received fairly clearly. Now its microphones were put at the disposal of two prominent defectors who had been members of the powerful privileged élite and had "inside knowledge"—the writer Georgi Markov and the journalist Vladimir Kostov. What they had to say to the intellectuals and to the "broad masses" could not but "stir up minds" and nourish critical attitudes towards official policy. The risk of growing dissidence and prominent defections obviously troubled the Bulgarian leaders. Something had to be done, perhaps something dramatic, which would halt a dangerous development once and for all.

No outsider knows exactly what was decided or how. But in a totalitarian society it is only the "highest" who are responsible for decisions affecting the security of the state and the régime—and the State Security organs hasten to carry them out.

THE BULGARIAN REGIME has in the past been outspoken about its way of handling such affairs, especially in the case of political exiles. Boris Arsoff, for instance, who claimed to be a Social Democrat, but belonged rather to what is usually known as "the lunatic fringe", escaped from Bulgaria in 1970 and settled in the Danish town of Aarhus, where he issued a paper called *Levski*. In January 1973 he published a declaration, signed by an alleged "Bulgarian Secret Revolutionary Committee" in Sofia. It demanded, among other things, an end to "psychological and economic pressure on émigrés' relatives in Bulgaria"and warned that, if the demands were not met, repressive measures would be taken against all Bulgarian communist representatives in the West.

Boris Arsoff was not taken seriously by Bulgarian exiles, but the Sofia régime reacted differently. In July he was kidnapped by Bulgarian agents, and a few months later the Sofia City Court opened the trial against him. He was accused of being "a leader of an underground terrorist organisation which has engaged in preparatory work abroad for action intended to endanger the security of the People's Republic of Bulgaria" (*Rabotnichesko Delo*, 21 September 1974). Four days later he was sentenced to 15 years imprisonment. In fact, he was liquidated shortly afterwards.

The Bulgarian régime gave broad press publicity to the Arsoff case. For instance, the Komsomol paper *Narodna Mladezh* wrote (26 September 1974):

> "When the traitor to his country, the political criminal Boris Arsoff, and his activities turned into a threat to the safety of Bulgarian citizens abroad he was—so to speak—rendered harmless. The same fate awaits everyone who has forgotten the great value of the concepts of fatherland and people, and who has set himself objectives long ago discarded on the garbage dump of history. . . ."

The day before, the government paper *Otechestven Front* had published an article by Ivaila Vulkova (now the Vienna correspondent of *Sofia Press*) in which she spoke of "the timely intervention of Bulgarian State Security which put an end to Arsoff's activities", and she added this aphoristic threat:

> "The arms of Justice are longer than the running legs of traitors."

A warning had been issued and a pattern set for future action.

GEORGI MARKOV was, of course, aware of all this and told friends that after starting his talks on Radio Free Europe wave-lengths he had received clear warning from Sofia that if he did not cease and desist, "something would happen" to him. His elder brother Nikola, in Bologna, told a BBC correspondent that in September 1977, a year before Markov's assassination, he had received a telephone call.

> "A man phoned me saying that a decision had been taken to kill Georgi, to eliminate him without a trace. At first I didn't believe this. It seemed absurd, impossible. But the man gave me quite specific details about which there could be no doubt. He told me Georgi was definitely to be poisoned at the first opportunity. . . .
>
> He was a Bulgarian who knew Georgi well and had been his friend. He was something high-up, someone important. But what I don't know is whether he himself was a party to the conspiracy or if someone else had passed the information on to him. . . ."

Nikola Markov made a similar statement to the

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detectives from Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist squad who interviewed him in Bologna.

The clue that convinced them that Markov had been the victim of a unique political murder plot was a minute metal object which had been found in Georgi Markov's thigh; it was an extraordinarily sophisticated pellet, no bigger than a pin-head, with four tiny openings.

The real nature of this pellet was established when Vladimir Kostov revealed in Paris that he had been the victim of a similar attack on 26 August 1978 as he was leaving the Etoile métro. Although he developed high fever over a period of 48 hours, he fortunately survived. When he heard of Markov's death and the surrounding circumstances he became worried and asked for further examination and medical treatment. An X-ray showed a tiny metal object in his thigh. Scotland Yard sent detectives to Paris; under the supervision of the French police, a surgeon removed the metal pellet (together with a small fragment of the surrounding flesh), and it was brought back to Scotland Yard's forensic laboratory. By means of a high-powered electronic scanner it was established that Markov's and Kostov's pellets were identical. The openings were in the same places, and both were made of a rare platinum-iridium alloy which the human body does not reject. But in Kostov's pellet there were still "fillings" in the tiny holes. His life had been saved because the covering had not dissolved, and the major part of the toxin had not entered his blood stream.

ONE MYSTERY REMAINED. What kind of poison was used? The pellets had been taken to the British government's chemical and germ warfare research establishment at Porton Down in Wiltshire.

At the Coroner's Court on 2 January, Porton Down's chief pathologist, Dr David Gall, revealed that after a series of experiments involving numerous poisons affecting the blood vessels, the scientists had been left with a toxin known as ricin, found in the seeds of the castor-oil plant. Dr Gall had injected that poison into a pig, and for some hours nothing unusual happened. But then—in the same way as Markov—a fever developed and the white-cell count rose sharply. The pig died within 25 hours. Dr Gall explained that ricin is found in most warm countries, but added that "much work has been done on it lately" in Czechoslavakia and Hungary. It had never before been used in Britain as a means of murder. There is no known antidote.

The scientists at Porton Down and at the Scotland Yard forensic laboratories had done their job. The location of the murderer was not known, but his method was. The two pellets were identical; they contained the same deadly toxin, and were so sophisticated that they could have been manufactured only by an organisation possessing the necessary means and experience—for instance, the secret service of a nation-state.

The task of Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist squad was, of course, more or less hopeless. The murderer had had more than enough time to erase all traces leading to his possible discovery. Though he may still be somewhere in the West, perhaps even in London, it is more probable that he is now in a safer place. Were there any clues to his identity?[2]

LONG BEFORE the Coroner ruled that Markov had been "killed unlawfully", *The Times* of 30 September 1978 had stated in a long leader:

> "Everyone confronted with these facts is bound to develop a strong suspicion that Mr Markov was murdered by an agent acting for the Bulgarian authorities . . . the lines of inquiry are converging on the Bulgarians, so that if they know anything that would turn attention in another direction they would be wise to say so quickly."

The Bulgarian authorities did react. On 4 October the Bulgarian Telegraph Agency, having issued on 15 September a short denial of any Bulgarian involvement, came out with a long statement.

> "The absurd hypotheses and the still more absurd charges of any participation by Bulgarian organs are in profound contradiction with the principles and character of our society. . . . Only absurd and irresponsible thinking would assume that if Bulgaria had assessed Georgi Markov as politically dangerous she would wait for ten years—so that he might do everything that he was able to do—and only then take measures against him. . . . The Bulgarian Telegraph Agency has again been authorised to reject most categorically the groundless campaign, full of slanders and fabrications, in connection with the alleged participation of Bulgarian organs in the death of Georgi Markov. At the same time the BTA has been authorised to state that Bulgarian

[2] Michael Cockerell, describing in *The Listener* of 12 April 1979 the research for his BBC TV *Panorama* report on the Markov murder, adds:

> "We made contact with a former high-ranking officer in the Bulgarian police—Colonel Stefan Svredlev. He is the holder of the medal awarded by the Soviet KGB for 'Outstanding Services in the Protection of the Frontiers of Socialism'—the first Bulgarian officer to be so honoured. In 1971, he defected to the West. At first, the Bulgarian government claimed he was dead, then he was tried by a military court for treason and sentenced to death in his absence. He asked us not to reveal where he now lives. Colonel Svredlev said: 'From my own experience, I know of cases of kidnapping and murder of Bulgarian exiles abroad by the state security. The organisation that killed Georgi Markov was the Bulgarian state security'."

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organs are ready to give full assistance to the British authorities for joint investigations, analysis and evaluation."

Needless to say, the British authorities did not take up this offer.[3]

A few days after Markov's death, Bulgarian State Security celebrated "The Day of the Militia" (15 September). The main speaker was a certain Lieutenant-General of the State Security, Minko Minkov, who was introduced to the audience as "Deputy Minister of the Interior", a post to which he had evidently been promoted on that occasion. He said, among other things:

"The most alert sons of the revolutionary people are working in the service of the State Security, and are always prepared to fight the enemy. . . . Under the leadership of the Party, they are in action day and night, with a clear conscience, a burning heart, and clean hands, ready to carry out any task assigned to them by the Central Committee of the Bulgarian People's Republic and the Government, in order to safeguard the peaceful creative work of the people oriented towards the brilliant communist future."

Lt.-General Minkov also expressed "the deepest gratitude to our Soviet comrades-in-arms of the KGB, for their constant help and comradely assistance. . . ."

Bulgarian State Security is a huge apparatus, which plays a dominant, indeed omnipresent, role in everyday life. The exact number of secret police agents is closely guarded, but probably exceeds 30,000; and in all departments there are "Soviet Advisors."

It is precisely this type of Soviet presence and intrusion which was one of the reasons for dissident defections. In one of his talks Markov said:

"A proud and independent culture is placed under the shadow of a foreign state. . . . Why must serious authors burn incense to the Soviet Union in all their writings? Is this self-denial, self-humiliation, pure masochism? I am acquainted with most of our authors, and it is plain that they do not believe a word of what they themselves write, nor do they ever face up to the colossal degradation to which they subject their own nation, their own culture and language."

For Vladimir Kostov and his wife Natalie, the policy of "ever-closer integration with the Soviet Union" was a major factor in their decision to defect. When he asked for political asylum in France a year before he was attacked by the mysterious assailant at the Paris métro station, Kostov made the following statement:

"My wife and I are convinced that the policy of the present leadership of the Bulgarian Communist Party, and particularly its policy of integration with the Soviet Union, seriously endangers the national independence of Bulgaria and restricts manifestations of the Bulgarian national spirit."

Markov and Kostov had many friends and colleagues in the upper strata of the Bulgarian Communist establishment. Whatever they had to say on important European issues was bound to have a greater impact than the best and most convincing arguments presented by routine broadcasters.[4] For the régime—and its Soviet protectors—they were marked men.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE for Georgi Markov was held in the church of St Mary-le-Strand in London on Friday, 20 October 1978, in the presence of members of his family, friends, and BBC colleagues. The service included Old Bulgarian plainsong, the singing of Psalm 30, readings from the New Testament and from Father Zossima's discourses in Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*. In the address, David Phillips quoted the words of Karel Capek:

"You will not find anything more concrete or more general than its language by which to outline the mysterious fabric of a nation. The medium in which a writer works is the soul and consciousness of the nation itself. They say that a saint lives in God: a writer, who as a rule is no saint, lives directly in the soul of a nation, for he lives in its language like a fish in water. I cannot imagine a poet being anti-national; it is as if a fish would complain of the water which supports and nourishes it. . . ."

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[3] In an article in *The Observer* (16 September 1979), written for the anniversary of her husband's death, Annabel Markov said:

"In a letter from the Home Office it was explained to me that no evidence had so far emerged 'to enable charges to be brought against any individual.' When a weapon is used which, for the first time in history, allows the assassin to get clear away before murder is even suspected, it is very unlikely that charges can ever be brought against 'any individual.' But hasn't the stage been reached when the amount of circumstantial evidence gathered justifies an official protest by the British Government, whether or not the assassin is ever caught?"

[4] One Sofia joke ran: "Why don't the Politburo watch TV on Sunday evenings?" "Because they're listening to Georgi Markov on Radio Free Europe."

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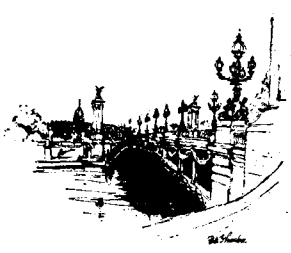
Pierre Kende

Anybody Here Still for Europe?

Letter from Paris



THERE IS A MYSTERY surrounding French feelings about Europe. If French people are questioned *individually* about their attitude to "building Europe" they turn out to be (if the surveys are to be believed)[1] overwhelmingly in favour. The majority of Frenchmen are even claimed to favour the idea of *a European government* "which has the last word in some important areas." [2] This makes France more than averagely pro-European. In France, as in other countries, the higher you go in the social and educational scale, the more friendly the attitude to Europe, or at least the greater the awareness of the European community's importance.

But the whole picture changes when opinions are expressed not individually but at the *collective* level. When on the eve of the first European elections one investigated the French political groupings from the angle of their position regarding a supranational Europe, the surprising fact emerged that not one of them pronounced itself to be "*for*"! As the event came nearer, far from redoubling their professions of European faith—which after all wouldn't cost them a *sou*—all the French political parties appeared more anxious to explain the nature of their *reservations* about Europe. . . .

Let's be clear about this. With the exception of the Communist party, none of the French political forces claims to be "anti-European" on principle. The voters simply would not approve of such an attitude.[3] But all of them make a point of stressing their hostility towards any possible limitations on national sovereignty (which logically involves rejection of any progress towards supranationality, and hence any real community). Once again the world can admire the spectacle of France standing up for a special difference which its partners would be the last to dispute and for an "independence" whose limitations in the interdependent world we live in are common knowledge. Once again France is loud with vague clarion calls, so much so that there is an irresistible parallel to be drawn with the pathetic events of 1954, the year of the French "Non" to the European Defence Community. France is not hostile to Europe; but it refuses to be diluted into an entity vaster than itself. Herein lies the problem, and the paradox.

A LITTLE MORE LIGHT is shed on this problem when it is seen in the full context of contemporary French politics. For the sake of brevity I shall confine myself to the four great *familles* of political France, namely the Gaullists, the Giscardians, the Socialists and the Communists.

The anti-European drive of Jacques Chirac's *RPR* is partly to be explained by the party leader's need to be seen to take a different line from President Giscard d'Estaing. But we should also allow

[1] The periodic surveys conducted by the Commission of the European Communities and published by *"Eurobarometer"* cover public opinion in all the countries of the EEC.

On the question of whether EEC membership is "good" or "bad" for France, in recent years the French people questioned have called it "a good thing" in the following proportions: 61% (Autumn 1973), 67% (Autumn 1975), 57% (Autumn 1977), 54% (Spring 1978) (*Eurobarometer*, No. 9, p. 24).

[2] In spring 1978, 45 persons out of 100 took this view; 34 opposed it, and 21 abstained.

[3] This was shown indirectly in a Harris-France Poll conducted early in September 1978 and published in *L'Express* (18–24 September 1978). Based on a representative sample of the French population over the age of eighteen, it showed that, whereas the majority of Frenchmen considered the French CP as being opposed to the strengthening of Europe, and only four voters out of ten saw Chirac's RPR as favourable to such a development, the majority of sympathisers both of the CP and the RPR perceived their own party as "on the whole favourable" to a stronger Europe.

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for a certain loyalty to the Gaullist tradition. In 1958 General de Gaulle came to power not only as a result of the Algerian crisis but also because of dissatisfaction with the pro-Atlantic leanings of the Fourth Republic. If Gaullism has a meaning independent of its founder it is the passionate affirmation of the "French personality" and rejection of the idea that the Nation can be passed over in favour of a larger entity. De Gaulle as statesman was not at all hostile to close and privileged cooperation with Europe—starting with Germany; he launched the notion of a *Confédération européenne* in 1949. But he never accepted that this body might be anything but an association of states, each preserving its own personality. It was in this spirit that he fought against the idea of *supranationalité*, notably in his relations with the institutions of the Community. Inasmuch as European integration implies moving away from the nation and towards something else, by depriving the national authorities of some of their prerogatives, Gaullism is against it; and there is nothing to suggest that the General's heirs have given any ground at all. In this sense *"l'appel de Cochin"* may be seen as a return to beginnings. Whatever the ulterior tactical motives of that "appeal" may have been, it is significant that on election eve a party leader could have reckoned that an anti-European stand was a useful plank in his platform.

Even more striking is the intimidatory effect exercised by what is at first sight an unrealistic and backward-looking attitude upon all the other French political groupings. From that angle it is the *UDF* that presents the most distressing picture.

It is surely no secret to anybody that liberal and centrist trends are favourable to an integrated Europe; and the voters know it.[4] We now come up against the curious fact that because of their alliance with the Gaullists the *UDF* leaders do not dare to make public their true convictions concerning Europe. Not only are they putting no enthusiasm into their propaganda, but they are even going to the lengths of self-censorship. Indeed they conspired to *deny* in their own minds that the objective of the June 1979 elections was to advance integration and confer increased authority on the European Assembly. On the surface, here too the reasons have to do with inner-party politics; but one wonders whether this internal policy tactic doesn't have a deeper underlying motive, namely that the liberals and centrists do not have much faith in the strength of the pro-European current. Perhaps without admitting it to themselves, they were afraid that the June elections could reveal a vast indifference towards Europe; and that the occasion might produce a certain crude chauvinistic upsurge. After all, the history of the "European Defence Community" and Georges Pompidou's referendum over British entry into the Common Market are cautionary precedents.

The third great power of French politics, the Socialist Party, also affords a bizarre spectacle. In one sense its case is even more complex than the *UDF*'s. Only a few years ago that party was as decisively European as the most European of the conservative centrist parties. This was a legacy from the era of the Fourth Republic, a doctrinal legacy which Europe's political evolution—the leftward turn of the Bonn Republic and most of the other EEC countries—could only consolidate.

IT MAY SEEM all the more surprising that in recent years, under the leadership of the fervently European François Mitterrand, far from fighting for *une Europe unifiée* under the banner of the Socialist International, the party has tended to keep aloof from the European idea. The reasons for this sideslip are "ideological." With its Epinay programme, on the calculation that it would win power in alliance with the Communists, the Socialist Party had saddled itself with a political doctrine whose keynote was *"la rupture avec le capitalisme."* Now in spite of the multiplication in the Community of socialist governments, nothing in the construction of the European institutions has appeared to point towards such a "rupture." Thus the Socialist Party has felt more and more uncomfortable about showing itself as pro-European. It was even tempted to break off its Anglo-German friendships when Chancellor Schmidt, Prime Minister Callaghan, and the rest—in their typically social-democratic determination—showed no disposition to abandon the "capitalist mode of production."

The event cannot be pinpointed, but one day between the Epinay Congress (1971) and the last pact with the Communists (1977), the Socialist Party ideologues discovered that Europe was only a desirable objective for their people if it furthered the progress of "socialism" (in the sense of the aforementioned break). The Europe of the "trusts", the Europe of the "multinationals", the "Eurocrats" and the "bankers" (especially German

[4] In September 1978, 56% (against only 7%) perceived the *UDF* as favourable to Europe. For the Socialist party, the percentage was 53% against 12.

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bankers) appeared to be unworthy of being supported by the socialists. That at any rate, is the position taken by the ideologues close to Mitterrand; and the party veterans cannot react against it for fear of being branded as "social democrats."

It is hard to know whether or not Mitterrand goes this far in rejecting the Europe of concrete reality. His pragmatism is not vastly encumbered by dogmatic or theoretical considerations. But precisely because he is a man of intuition he must have scented something in the predisposition of his ranks. Exactly what, though? The revival of some kind of "patriotism"? This is negligible, having more to do with CP rhetoric than any genuinely popular feeling. In general the Socialist Party cannot allow itself to play the nationalist card; but the old anarchist current has been flowing closer to the surface lately, and it is a state of mind which cannot be ignored by a party supposedly dedicated to *autogestion*, to self-management. The French are so intensely allergic to everything done (or left undone) by the Nation-state, that the very idea of being subjected to yet another authority unconsciously annoys them. *L'Europe* is fine as long as it is an anodyne label with no further consequences. But a Europe on the move, a Europe turned quasi-superstate, is bound to be disturbing. It will never be a popular notion in France. Certainly the Socialist Party cannot entirely repudiate the building of a united Europe; but until the situation clarifies, lip-service to the "break with capitalism" and the "objective conditions" for a socialist Europe enables the party to put off making any clear commitment. So it can say *"oui"* to the European utopia at the same time as grumbling and dithering at any suggestion for European integration made in the here-and-now.

FINALLY, the Communist Party. Its strenuous, venomous anti-Europeanism appears to need no explanation; after all, it is perfectly in tune with the Soviet line. But other interpretations are possible and even necessary if it is recalled that it is obviously possible, as in Italy, to be both communist *and* pro-European. In calling on the French people to reject *"l'Europe des trusts"*, the French CP has excellent internal political motives—relating to the position of the most anti-governmental Gaullists and to the development of the Extreme Left. (The fact that these motives happen to coincide with the interest of Soviet policy is an extra piece of luck.) In any case the French CP has correctly appraised the revival of French chauvinism (which it is attempting to channel in the proper progressive direction), while continuing to participate in the socialistic war of words with its ex-allies on the left (if only to recoup those radicals who are not satisfied with socialist moderation). The cliché of *"l'impérialisme germano-américaine"*—that precious relic of the late 1940s—happens to be very much to the point. It enables the French CP to appeal to two sides at once, with a promising return on its rhetorical investment. As long as it strikes the nationalist chord the CP can make more allies in the Gaullist camp (whose anti-German and anti-"Anglo-Saxon" idiosyncrasies sometimes outweigh all other reasoning). In addition, by fulminating against the Europe of the trusts and multinationals, the French CP prevents its ex-allies from striking up an illicit liaison with Social Democracy. Here there is an "intimidation effect" quite comparable with the one I mentioned in the strategy of the Gaullist party.

So here, then, is the misfortune of Europe in France. The French are "for Europe" without really being for it, even though they are for it *dans une certaine mesure*. Both Gaullists and Communists do express an aspect of the French political sensibility, while both of the other two *familles* are paralysed by their own system of alliances.

Where is Europe?

BUT IF THE ENTHUSIASM for Europe is so lukewarm, there must be other reasons for it than the great game of politics, reasons which explain why the "European cause" is so poorly defended.

In fact what does the cause mean to a present-day Frenchman? Apart from platitudes about "cultural heritage", does the everyday environment have any discernible pointers to real progress made by Europe, indicators numerous enough to convince them of the vital importance of fashioning a new European identity?

Since present-day Europe is primarily defined as an economic community, consider "the openness of markets", not as a juridical matter (whose reality is beyond the common man), but from the angle of the concrete facts which impinge on everyday life. No one could deny that after twenty years of the *Marché commun* the nation's economic space has in fact been opened up and extended. But I wonder

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whether (apart from the farmers, for whom Europe is unquestionably a living reality) the French people see the opening of markets as corresponding to the "new frontiers" of a Europe on the march. Does the national economic living space coincide with institutionalised Europe as far as the French manufacturer is concerned? In his field, unlike that of the farmer, the foreign competition does not divide into two distinct groups according to whether it comes from within or without the Common Market. His problems are located in a world environment of which Europe is only one facet. And yet industry is a major area of European cooperation. In other sectors the reality of Europe is less obvious still (with the exception of a few distribution networks of a multinational kind), to say nothing of professions such as the law and medicine. In theory there is nothing more cosmopolitan than finance capital, but in practice is there a single German, Dutch, or Belgian deposit bank which has succeeded (or even attempted!) in penetrating French territory under its own name?

The situation is slightly more encouraging when seen from the viewpoint of the *consommateur*. In France, as in its neighbouring countries, the Europeanisation of the consumer markets can be taken as a fact—only it is practically impossible to separate this European dimension from a broader world dimension. In the stalls and shop windows, there is not just *Europe* but also Japan, Hong Kong, Korea, and the USA; and this is not calculated to make the basic consumer any more likely to recognise some distinctively European relationship. Thus the economic horizon of the average Frenchman is more often local, regional, national or worldwide than "European" in the EEC sense of the word.

IN THE FRAMEWORK of everyday reality, there is also the problem of the legal and fiscal regulations which (although emanating from Brussels) are liable to affect the ordinary citizen. There is no exact information available on this point, because knowing in the abstract that *l'Europe existe* is one thing,[5] but meeting it in the flesh (for instance at the moment when you cross the frontier) is another. Once more with the exception of the farmers, the French public is not greatly impressed by the Community's regulations. Whenever the opportunity presents itself the French administration is not above pointing out that particularly difficult arrangements, especially fiscal ones, are a consequence of the "harmonisation" process. For the great majority of people, the European abstractions have no effect on their vital preoccupations. Not only do they have no sense of having before them any European authority whatsoever, but they also do not think that "Brussels" has any decisive standing with the Paris government. (Yet this is what the Communists, and lately Chirac and Debré too, have been striving to get the French to believe!) The French instinctively understand that when the administration or the government refers to "Community regulations" they are establishing an alibi, not pointing out compelling public commitments.

What reasons might they have for thinking the contrary? For seeing any really decisive authority in Europe's institutions? Despite all efforts by European representatives, the formal national frontiers remain; and whenever there are considerable movements of people they still make themselves felt in the form of tiresome queues. Payments are made in the relevant national currency and the citizen tourist is always convinced that he constantly loses on the exchange. When you need financial aid or assistance you never go to a European administration; loans or hand-outs are local or national, never European. (Which in this time of crisis for social security arrangements is perhaps a piece of luck for Europe: what nation would actually be prepared to finance its neighbour's deficit?) The school and university system continues to exist on strictly national foundations, not only from the point of view of the language of teaching but also from every other possible angle (general curriculum, encouraged specialisations, glorification of the historico-ethnic identity, etc.).

IS THERE A SINGLE POINT in our everyday civic life where it is possible to put one's finger on a real Europe? Our weather forecasts are national: the *bulletins de la météorologie* seldom refer to what is happening across the Rhine or the Alps or the Channel. The railroads, even though they alone have something trans-European in common, are visibly attached to their respective identities and strictly national tariffs. Cars are registered by country. And while there is in theory a European autoroute network, in France at any rate not a trace of a broader signposting system has

[5] One of the EEC surveys (conducted in the spring of 1975, and repeated three years later) inquired as to how much the public knew about European affairs. Half of the French people questioned (50% in 1975, 46% in 1978) admitted on this occasion that they didn't know very much. . . .

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materialised. Nor are these the only cases of what can only be called *résistance viscérale* on the part of the French authorities towards recognising the reality of Europe. It was the French *douanes* who vetoed the total abolition of frontier customs controls among the Community's member countries. More recently we have seen Germany and the Benelux countries adopt a useful system of *"Eurochèques"* which France's exchange-controllers appear to be cold-shouldering. . . .

SO IS IT SURPRISING that the majority of French people see no obvious relation between "building Europe" and the economic and social problems which preoccupy them in this time of crisis? According to a September 1978 survey a bare third of the French people feel that "European integration" offers any solution to the problems raised by the energy crisis, inflation, unemployment, etc.—in other words by the challenges that preoccupy them most.[6]

A Problem of Identity

IF MY REPORT has concentrated on the built-in obstacles in the French mind to the European idea, I do not do so with any melodramatic sceptical intent. The road to Europe is not paved solely with pot-holes. Yet there is nothing which does greater damage to the cause of integration than stubborn European refusal to acknowledge those that do exist and their false optimism in simply turning a blind eye to social resistance.

Consider the still quite prevalent illusions of the French centre about the Socialist Party. How many times has it been forecast that with the Union of the Left defeated *le renversement des alliances* was imminent? And that the new alliances would follow the great divide of the question *"pour ou contre l'Europe."* No such thing has happened, nor is there anything in the present behaviour of French political forces which promises any such reversal in the short or medium term.

Since the launching of Europe in 1957 a myth has presided over the process of building Europe: the myth of a "unifying economy." Certainly trade brings countries closer; common enterprise gives rise to convergent interests (and therefore conduct), at least as long as the interested parties reckon that they are participating with roughly equal chances. But all reactions do not necessarily work in that direction: there are formidable rivalries (which the common undertaking may even exacerbate), and there are narrow vested interests too. Thus the sociological organisms which make up the flesh-and-blood of the Nation-State—and which the Federalists are wrong to shrug off as a negligible quantity—feel threatened (whether rightly or not is another question) in their most vital interests. Particularly in a country which does not see itself economically speaking as the entrepreneurial leader of the undertaking, resistances and apprehensions crop up for the good reason that all "restructuring" involves dealing fresh cards. If the player isn't sure of winning, he will prefer to stand pat. Everybody feels safer that way.

AND THEN THERE IS the "safety" in feelings of identity (national, ethnic, cultural). The legitimacy of European power requires the peoples of the Community to have a sense of European identity which would be capable of taking the place of narrower patriotisms by embracing them all. The idea had been that by getting the economic "melting pot" going, you could easily stir such feelings. But nothing has melted, nothing has stirred. If anything things have gone the other way. Far from having blurred the traditional identities, the mingling of populations which accompanied Europe's economic expansion in the 1960s—mass tourism, immigrant workers, student mobility, and international activism—has tended more to exacerbate national susceptibilities.[7] "Inter-ethnic tensions" of a new type have appeared, revealing the psychological fragility of the European edifice.

Instead of the expected emergence of *une conscience européenne* we have witnessed the upsurge

[6] The question was: *"Do you think that strengthening European unity by more extensive integration of the member countries of the Community would tend towards solving or towards worsening present-day economic and social problems?"* 30% of those questioned answered "tend towards solving", 26% took the opposite view, and 44% had no opinion at all.

[7] A few years ago the press carried a story of a massive Dutch influx into a peaceful, picturesque region of central France. They did not come just as holiday makers, but fell in love with the beauty of the locality and started buying up derelict farms. This led to a positive explosion of xenophobia among some of the local population (*Le Figaro*, 22 August 1975). I cite this extreme instance in order to show that the phenomena of "intolerance" and "rejection" are not necessarily confined to North African workers or young German Leftists. . . . If there are not many foreign businesses on French soil, I wonder whether this may not after all be a stroke of luck for Europe!

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of ethnic and regional separatisms rejecting the nation in the name not of a *broader* but of a distinctly smaller identification. In a continent which has its own experience of "micro-patriotisms"—and rejected them for well-known reasons—the resurgence of these "mini-ethnocentrisms" is extraordinary. Its causes are not easy to diagnose. For my own part I am tempted to see the process as the final metamorphosis of the democratic idea.

The ordinary citizen almost everywhere is a little disappointed with the representation granted to him. He wants not only more participation but also a more immediate democracy, closer to the site of his own life and activities. Thus one of the grievances he levels against the Nation-State is the gulf it has created between himself, the citizen, and the circles where the vital decisions are taken. Hence the battles for *"décentralisation"*, even though in a country like France these come up against near-insurmountable resistance. Hence comes the hour of those micro-nationalisms which, precisely because they are ready to go to the lengths of proclaiming their separatism, contain the promise of a more direct kind of democracy, closer at hand.

Have I strayed slightly away from the subject of Europe? Actually we have reached the heart of it, because Europe's very worst handicap is precisely this revival of micro-patriotisms and the concomitant shrinking of civic identity. What can Europe offer in answer to vague expectations of a more direct democracy? I do not mean the Europe of the Federalist dream but Europe as it is being put together under the watchful eye of all the Nation-States.

Playing the Europe Card

AMONG THE OBSTACLES which bar the way to Europe—not so much in reality as at the level of French political consciousness—there is one which has to be denounced as a myth. It is the notion of German supremacy. For some years now it has replaced the myth of an "Americanised Europe" in the Leftist-Nationalist imagination (although the two myths can make cosy bedfellows).[8] Leftist anti-capitalism and rightist xenophobia—and vice versa—meet in joyous communion in this demagogic slogan, as ignoble as it is inaccurate.

The French have a genius for worrying about non-existent dangers; and a keen timing for missing historic opportunities. With the European Army which was rejected by the French Assembly in 1954, Europe would now be French, since once established as the command language of the unified armed forces, French would soon have been entrenched as the language of communication of all the European elites. That is one forgotten aspect of the argumentations over Europe. But there is another and no less symptomatic fact closer to hand. Everybody knows—*tout le monde, sauf les Français de France*—that the EEC's numerous administrative organs have French as their working language. Despite all the despondent or sarcastic predictions—"*Volapük*", cracked General de Gaulle—it is French which has emerged as the language of communication in this "stateless" sphere; and even after the arrival of the British it has been doing pretty well for itself. If only for that reason—but there are others too—the EEC machinery looks to our European partners like something engineered by the French. French public opinion is alone in not having caught on to this.

Rather more important is the fact that inside the EEC France has always occupied a position of strength which derives from its size and central position. Of all the countries on the continent, France is the one without which Europe cannot be made. It could be argued that this central position is not peculiar to France, and that Germany too is indispensable to building Europe. Quite true, except that Germany is in a way "condemned" to Europe while France—a country with Mediterranean alternatives, to say nothing of others—is free to cash in on its cooperation. General de Gaulle grasped this *donnée clef* so well that he made it the *idée maîtresse* of his European policy. The man for whom Europe was never a value in itself, never a metaphysical feeling nor a metapolitical passion, did not hesitate (in his well-known manner) to play the card of European unification. Why? Because he had found the tool which would enable France to gain a political hold on a number of neighbours with no or little alternative to European cooperation (much less than France!). It was in this way, under the Gaullist stimulus, that France was able to acquire very special standing in the Europe of the Six, a standing which allowed it sometimes to

[8] See, for example, the article by P. Pascallon in the magazine *Contrepoint* (No. 28). Its author starts by declaring that "Europe today is above all a German Europe under an American protectorate." The proof? "Whereas in 1955 the German economy accounted for less than a quarter of the total GNP of the enlarged community it now accounts for more than a third." And the US hegemony is exercised by the multinationals, "the Trojan horses of American capitalism."

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exploit the advantages of cooperation to the full and sometimes to "go it alone" (while parading itself as the sole true defender of Europe's institutions). From 1957 to the present day, only France has been able to afford to resort to blackmail or to be consistently obstructive. This is another aspect of European realities of which the world around us is keenly aware and which the French (scarcely bombarded with information on the subject by their own inward-looking press) do not appear to recognise.

Long considered as the rogue of the Atlantic alliance, France eventually even managed to make its partners accept that the creation of a political Europe necessarily involved greater freedom of action *vis-à-vis* the Americans. It was at the moment when West Germany appropriated this—Gaullist—concept of Europe that French Leftist-nationalism took umbrage against the alliance with Germany! The Left likes to stew in its own nightmares, but it would be pleasant to hear from the heirs of the General just what other and better European policy they have to offer.

A CURIOUS CONCLUSION emerges from what we have been saying. It would seem that, on the question of Europe, there is at present a discrepancy between the development of French public opinion and the attitude of those responsible for the government of France. Whereas the citizens tend to be either uninterested in Europe or even up in arms against it, and whereas the political jockeying of the parties (both of the majority and of the opposition) isolates the few defenders of European integration who find themselves under an almost prohibitive handicap, the French government itself behaves as if it felt quite encouraged in its "European policy", as if it were obeying a specific *volonté nationale*.

Is this sheer obstinacy, or political blindness? Neither one nor the other. The fact is that never since the start of building Europe has France had such good reasons for furthering that cause as it has right now—because its partners' political positions have never been so close to the French view as they have been in recent years. Ever since the onset of the energy crisis in 1973 highlighted both the vulnerable nature of the West European entity and its special need to define a coherent policy, Europe has become something of a convert to Gaullism. Helped by *le style Giscard,* and getting a better hearing from its partners than in the old tub-thumping days, for the first time France is "satisfied" with Europe.[9] It has also seen "cooperation" acquire a more directly political character (the creation of the European Council, etc.). In the present atmosphere France has all the more interest in pushing towards integration because on the purely economic level it is lagging behind (particularly where Germany is concerned). But the point is that the best card for France to play is political integration; that is the one sphere in which it enjoys a clear superiority; and it is also the only way for the French to achieve an increased level of some sort of *interventionnisme étatique* in order to counterbalance the disadvantageous free play of economic forces.

So the French government would appear to be well advised to play the Europe card, even at the risk of finding itself rather out of step with the conspicuously apathetic feelings of a majority of citizens. What would be heart-breaking would be for the conflicts in the new Strasbourg parliament, instead of narrowing the gap, to further complicate (up to and beyond the point of absurdity) the French political arena, and to weaken the government at the very moment when it needed greater authority. Europe has deserved better than that.

[9] From this angle the crisis over "agricultural compensation" (CAP) which has broken out in relation to inaugurating the European Currency Unit is only a sideshow. It also shows the limitations of French good will. It is quite clear that in such a vital area as agriculture there is just no question of the French government relinquishing the slightest advantage gained.

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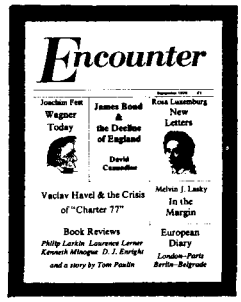

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Simon Leys

The End of Peking's Spring

IN THE HEYDAY of the "Democracy Wall", in front of a fascinated audience, a young questioning Chinese pressed a Western journalist on the functioning of democracy in his country. At one point he asked: "And how many votes did the Communist party get in the last elections?"—"One per cent."—"If we had free elections here, the Communists would not get even that much."

The experiment of the "Democracy Wall" was bound to produce such exchanges which, in turn, doomed it from the very beginning. Peking's municipality has now prohibited all criticism of the government and the Party; all unorthodox posters and inscriptions were confiscated, and the main personalities of the Democratic movement have been arbitrarily arrested: Fu Yuchua, Wei Jingsheng, Ren Wanding . . . all detained without a warrant, in complete disregard of all legal forms. The victims disappeared without a trace, and even their close relatives do not know what is their present fate. After thirty years of absolute power, the Communist Party feels itself so utterly deprived of popular support that a mere handful of young dissenters, armed only with their eloquence, was enough to terrify it.

Who were these critics, and what were their objectives? The members of the Democratic movement constitute a bright and courageous élite; they are both idealistic and clear-sighted. Their ages range from mid-twenties to early thirties. They are not many, but the network of their sympathisers covers the entire country. Paradoxically, most of them are sons and daughters of the Party's ruling clique. Because of their privileged birth, they enjoyed a better education and a certain access to the sources of information. Their direct knowledge of the life at the top left them with precious few illusions regarding the actual nature of the régime. The general bankruptcy of the system made them lose their early Communist faith; for many of them the decisive awakening was triggered by their shocking encounter with peasant misery which they discovered in the aftermath of the "Cultural Revolution" as they were sent out to the countryside.

What they want is simply *Democracy*: to break the monopoly which the Communist Party exerts upon the entire political life. They define themselves as a loyal opposition, working along democratic lines. With a certain wit and irony, they insist upon the fact that they refuse to imitate those Communist methods which are based on lies, plotting, and secrecy; they are determined to operate in broad daylight. On this point—without knowing it, and through a similar experience—they have reached the same conclusions as the Soviet dissenter Vladimir Bukovsky: "One cannot reach democracy through clandestinity; one must not borrow lessons from the enemy, under the penalty of ending up looking like him; clandestinity only breeds tyranny, bolsheviks of various kinds with an obsession for personal power. . . ." They were fully aware of the enormous risks which their public activities entailed. Like the first Chinese Republican martyrs who, at the end of the Empire, offered themselves to the executioner in order to wake up the political consciousness of their compatriots, they wished to take advantage of the precious and brief opportunity which the "Democracy Wall" afforded them, to let their voices be heard in China and in the outside world. They expressed themselves with memorable vigour and clarity—for instance, an essay such as Wei Jingsheng's *The Fifth Modernisation: Democracy* already ranks as a new classic of the anti-totalitarian dissident literature. They foresaw all too clearly what kind of retribution their daring criticism of the Communist dictatorship was going to bring upon them. They believe that democracy will never be granted by the rulers to the people; it is up to the people to win it for themselves, and the first step in that direction is to arouse among the masses increasing political

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demands, a new awareness of their condition, so as to create pressures which, in turn, will progressively force the rulers to compromise.

The appeal launched by these young people reaches beyond China; when they proclaim that "the Democratic ideal" and "the Human Rights principle" have universal value, they challenge the world's conscience. How shall we respond to it? Shall we say again, in the fashion of our politico-academic Establishment, that the Chinese are "different", and that, for them, Maoism is good enough?

From a Chinese Puzzle . . .

Peking

EXPLORERS: **The reappearance of one of Peking's most controversial underground journals, along with a new surge of demonstrations and uncensored attacks on police tactics, apparently signals a return to the free-wheeling pro-democracy protests of a year ago. The revival of the journal "Tansuo" (Exploration), official concessions to sit-down demonstrators here and veiled apologies in the press for last spring's crackdown on dissidents have led many Chinese and foreign diplomats to predict even freer expression and the release of some jailed protesters.**

ALTHOUGH VERY SMALL *in numbers, the Peking dissidents have, through exposure in the foreign press, made themselves an important element in the world perception of the situation here, with some effect on future Chinese trade and political successes abroad. This is particularly true in Western Europe, which Communist Party Chairman Hua Guofeng plans to visit next month.*

Treatment of the few dissidents also sets the standard for treatment of much more explosive protests by unemployed youths and destitute peasants, who have besieged offices here and in other Chinese cities.

A STAFF MEMBER **of the "Tansuo" put up a poster demanding the release of the journal's editor and other dissidents. Plainclothes police snapped his picture and a young man describing himself as staff photographer for the journal snapped another picture in turn.**

Later, at least 400 students marched down Peking's main avenue protesting the admission of several students to universities through political connections.

Diplomats cautioned that the government could again arrest some of its strongest critics and swiftly dampen the atmosphere, but Chinese say that the officials, sharply divided over how to handle the protests, are not expected to act harshly soon.

SOME EXCESSES, *including some wall posters calling for the end of Communist rule, resulted in the arrests of about 28 dissidents, including "Tansuo's" editor, Wei Jingsheng, and deputy editor, Yang Guang; human rights alliance leader, Ren Wanding; and a female dissident, actually the first to be arrested, named Fu Yeuhua.*

Diplomats here do not think the term dissident applies well to many of the wall-poster writers, because at the beginning, they feel many of the attacks on government leaders were encouraged by other government leaders such as Deputy Premier Deng Xiaoping, who saw the posters as a way of undermining political enemies. But Wei, Ren and the others appeared to strike out on their own very quickly, and one unconfirmed report circulating here said Mr Deng personally approved their arrests.

"It is not in keeping with the Marxist approach to say that Comrade Mao Tse-tung had never committed mistakes," it said. "It is necessary to mention the magnificent contribution of Comrade Mao, but also necessary to mention the heroic deeds of [late Premier] Comrade Chou En-lai . . . and other revolutionary veterans."

Peking

POSTERS: **A six-foot-high poster on Peking's "Democracy Wall" announced yesterday that an unofficial public meeting would be held in Tienanmen Square today, to discuss the direction China is taking and to "reappraise Chairman Mao."**

The poster, signed by a group calling itself the Democratic Scientific and Socialist Study Association, invited representatives of all political viewpoints to attend. It also summoned Chinese and foreign journalists, and added: "We specially invite members of the Public Security Bureau [police] to join us openly or in secret."

The group invoked constitutional free speech guarantees and the Communist party's policy of "letting a hundred flowers bloom and a hundred schools of thought contend."

A REAPPRAISAL OF MAO, *who died three years ago this month, was first on an agenda of five topics for the meeting. Another agenda heading asked: "What kind of socialist country is China now?"*

Others focused on the poor circumstances of peasants who have travelled to the capital from remote areas to petition central authorities about long-standing grievances and alleged injustices.

Thousands of peasants in ragged clothes have been foot-slogging their way to Peking from the province for more than a year, encouraged by the Party's promise of a new era in which old wrongs will be righted and people unjustly victimised in past upheavals will have their records wiped clean.

About 100 tattered peasants were sitting or sleeping yesterday outside the main gate to the Chungnanhai compound, where Chinese leaders live and work. Peasants have been holding sit-in protests demanding action outside the entrance for several weeks.

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AFTER HAVING AUTHORISED—if not encouraged—the early developments of the Democratic movement, why did Deng Xiaoping proceed to destroy it? In its beginning, the movement did present certain advantages for Deng. In foreign policy, it gave his régime a more attractive appearance, facilitating relations with the West, and particularly with the United States. In domestic politics, as long as it was contained within certain limits and channelled in a specific direction, it enabled Deng to strengthen his position, while weakening that of the radical Maoists.

. . . *Comrade Zig & Comrade Zag*

MANY OF THE POSTERS **now appearing again on "Democracy Wall", after a lull forced by police repression in the spring, deal with the plight of the peasant visitors and ask the authorities to handle their complaints seriously.**

Recent poster appeals for the release of young dissidents arrested in March and April have not been torn down and are still attracting crowds.

MEANWHILE, *several big hoardings, which used to display quotations from Mao in large white characters on a red background at major Peking intersections, are being repainted with street scenes apparently intended to promote traffic order.*

A Chinese office-worker assured me yesterday: "This does not mean that Mao Tse-tung thought is no longer effective. But we are trying to be more realistic."

Peking

"REVISIONIST SCAB": **The trend towards the complete rehabilitation of China's former President Liu Shao-chi is continuing. He fell from grace in 1966 and died while a political prisoner.**

The People's Daily, **chief mouthpiece of the Chinese Communist party, has called for the "rehabilitation" of certain documents, either praising Liu directly or from the period in the mid-1950s when his pragmatic policies held sway over the more extreme tendencies of Chairman Mao Tse-tung.**

The documents, including praise by Mao in 1945 for Liu's early work for the party, were suppressed during the last decade of Mao's life, when he plunged China into an orgy of radical witch-hunts and purges.

Liu was arrested as a traitor and "revisionist scab."

Another sign was that the once reviled Liu is being posthumously rehabilitated was seen recently when newspapers reported the admission of one of Liu's daughters to Peking University.

Peking

HAVOC: *Extreme leftist Communist officials slaughtered thousands of innocent people in the Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region during the early 1970's, the "People's Daily" said yesterday. A wholesale purge of guilty officials is underway but many have refused to make amends for judicial frame-ups.*

"Some arch criminals in the fabrication of wrong charges not only have the effrontery to regard themselves as victims, but openly challenge those in charge of straightening out the mess. Several hundred thousand Chinese and Mongolian party cadres were affected. Dozens of thousands of them are dead. It wreaked unprecedented havoc in the Mongolian Autonomous Region."

The disorders were said to have occurred between 1971–76 when China was effectively run by the "Gang of Four." The group, which included Mao's widow, dominated politics during the leader's declining years. They were arrested following his death in 1976.

In Inner Mongolia, followers of the gang tried to consolidate power by provoking disturbances. They also staged show trials of Party officials who disagreed with them.

Peking

SLUDGE: **A bitter dispute is developing in Chinese literary circles over how far writers can go in publishing realistic accounts of China's troubles during the last decade of Chairman Mao's rule. Official Press commentaries say some writers are still afraid to tell the truth because of continuing "Leftist" attempts to attack the few who do. Supporters of Chiang Ching, Mao's purged widow, and her radical "Gang of Four" were starting to speak out again.**

The Nafang Daily *in South China said that "this Leftist interference and Leftist trend of thought has become a major obstacle" to implementing enlightened policies in literature and art. Writers and artists felt that in past years, "the limits have been too rigid, the tune has been set too high, and too many sticks have been wielded."*

"LEFTISTS" **were insisting that Socialist literature should praise the bright side of society, and never expose the dark. The Radicals would be content with nothing less than the destruction of writers who exposed the evils of the era.**

Diehard Radicals cursed today's writers as "only fit to be maggots on the garbage dump of history", and "animals who like to smell stinking things in dark and damp blood and sludge."

FROM:

dispatches to the Washington Post, Daily Telegraph, Reuters and United Press

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Nevertheless, it would probably be wrong to reduce his attitude to mere calculations of this type. True friends of China felt—and still feel—great reluctance to criticise Deng. After all, whatever the reservations one may, and should, retain regarding his person (as everyone knows, Deng is a dour and strict Stalinist for whom "democracy" and "human rights" are dirty words, and who thought he had been insulted the day a Western journalist referred to his policies as a "liberalisation"!), he has already brought about immense transformations. This is an objective reality which ought to command sympathy and admiration, since it obviously suits the deeper interests of China.

To be sure, it is not necessary to be especially incisive to be able to perceive the frightful failure of the Maoist adventure; in its enormity, the disaster was plainly exposed for all to see. Yet Deng had the courage to spell it aloud and to formulate a plan of rescue, by urgently launching the country on the way to modernisation. Again, on this question, friends of the Chinese people can only wish that this enterprise succeeds, since it could ensure the stability and prosperity of one-quarter of mankind. Shouldn't the "higher interests of China" require that Deng's critics temporarily tone down their attacks?

Looking at this question from inside the country, members of the Democratic movement reached the opposite conclusion. By definition, Deng's modernisation cannot succeed, they say, since Deng did not really reject Maoism, but only its crassest blunders and some of its more grossly incompetent personnel. On a deeper level, Deng actually maintains the methods and spirit of Maoism, since he still refuses to disavow its totalitarianism. As a young Chinese intellectual remarked to a foreign friend in Peking: "Deng Xiaoping is neither Nagy nor Dubcek. If he were Nagy, he would have been assassinated long ago—if he were Dubcek, he would now be in jail. . . ."

Indeed, Deng may vociferously denounce the "Gang of Four" and expose the criminal and arbitrary nature of their power—yet, when he now arrests the members of the Democratic movement (who were the first to oppose Maoist tyranny), without any respect for legality, he actually continues the policies of the "Gang", he demonstrates that their ghosts are still ruling China. What can we expect from a "modernisation" initiated under such auspices?

DENG IS PRISONER of a contradiction which he himself may not have fully measured. Admittedly, his main merit is to have initiated new policies which created conditions favourable to the emergence of the Democratic movement. However, he was unable to foresee that the inner dynamics of this transformation would take him precisely where he did not intend to go.

In the same fashion, at the end of the 19th century, progressive-minded Mandarins wished to open China to Western ideas and to adopt constitutional reforms: in the hope of strengthening the empire, they destroyed it. More recently, when Mao himself launched his "Hundred Flowers" campaign, it was in the hope of consolidating his régime: in doing this, he nearly subverted it. Like them, Deng—quite literally—does not know what he is doing: he is clearsighted enough to see that the régime is in need of urgent reform yet does not perceive that, given the nature of the disease, any serious reform will inevitably eventuate in a radical questioning of the very foundations of the entire political system. In other words, whereas he is absolutely sincere in his desire for reform he remains utterly incapable of accepting the logical implications of such reform, since ultimately it is going to expose the essential irrelevance of his entire life's work.

Nothing could more aptly summarise this pathetic contradiction than his famous slogan: "To reach truth through facts." Guided by this daring instruction, the Chinese press, for more than a year now, has published most stunning disclosures. If some day, one were to compile an anthology of the revelations thus provided by official sources, the result would be far more devastating than whatever criticisms the enemies of the People's Republic might have concocted. In all areas, a catastrophic picture emerges . . . a "régime of terror", arbitrary whims of cynical rulers, a "social-fascist tyranny", institutionalised illegality, contempt for the citizenry, corruption, delinquency. In the cultural sphere, barbaric physical destruction coupled with aesthetic sterility. The economic situation was characterised by inefficiency, waste, incompetence, and mismanagement. Even the most fundamental propaganda cliché—so successfully imposed in the outside world that even hostile commentators came to accept it unquestioningly: the myth according to which "nowadays all the Chinese are being fed"—has been shattered by a series of shocking declarations made by the leaders themselves and culminating in this confession issued by Li Xiannian (speech of 22 July 1978): "We should never forget the saying 'for the people, food is the supreme thing.' If we neglect this problem of food, we are going to have chaos."

In their belief that Deng Xiaoping's pragmatism allowed them to revert to a more efficient production system, peasants in various provinces had begun to withdraw from brigades and communes in an attempt to re-establish small-scale farms run by families or by clans. Emboldened by what they assumed to be a new political climate, peasants came last winter to Peking, to demonstrate. As they marched, they did not chant ideological slogans,

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but merely let out one piercing cry: "We are hungry! We want food!" (And it is precisely because she tried to help them to organise themselves, that a young woman, Fu Yuchua, was arrested in January, thus becoming the first victim in the repression against the Democratic movement.)

The hard facts have thus been collected and examined in China, on all levels, in all areas, in a way which was remarkably direct, thorough, and daring. Unfortunately, at the end of this huge enquiry the final truth which is being inevitably arrived at is of such a counter-revolutionary nature that whoever dares to name it aloud must be immediately eliminated: Communism does not work.

P.S. Since the above was written, the repression has somewhat abated. The Chinese leaders still seem to be divided on how to deal with popular dissent [hence, "Comrade Zig and Comrade Zag", the "Chinese puzzle" of evidence presented on pp 32–33]. Nevertheless, their wish to establish at least—and at long last—some form of legality appears genuine. Whether the logic of the régime will allow it actually to work remains to be seen.

Wei Jingsheng

The Fifth Modernisation: Democracy

Peking

IF NEWSPAPERS and the radio have now stopped bashing our ears with their deafening propaganda catch-words on the theme of "class-struggle", it is partly because this was the magic abracadabra of "the Gang of Four." But mostly because the masses were fed up with it; you cannot make people march any more to that tune.

There is a law of history according to which, as long as the old does not disappear, the new cannot come into existence. Now that the old is gone for good, everyone is scanning the horizon in the hope of seeing the emergence of the new. As the saying goes: "God would never disappoint the faithful. . . ." Hence, a fantastic new formula was invented and is being served to us now. They call it *The Four Modernisations*. Chairman Hua (our "wise leader") and vice-Chairman Deng (who, in the eyes of some people, is even wiser and greater) managed to defeat "the Gang of Four", thus making it possible again to dream of democracy and prosperity—a dream for which heroic people shed their blood on Tian-an-men Square, on 5 April 1976.

After the arrest of "the Gang of Four" the people ardently hoped for the return of Deng; and in their delusion that he would "restore capitalism", they turned him into the living symbol of their movement. Eventually, Deng was reinstalled in the central leadership of the State and of the Party; and this event was greeted by the entire nation with indescribable enthusiam and emotion.

After that, alas! our odious political system was not amended in the slightest. As for the freedom and democracy which the people expected, even the

ENCOUNTER published in its April 1979 issue an article by Alun Chalfont which, alongside a certain number of judicious observations, presented this extraordinary statement:

> *"China is now facing the classic political dilemma—the need to reconcile the apparently conflicting demands of freedom and order. The question is to what extent the revolution of rising expectations—both political and material—can be allowed to develop without damaging the collective effort to transform and modernise the economic structure of the country. If decentralisation results in fragmentation and the national will is dissipated in a preoccupation with popular democracy, the possibility of success in the 'Four Modernisations' will be correspondingly reduced. . . ."*

To me, this sounds like a fascist statement (I use this word not as a loose and emotional term of abuse, but in a cool, precise, and technical sense). There is no need for an outsider like me to refute such Western attitudes. Such refutation was expressed far more eloquently and pertinently by the Chinese themselves on the "Democracy Wall" during the brief and momentous "Peking Spring." I present here my translation of one of the most important of these documents.

The author, Wei Jingsheng, age 26, an electrician-worker in Peking, has been one of the main personalities of the Chinese democratic movement. He was arrested on 29 March, and charged with being a "counter-revolutionary"—China's most serious crime. Nothing has been heard from him since. SIMON LEYS

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very words cannot be mentioned. The living conditions of the population have not changed; "salary increases" were largely cancelled by the astronomic rising of prices. As for "capitalist restoration", it seems that the system of production bonuses is going to be reintroduced—precisely what the Fathers of Marxism-Leninism used to stigmatise as "the invisible whip under which workers suffer maximum exploitation." It is now announced that the methodical policy of "cretinisation of the masses" has been abandoned. Though the people are not to be kept any more under the authority of a "Great Helmsman", they are now under the direction of a "Wise Leader" who will see to it that they "catch up with, and overtake the most advanced countries of the world", such as England, the United States, Japan and . . . Yugoslavia! To "make revolution" is not fashionable any more nowadays. Now, if you wish to achieve a brilliant career, the best way is again to work for a university degree. The people need no longer suffer the wearisome drivel of "class-struggle." Now it is "the Four Modernisations" which have become the new panacea. Needless to say, we still must obey the orders of the central authorities. Follow the guide dutifully, and all your beautiful dreams will materialise. . . .

THERE IS AN OLD Chinese saying which tells of "feeding the people by painting cakes", and there is another one of "quenching thirst by contemplating plums." The satirical spirit of this old wisdom well reflects long political experience. If history is actually a constant progression, how could one still hope today to swindle the public with those same crude strategems which had already been exposed long ago by our ancestors? And yet, there are still people who believe they can cheat the world with such tricks, and who actually proceed in this fashion.

Thus, during these last few decades, the Chinese people docilely followed a "Great Helmsman" who fed them with cakes which he painted by using a brush called "communism", and who quenched their thirst by dangling in front of their noses plums which were called "Great Leap Forward" or "Three Red Flags." And the people kept on bravely marching forward, tightening their belts. . . . After having suffered this régime with considerable fortitude for thirty years, the people eventually understood: like the monkey who attempts to grasp the moon, they were condemned to remain forever empty-handed. That is why, as soon as vice-Chairman Deng launched his new programme, "Back to Reality", the masses supported him with enthusiasm, showing their approval with a voice as formidable as the roaring of the ocean. Everyone expected that Deng, applying his famous principle "*to reach truth from facts*", would submit the recent past to critical investigation, and that he would lead the people towards a worthy future.

AND YET, WHAT IS actually happening now? Some gentlemen come to warn us earnestly: "Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung Thought remain the foundation of all there is on earth, no valid utterance can be formulated without referring to it." Or again: "Chairman Mao is the Saviour of the people", and "Without the Communist Party, there would be no New China"—which amounts to saying "Without Chairman Mao, there would be no New China." Now, if anyone were to question these affirmations, there are good medicines to cure him of his scepticism! Some others lecture us: "The Chinese people need to be led by a strong man. If the modern despot is even more tough than his feudal predecessors, this merely shows his greatness. The Chinese people have no need for democracy, except when it comes properly 'centralised'; in any other form, it is not worth a penny. You have little faith? As you wish. For your kind of people, there is always room in our jails. . . ."

NEVERTHELESS, they still leave you one open path. *Forward march!* Within the framework of "the Four Modernisations", close all ranks, and cut out the nonsense, all of you dutiful packhorses of the Revolution! At the end of the road, you will reach Paradise: the utopia of Communism with "the Four Modernisations." Furthermore, well-meaning persons still come forward to lavish their wisdom on us: "If these perspectives still fail to stir your enthusiasm, apply yourselves seriously to the study of Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung Thought! Your lack of enthusiasm results from your deficient theoretical understanding, and the very fact that you do not understand the theory precisely proves its sublime depth. Come on, be good fellows now—anyway the authorities that be, ordained by history, will not allow you any alternative", etc. etc. . . .

I beg you all—do not let these political swindlers cheat you yet again! Rather than swallow what we know to be a dupery, why not, for once, simply rely on our own resources? The cruel experiences of the Cultural Revolution have opened our eyes. Let us try to discover by ourselves what is to be done.

Why is Democracy Necessary?

THIS QUESTION has been discussed at length now for many centuries. More recently, the various people who put forward their views on the

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"Democracy Wall" explained thoroughly why democracy is infinitely better than despotism.

"The People are the Masters of History"—is this true, or is it an empty phrase? It is both true and an empty phrase. We say that it is true because without the people's strength, without the people's participation, no history is conceivable (with or without "Great Helmsmen" and other "Wise Leaders"). From this point of view, it is obvious that without a new Chinese people there could be no "New China"; and it is not thanks to Chairman Mao that this "New China" came into existence. Vice-Chairman Deng thanked Chairman Mao for having saved his life—we can understand and forgive his reaction—however, ought he not rather thank the people who, with their outcry, succeeded in returning him to office? How does he dare to say now to the people: "You should not criticise Chairman Mao, after all he saved my life!" From such an episode, it appears clear that a saying such as "The People are the Masters of History" is mere hollow chatter. Its emptiness is plain, because we see that, in point of fact, the people are deprived of any possibility to determine their fate according to the wishes of the majority. All the achievements of the people are always credited to someone else, all the rights of the people are confiscated to weave a garland for someone else. In these conditions, can we still say that the people are the masters? They look rather like docile slaves. Even though the people remain theoretically creators and masters of history, in actual fact their role is merely to provide legions of respectful and silent servants, and to serve as clay in the hands of the real masters.

The people need democracy. When they demand democracy, they simply demand that which originally belonged to them. Whoever dares to deny them democracy is nothing but a shameless bandit, even more despicable than the capitalist who robs the workers' sweat and blood.

DO THE PEOPLE now enjoy democracy? No. Is it that the people do not want to be their own masters? Of course they do! It is precisely for this reason that the Communist Party defeated the Kuomintang. After its victory, what came out of all the earlier promises? First, they changed the slogan of "People's Democratic Dictatorship" into "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." And then the last democratic left-overs, which a tiny handful of people were still enjoying at the top, disappeared too, to be replaced by the personal despotism of the "Great Leader." Thus, on "the Great Leader's" orders, Peng Dehuai was dismissed and dragged in the mud, for having dared to vent some grumbles at an internal gathering of Party leaders. So it was that a new formula appeared: since the Leader is so great, a blind faith in his person could only bring increasing happiness to the people. At the time, the people accepted this formula, partly because they were forced to do so and partly because they were willing. But what is the situation now? Are the people really happier, more prosperous?

The inescapable truth is that today the people are more miserable, unhappy, and backward than before. How could such a situation develop? This is the first question which we should examine. What should we do? This is the second question which we must study.

Today, it is perfectly irrelevant to try to determine the balance account of Mao Tse-tung's achievements and mistakes. Originally it was he himself who suggested such an assessment; for him, this was a defensive manoeuvre. The question which the people should now be asking is this: Without Mao Tse-tung's personal despotism, could China ever have fallen as low as we see her today? Or are we to believe that Chinese people are stupid, or lazy, or devoid of any desire to improve their lot? We know very well that this is not the case. Then what happened? The answer is obvious: the Chinese have taken a path they should never have entered; if they followed it, it is because a despot, who knew how shrewdly to peddle his trash, simply took them for a ride. On the other hand, he did not leave them very much choice: You disagree? then you will be given a personal dose of dictatorship! Moreover, the people were kept in complete ignorance of all alternatives, and were persuaded that this was the sole feasible way. What a swindle! Is there still any point in calculating exactly how much kudos should be awarded to its perpetrator?

What is this way called? I am told it is called "the socialist way." According to the Marxist theoreticians, under socialism the masses—also known as the "proletariat"—hold all political power. Go and ask Chinese workers: "Apart from the wretched salary which you are given every month, just to prevent you from starving, what rights do you have? What power do you have? Whose masters are you? Alas! you can control nothing—not even your own marriage!"

Socialism is supposed to guarantee to every producer the right to enjoy the fruits of his own labour after he has discharged his duties towards society. And yet, for you, is there any limit to the burden of your duties? What is allocated to you is precisely this wretched salary "barely enough to sustain the energy necessary to meet production requirements"! Socialism is supposed to ensure that every citizen has the right to be educated, to develop his individual talents, and many other rights—but we see no trace of all this in our lives. The only thing which we can see is "the dictatorship of the proletariat" and this new variation of the "Russian-style despotism" which is now "Chinese-style despotism." Who can really believe that this socialist way contains any recipe for the happiness of the people?

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Is this the kind of socialism which Marx envisioned and which the people are hoping for? Obviously not. What is it then? We would laugh if it were not so sad—it resembles precisely the kind of "social-feudalism" already described in the *Manifesto*—a kind of feudal monarchy in socialist garb. As we are instructed, the Soviet Union has already passed this stage of "social-feudalism" and has now reached the superior stage of "social-imperialism." Will the Chinese also have to follow the same historic itinerary?

THERE ARE SOME who believe that these negative aspects should be ascribed to the "social-fascist" tyranny of our social-feudalism. I fully agree. There should, therefore, no longer be any question of assessing relative merits and shortcomings. Let me explain. German fascism, of stinking memory, was actually called "National Socialism." It too was led by a tyrant; it too told the people to tighten their belts; it too deceived the people, assuring them: "You are a great nation!" Above all, it too suppressed basic democracy, because it clearly saw that democracy was for it the greatest danger, the most frightful enemy. Stalin and Hitler could shake hands and sign the famous German-Soviet pact, and on this basis the German and Russian peoples were condemned to suffer slavery and misery. Do we, too, need to continue suffering such slavery and misery? If we wish to break away from it, there is only one way: democracy. In other words, if we want to modernise our economy and science and defence and the like, we must first modernise our people. We must first modernise our social system.

The Fifth Modernisation—Which Democracy?

LET ME ASK YOU one question: why do we want modernisation? Some people may feel that the life-style at the time of *The Dream of the Red Chamber* was already quite pleasant—just think of it: reading novels, dabbling in poetry, playing with charming girls, finding satisfaction of all needs without effort.... To bring this ideal up to date, one would just need to add the possibility of watching foreign films. Is that not paradise? You may say so. But the people should have their share of it. The people must be able to pursue real happiness, to enjoy advantages at least equal to those which are afforded to foreigners. All the people should be able to enjoy a prosperity equally distributed among the entire population. To reach such prosperity, the level of the productive forces in our society must first be raised. All this is obvious enough, but one important question is often forgotten: once the productive forces have increased, will the people be able to enjoy a more prosperous life? What we encounter here is the problem of distribution and exploitation.

After Liberation, during the first few decades, the Chinese people worked very hard, tightening their belts. They created considerable wealth. Where did all this wealth go? According to some, it was used to fatten various mini-despotisms, such as Viet Nam for instance. Others say that it was used to fatten such people as Lin Bia, Jiang Qing, and other members of the "new capitalist class." Both of these views are correct. One thing is certain—the working classes never saw a single penny of it: this wealth was partly squandered by our "political swindlers", and partly given away to their Vietnamese and Albanian colleagues and crooks. Before his death, Mao Tse-tung was bothered by his old woman who merely wanted to enjoy a few more thousand yuan from the budget. Yet, earlier on, he himself lightly squandered billions accumulated by the sweat and blood of the people, without giving it a thought—and this was at the time when a nation of beggars was hard pressed to build socialism on empty bellies.

Today some people still come to praise Mao Tse-tung on the "Democracy Wall": if they had eyes to see, how could they manage never to notice these things? Did they decide to remain blind? If they have still seen nothing, instead of wasting their time writing posters they ought rather go to Peking railway station, or around Yongding Gate, or simply take a stroll in the streets. Ask the visitors who come from the provinces: is it true that there are no more beggars? Do you believe that our beggars agree with giving our rice away to "Third World friends"—rice which, for them, is more precious than their own blood? Who cares to ask their opinion? The tragedy is that, in our so-called "People's Republic", only those with their bellies full, enjoying wealth, leisure and privileged lives, have the actual power to distribute wealth. Would it not be absolutely right for the people to take back this power from the hands of those gentlemen?

WHAT IS DEMOCRACY? Genuine democracy means giving all powers to the workers' collective. Are workers unable to administer state powers? Yugoslavia has taken up this path and proves that the people have no need for despots, large or small, and that they can by themselves look much better after their own interests.

What is genuine democracy? It is a system which allows the people to choose, at their own will, representatives who administer in the name of the people, in conformity with the people's will and interests. The people must retain the right to dismiss and replace their representatives at any time, to prevent them from abusing their powers

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and turning into oppressors. Is such a system actually feasible? In Europe and in the United States, the people enjoy precisely this type of democracy. At will, they were able to dismiss their Nixon, or de Gaulle, or Tanaka, and if they so wish they can as well call them back, without any force interfering with the free exercise of their democratic prerogative. Whereas, in our country, if in a private conversation you merely express the slightest doubt concerning the historical sublimity of our "Great Helmsman" Mao Tse-tung (even though he has already passed away) you immediately see in front of you the gaping gates of a jail where various special treatments, all quite beyond imagination, are awaiting you. If one compares the "democratic centralism" of the socialist countries with the democracy of the "exploiting classes" in capitalist régimes, one sees a difference as great as between night and day!

IS IT TRUE TO SAY that, if democratic rights were granted to the people, there would be a danger of falling into disorder and anarchy? On the contrary. Newspapers in our country recently exposed all the scandalous abuses which our despots, large and small, could perpetrate precisely because we have no democracy—*that* is the real disorder, the *real* anarchy! The problem of how to maintain democratic order is a problem of internal politics which the people alone are competent to deal with, and there is no need to call upon some feudal gentlemen, equipped with special powers, to take care of this problem for the people (for the purpose of these gentlemen is not to protect democracy, but to find a pretext to divest the people of their rights). Of course these problems of internal politics are not simple, and to solve them will require a lengthy process during which mistakes will inevitably be committed, needing constant rectification.

But this is *our* business, and such a system is still a thousand times better than the arrogant tyranny of our present feudal aristocracy, providing no recourse against constant injustice. As for the people who worry at the idea that the establishment of democracy might produce chaos, they remind me of those who, just after the 1911 Republican Revolution, believed that China without Emperors would sink into chaos. Their conclusion is: "Let us patiently suffer oppression. . . ." Are they afraid that, without a tyrant riding on their back, they might stumble and fall?

To those who entertain such worries, let me merely say this, very respectfully: we want to become the masters of our own destiny. We need no Gods and no Emperors; we believe in no Saviour; we want to direct our own lives. We do not want to be mere tools in the hands of despots with expansionist ambitions, who wish to use us to carry out a modernisation geared to their own advantage. What we want is a modernisation of the people's living conditions. The only reason why we want to achieve modernisation is to ensure democracy, freedom, and happiness for the people. Without this "fifth modernisation" all other modernisations are nothing but new lies.

COMRADES, I launch this appeal to you: let us all unite under the flag of democracy! Do not let ourselves be cheated again by these slogans of "unity in stability" which our despots are so fond of. Totalitarian fascism can only bring us disaster. Entertain no more illusions concerning these people. Democracy is our only hope. If we give up our democratic rights, it is as if we fasten on to ourselves our own chains. Trust your own forces! We alone create human history! As for those who award themselves the titles of "Great Leaders" and "Great Teachers", and who have swindled the people of their most precious rights for several decades now, may they all go to hell!

I firmly believe this: if production is put under the control of the people, it will certainly increase, because the producers will work in their own interest. Life will become beautiful and good, because everything will be geared towards the improvement of the workers' living conditions. Society will be more just, because all rights and powers will be democratically wielded by all the workers.

I have no illusions: this ideal will not be reached without strenuous efforts; and in order to achieve it, the people must not count on the intervention of some providential hero. Yet I know that the Chinese people will not be discouraged by the many difficulties which they will encounter on the way. The main thing is that the people acquire a clear vision of the goal and an accurate assessment of the obstacles; and, without hesitation, be able to crush the pathetic insects which try to hinder their progression.

Forward Towards Modernisation: Establishing Democracy

IF THE CHINESE PEOPLE wish to modernise, they must first establish democracy, they must first modernise China's social system. Democracy is not what Lenin says, a mere consequence of a certain stage of development of society. It is not merely the necessary product of a certain degree of development of the productive forces and the production relations. It is also the condition on which depends the very survival of the productive forces (and the production relations in this phase of development,

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or in a situation of superior development). Without democracy, society would sink into a state of stagnation and economic growth would encounter insuperable obstacles. Thus, as is shown by historical precedents, a democratic social system was always the prerequisite for any real development. Without this preliminary condition, it would not only be impossible to achieve any progress, but it would even be difficult merely to preserve the achievements obtained at a given level of development. The best evidence is provided by the situation to which our great country has been reduced after these last thirty years.

Why is human history oriented towards progress—which may also be called "modernisation"? It is because mankind needs all the advantages which only a developed society can provide; it is because the social consequences of these advantages are the surest way to achieve the primordial objective in its pursuit of happiness—which is freedom and democracy. The struggle of modern times is a struggle to achieve the maximum degree of freedom and democracy which mankind can contemplate.

Why, all through modern history, have reactionaries always united against democracy? Because democracy forms the main strength of their rivals—the masses of the people—and to them, the oppressors, it leaves no possibility to bully the citizenry. The worst reactionaries hate nothing more than democracy; the truth of this has been clearly illustrated by the examples of Nazi Germany, the Soviet Union, and "the New China." Those who oppose democracy are the worst enemies of a society's peace and prosperity. This again has been clearly demonstrated in the history of Germany, the Soviet Union, and "the New China." People seek to be happy, societies try to develop; the struggle which they wage to achieve these objectives is essentially a struggle against the enemies of democracy, against fascist despots. This is clearly shown in the contemporary history of Germany, of the Soviet Union and of China. In this struggle the victory of democracy over dictatorship automatically creates better conditions of development for society and allows this development to progress with greater speed. The history of the United States is the best example of this phenomenon.

ANY STRUGGLE waged by the people to ensure happiness, peace and prosperity must necessarily begin with a struggle to obtain democratic rights. Similarly, for a people to resist oppression and exploitation, the most essential objective must be the establishing of democracy. Let us bring all our strength into this battle for the establishment of democracy! The people's will is democratic; despotism in any form or shape, dictatorship and totalitarianism are its most direct and most dangerous enemy.

Will these enemies let us establish democracy? Of course not. They will try by all means to hinder the progression of democracy. One of their most efficient methods is to cheat and to deceive the people—all fascist despots keep repeating, "You enjoy the very best conditions in the whole world!"

Will democracy emerge by itself at the end of a natural and necessary evolution? Certainly not. On the way towards democracy, the smallest victory will exact a terrible price; let us have no illusions, democracy will be reached only after bloody sacrifices. The enemies of democracy try always to deceive the people, telling them: "The emergence and the disappearance of democracy are phenomena which result from an inner necessity, there is thus no need to spend any effort to bring it into existence. . . ."

Look rather at the teachings of history, true history, not the history which is written by Party hacks: genuine democracy, the only valid democracy, is nourished with the blood of martyrs and with the blood of tyrants. Every step forward towards democracy must overcome the frantic counter-attacks launched by reactionary forces. The fact that democracy succeeds in defeating all these obstacles show how dear it is to the people; it is the embodiment of all their hopes, which endows it with the irresistible impetus of a tidal wave. The Chinese people fear nothing; once they have clearly recognised which orientation they must follow, they will be able to overthrow their tyrants.

CAN THE STRUGGLE for democracy mobilise the Chinese people? During the Cultural Revolution, for the first time, they became aware of their own strength when they saw all reactionary powers shaking with fear. But at that time the people still did not have a clear idea of the way they should proceed, and thus the democratic trend could not predominate. Hence, it was all too easy for the tyrant to dominate, manipulate, and divert most of these struggles; he neutralised the movement by using in turn provocations, seductions, lies, and violent repression. Since the people, at that time, still had a religious respect for despots, they became the powerless toys and victims of the ruling tyrant as well as of all the other tyrants to be.

Twelve years later, however, the people have now identified their goal, they see clearly the way they should follow, they finally acknowledge their true banner—the flag of democracy.

The "Democracy Wall" in Xidan became their first fortress in the struggle against all reactionary forces. In this struggle, we shall overcome. As the propaganda phrase used to say: "the People will certainly liberate themselves"; but this time that

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worn-out slogan is being given a new meaning. Blood will be shed, there will be new martyrs, persecution will become even more sinister; but the reactionary forces will never again succeed in obliterating our democratic flag in their poisonous mist. Let us all unite under this flag which is great and true, let us march forward to secure peace and happiness for the people, to win our rights and our freedom, and to make our society truly modern!

WEI JINGSHENG

Posted on "Democracy Wall", Xidan, Peking.
5 December 1978.

China & "The Secret Struggle"

Peking

ONE of the leaders of the recent "Democracy Movement" among young people in Peking says it failed for lack of a clear political programme and because its supporters were insufficiently prepared for "secret struggle" under repression. But, he adds, it was only the first step in a long resistance to Communist "tyranny and depotism." He assesses the movement in an essay of startling clarity and forcefulness written for publication in the West.

The author, who is in his mid-twenties, is known to foreign observers in Peking. He says in the essay that he joined the movement "full of enthusiasm and naive hope" but is now "forced to try to evade arrest" in the crackdown on young dissidents.

THE SUMMARY he has written discusses the origins, support, achievement and ultimate failure of the campaign for democratic reforms which began with rallies last November and led to the phenomena of "Democracy Wall" and unofficial publishing groups.

The crackdown was ordered at the end of March and several leading activists were arrested.

Supporters of the movement were angry about "the tragic and backward reality of our motherland", but nobody could offer a mature and practical alternative to Maoist Communism. Some activists wanted only to reform Communism; others wanted to replace it with something else but had not been able to develop comprehensive theories. All were hampered

"not only by the lack of time, strength and material equipment, but also by the poverty of imagination brought about by decades of official Marxist-Leninist education."

THE AUTHOR says dissatisfaction with the present system is widespread, but that no one knows what sort of new society should replace it. Young people wanting to study other political ideas have had difficulty finding useful books.

THESE EXCERPTS *from an extraordinary political essay in contemporary Chinese writing were reported by Nigel Wade, the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" (London) in Peking.*

"If we wish to arouse the masses, we can do so only by adopting a new system with which to oppose the existing official system, and using it to appeal to the people. . . .

"The tragic nature of the Democratic movement was determined from within itself. It could shock but it had little hope of success because nobody knew just what sort of a situation success implied."

People involved in publishing unofficial newspapers, some of which still appear in toned-down form, constantly reminded each other to be vigilant, but

"at the same time, almost nobody made any detailed arrangements about how to resist arrest, how to be able to continue to print."

When the crackdown came continued sharp criticism of the Chinese Communist party became impossible.

"Nobody had taken steps to prepare a second, secret set of printing equipment. Everyone who had engaged in penetrating criticism of the Government had revealed themselves openly and were from then on unable to escape, constantly being followed and kept under surveillance or the danger of being searched or arrested at any time.

"Nobody had really understood that today's peaceful struggle was only the first step in a protracted and resolute resistance to tyranny and despotism, so that it was vital, during this unique and peaceful initial stage, to make preparations for the secret struggle which would follow on the repression.

"Some people were over-optimistic about the internal and international situation. They believed that the pressure of sympathy from the average citizen combined with the pressure on international opinion would be sufficient to put off the Communist party's violent repression.

"Because of the weakness of the forces available to the various [free speech and democracy] organisations, all human and material resources had to be thrown into the immediate work of the day and it was very difficult to release any effective strength to make serious preparations for secret work . . . our preparations were insufficient and our illusions too many, so that our illusions eventually led us into danger."

THE ESSAY CONFIRMS that most of the participants in the movement were young workers, aged between 20 and 30,

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who had not been to university. Foreigners estimate that only a few score dedicated activists were involved, but several thousand attended rallies in November and thousands more flocked to read wall posters and free-speech papers.

Older people were too cautious to involve themselves, the essay says. Intellectuals scoffed at the educational level of the young workers and most peasants remained in ignorance of the situation. Young intellectuals refused to take part because they were benefiting from "preferential treatment" under the modernisation programme.

"The cry 'democracy, not dictatorship' has now subsided throughout the vast land of China. Our ancient and immense motherland is still struggling in a mire of poverty and ignorance.

"But look! The rulers who created this poverty and ignorance are already panicking.

"They rely on their 'invincible' dictatorship of blood and iron and yet a few little sheets of paper and a few lines of writing, a few shouts and they are frightened out of their wits . . . for the moment they use their swords to cut the throats of others.

"But remember, this is not the first time during the past 30 years. This generation of China's youth will not remain silent, they will not give up, they will not surrender.

"In the face of violence, let there be no doubt that we shall grit our teeth and join hands, unite once more and for the sake of our nation and our motherland, for the sake of truth and for the sake of the future we shall explore new roads, overthrow tyranny and establish a new society."

THE Democracy Movement was the first challenge to Communism itself by modern China's "second generation" who have been raised on party propaganda.

It was an attempt to confront "the widespread corruption, absurdity, stagnation, stupidity and backwardness brought about by Communist party rule" and it was particularly significant because "the first shots were fired directly at the 'great teacher' Chairman Mao" who had occupied an inviolable and omnipotent position for several decades.

Anyone who lives in China and thinks about conditions can feel "the quite suffocating atmosphere."

"The people have been cut off from the outside world for years, cut off from history and no one is allowed to speak freely.

"From the cradle to the grave, people are only allowed to believe—indeed, must believe—in one 'ism.'

"All else is criminal except to read the one type of 'philosophy', to laud one type of system, to fawn on one leader and to curry favour with one political party.

"This is specially true of the second generation, those who have been born in Socialist New China. How naive and innocent they are, but at the same time how miserable and poor, stagnant and pathetic!

"They come into the world innocent and without stain and are completely powerless to resist the propaganda of the Marxist 'great unity' which constantly corrodes and infiltrates their hearts and minds.

"There is no way for them to embrace any exciting and colourful fantasies. From their tenderest years, they march in the one direction because the so-called 'all-unifying' Marxist-Leninist education, combined with punishments and threats, has already become essential to their existence.

"Youths have been trained in such a fashion that they unconsciously quote the doctrines and holy writ of Marxism-Leninism and naturally roll out the Marxist world view to impose it upon human life and everything.

"They are pitiable. They have never had the right to be free. We are told that Marxism-Leninism is true freedom and yet the youth of China are not permitted to take one step outside the confines of this predestined 'ism.'

"How can they understand human life and the world with its boundless variety? Even the cut of their clothes, the tunes of songs, the contents of books and the time and place of one's romantic liaisons are all monopolised by the Chinese Communist party and made the subject of regulations.

"Just think how much of his own spirit is left to someone who has lived in such an environment for decades. Indeed, the scars left by a forcible education in Marxist 'great unity' are evident in every debate, every argument and every attempt to be serious on the part of Chinese youth.

"These are deep-furrowed spiritual scars and yet, against all expectations, there are people who have dared to organise and resist.

"Almost unbelievably, from the end of 1978 to early 1979 a few youths emerged who dared to proclaim openly, 'we approve of free debate between all philosophies, we do not reverse any existing philosophy or system, we have no reverence for Marxism. We want to seek for ourselves the road to a prosperous motherland.' "

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AMERICAN CHRONICLE

Affirmative Action, Negative Results

By John H. Bunzel

IN THE OFFICE of a Stanford University administrator there is a photograph of the Presidents of Harvard, Yale, Stanford and Princeton. But only Princeton's President Bowen has a happy face. Underneath is the written question, "*Why is this man smiling?*" The answer: he is the only one whose university does not have a Medical School.

It is a story President Bowen often tells to alumni groups and other audiences when he is asked to describe what Princeton is doing to protect its independence in the face of Government intrusion into the university's affairs, the growth of Federal rules and regulations, and the mounting burden of unnecessary red tape and paperwork. How to respond to the constant threat of new "government initiatives" is a question presidents, administrators, and faculty members across the US are grappling with on a daily basis.

Perhaps the single most controversial undertaking of the Federal government in American higher education has been the move to increase the hiring of minority and women faculty on the approximately 3,000 colleges and universities in the USA. If the institutions fail to take "*affirmative action*" in recruiting more women, Blacks, and other minorities for faculty positions, they face the possibility of a cut-off of Federal research (and other) grants. Put very simply, the enforcement of this powerful requirement has increased the national government's role and has dramatically changed hiring and employment procedures on the campuses. It is a striking illustration of both the burgeoning cost of compliance and the growing autonomy of the executive branch of government as its Washington agencies have engaged in an excessive blanketing of rules and regulations.

In a moment of frustration over the heavy hand of the Federal bureaucracy, I once said that Affirmative Action was an example of the government's enduring ability to give a good idea a bad name. It was an immoderate statement . . . not only because I do not subscribe to that school of thought which reflexively looks upon the government as the embodiment of "regulatory evil" but because I supported the efforts (at all levels of government) to play a vigorous role in the struggle against discrimination and inequality long before Affirmative Action became a "code-word" in the 1970s. Along with most of my academic colleagues, I strongly believe we should recruit more women and minorities as faculty members on an equal opportunity and non-discriminatory basis. Highly qualified women in particular have not been accorded fair-and-equal treatment by the academic world, and it is time we admitted it. But I am opposed to the use of any form of quota system (or its functional equivalent) that would distinguish race or sex as a preferred or predominant criterion for hiring.

IN THE LAST TEN YEARS American educators have been reminded again that institutional freedom can be threatened by a well-intentioned and beneficent government. As Congressman John O'Hara remarked (when he was chairman of the House Subcommittee on Post-secondary Education),

> "Surely we have learned that however laudable the goal, we cannot trust in the limitless goodwill of government—that agencies that are charged with carrying out the law have an almost irresistible tendency to go beyond the law, and that we have to maintain constant vigilance to see that they stay within it. . . ."

Anyone looking for an example of how such university values as self-governance, academic excellence, individual judgment, and local decision-making have been entangled in the web of the Federal regulatory process could do no better than focus on the impact of Affirmative Action rule-making and enforcement in the academic community.

FROM ITS INCEPTION in the early 1970s, Affirmative Action has been regarded by its

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strongest advocates as a democratic principle wrapped in a moral command that authorises the Federal government, in advancing its conceptions of sound and necessary policy, to take enforcement action against colleges and universities (if they are Federal contractors) that have not taken positive steps to cure employment discrimination by hiring more women and minorities. But like "due process" and "equal protection", the substantive reach of the Government's powers and strategies to achieve its goals cannot be determined by reading the words of the wrapping alone. In relying on *Executive Order 11246* (as amended) and a variety of other anti-discrimination statutes, the Government has assumed the role of interpreter as well as overseer of the rules and regulations. Furthermore, through its formidable presence it has not only sought to shape the thinking about social and racial justice in the country but has played a decisive role in its determination to make the American system of higher education fit its own egalitarian model.

It is important not to minimise the depth and range of the difficult problems and actual conditions which surround the guidelines for higher education established by the US Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW). The truth is that the debate over Affirmative Action has increasingly echoed Stokely Carmichael's familiar and facile distinction: "If you are not actively with us, you are actively against us. . . ." When applied to higher education, this simplistic moral absolute denies legitimacy to complicated and inevitably vexing questions.

"No institution is required to hire women or minorities on the basis of sexual or racial preference. To do so would be clearly illegal. Affirmative Action is not aimed at creating preference but at ending the preference for white males which has always existed in academia. What the executive order and Title VII do require is the obligation of fair recruiting and hiring. . . . Broadly speaking, affirmative action consists of efforts aimed to end discrimination and to remedy the effects of past discrimination."

THIS STATEMENT by Bernice Sandler, one of the most vigorous and respected opponents of *discrimination, represents a number of beliefs which* are in keeping with the unobjectionable policy of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 that all contractors with the government will take "affirmative action" to eliminate employment discrimination against a person *because of* race, colour, religion, sex or national origin.[1] Further, Executive Order 11246 (the source of the contract compliance programme) also forbids "discrimination-because-of . . .", commands equal treatment "without-regard-to . . .", and requires positive measures to eliminate the one and accomplish the other.

[1] Title VI of the Civil Rights Act (Sect. 601) states that "no person in the United States shall, *on the ground of* race, colour or national origin, be . . . subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving Federal assistance."

Title VII (Sect. 703a) states that "It shall be an unlawful employment practice for an employer . . . to discriminate against any individual . . . *because of* such individual's race, colour, religion, sex or national origin; or to limit, segregate or classify his employees in any way which would deprive or tend to deprive any individual of employment opportunities or otherwise adversely affect his status as an employee, *because of* such individual's race, colour, religion, sex or national origin."

WHAT Reinhold Niebuhr once called "the irony of American history" is still bitterly at work on the US scene, and in the familiar paradoxical pattern. The American founding fathers were prudent, pessimistic men, fearful of governmental powers, and the US Constitution which they fashioned remains the legal basis for the most powerful centralised bureaucracy the liberal world has ever known. The innovative American ideal was "free and equal rights for all" but for a century and more an enslaved Negro minority was ignored. Ironies proliferated. In order to control intoxicating spirits and abolish alcoholism the Volstead "noble experiment" in Prohibition, constitutionally enacted, produced a vast consumption in rotten illegal "booze" and a violent underworld of gangsterism to distribute it.

THE DECADE-OLD ATTEMPT *to legislate "racial equality" is now emerging as the latest "irony in American history." The negative consequences of so-called Affirmative Action are coming home to roost. Once the vicious hallmark of a narrow exclusivism, the "Quota System" has been reinstated in US life. Once the invidious and humiliating "nosiness" of petty inquisitors, the "Racial Profile" (just how dark is your skin, how long your nose, how swarthy your complexion, and how mixed your grandfather's genes?) is coming to be standard bureaucratic procedure. It is more than ironic, it is well-nigh suicidal. At a point in Western technological society, when brilliance and excellence and the innovative genius of exceptional individuals may help rescue a crisis-ridden civilisation, America is unfortunately opting for mediocrity, downward levelling, and an enforced depreciation of standards of talent and merit.*

As always in the ironic turns of American history, the disastrous road is paved with the best of intentions. Blacks should finally get their due place in the sun, women should at long last get a crack at all the good jobs so long automatically denied them. And so they should. But of all the roads to "ethnic" progress, the militant fiat of impassioned bureaucrats is surely the worst. They always want total results, instantaneously and across the board. They are ready

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But the Department of Labour's Revised Order No. 4 charted a different course which underscored the schizophrenia running through the whole posture of affirmative action:

> "An acceptable Affirmative Action program must include . . . goals and timetables to which the contractor's good faith efforts must be directed to correct deficiencies and thus to increase materially the utilisation of minorities and women, at all levels and in all segments of the work force where deficiencies exist."

In the hands of some of HEW's advocates of an aggressive Affirmative Action programme, the concept of race and ethnicity has frequently been introduced into academic deliberations in ways that *go beyond* simply taking a person's background into account as a supplementary factor in making admissions or appointment decisions on the basis of individual achievement. Race has too often become the dominant (and sometimes exclusive) consideration that not only enables colleges to meet their "goals" and "timetables" but to subordinate merit criteria to the higher principle that preference be given to women and certain minority groups.

Thus "affirmative action" is governed by two sets of criteria with quite different genealogies. One draws on the tradition that the equal protection clause of the Constitution commands the elimination of racial barriers, with the academic variation that "race" (as the biologists and anthropologists demonstrated long ago) does not adequately describe individuals and, therefore, does not allow discriminatory preferences for any group, minority and majority. The other asserts that the Constitution's equal protection clause permits "race" to become a factor in employment when identification by race is intended to help those for whose protection the Fourteenth Amendment was enacted. The former accords equal rights to all persons regardless of race and does not command that members of any groups be given preference in hiring because they were formerly the subject of discrimination or because they are members of a minority group. The latter claims that racial identification is necessary, given the compelling interest of the state in overcoming past discrimination. It is also a strategy that seems to assume that preferential treatment based on race is a rational means of implementing that interest.

THE CRUCIAL QUESTION has been how to interpret and then apply Washington's Federal regulations which prohibit discrimination on grounds of race or sex but also require affirmative and corrective action on behalf of certain minority groups and women. Apart from the tangle of overlapping jurisdictions (and the fact that different enforcement agencies of the government have had conflicting views about what procedures to follow in their investigations of employment patterns and personnel practices in higher education), there has been no clear agreement either on or off the campus as to what constitutes "discrimination." College and university officials have repeatedly been told that the prohibition against discrimination means that men and women should receive "equal treatment." But what kind of treatment is "equal" remains a matter of dispute.

What is not in dispute is that the meaning of discrimination has been expanded. For example, at one time discrimination turned on whether or not an employer took racial considerations into account in making employment decisions—"intentional discrimination on the basis of race."

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to pay any civic price. They look no further forward than immediate ideological gratification. The hard clauses of a ministerial command, like the loud chanting of the slogans of yesteryear, are taken to have magical qualities.

THE PARADOX *grows and hurts: to affirm is also to deny. In the name of spreading an ethnic or co-sexist or otherwise egalitarian democracy, important values of a democratic ethic are undermined. In the name of greater advantages for all, all become disadvantaged by a kind of high-minded cheating which leads to lower national achievement and to a low cynicism about pseudo-merit and manipulated rewards.*

The dilemmas of "Affirmative Action" as they confront American university leaders are sometimes grotesque. If one Dean doesn't appoint more women (and/or Blacks, and/or Porto Ricans) to the biology and chemistry departments—there are some, but not "enough" (and his appointments committee just couldn't find others with proper qualifications to teach and do original research)—then Washington would cut off the Federal funds which keep his University Medical school functioning. If yet another White American is appointed to a distinguished chair of philosophy (or mathematics, or physics), then the obviously prejudiced culprits will soon feel the full fury of the regulatory commissioners. What price intellectual excellence, or educational competence, or for that matter academic independence and integrity? The dilemmas are cruel, and the compromises often demeaning—all, ironically, in the name of "changing society for the better", not slowly, not consistently, but *NOW*.

JOHN BUNZEL, *as the President of a California university (San Jose), has been through it all. He is one of America's leading political scientists, author of an authoritative work on* Anti-Politics in America *(1967), and now a Senior Research Fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford.*

M.J.L.

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Now "discrimination" can take place even if the employer does not intend to discriminate in this way. The new test is whether an employer's hiring procedure has a discriminatory or "adverse impact" on certain (but not all) minority groups—Blacks, for example, or Hispanics, but not Polish-Americans or citizens whose ancestors came from Eastern Europe. In other words, if the effect is disproportionately to disadvantage Blacks as against Whites, the burden to prove good behaviour shifts to the campus to show that it is *not guilty* of discriminating on grounds of race—reversing the ordinary requirements of legal procedure.

But, as Professor Jan Vetter (of Berkeley) has asked, "disproportionate with respect to what?" It makes a difference if the answer is with respect to the fraction of Blacks in the labour force, or with respect to the relative "merit" (i.e., job performance) of Blacks and Whites in the labour force.

> "These two answers might come to the same thing if it were the case that capacity for job performance were equally distributed among Blacks and Whites for all jobs. This is, however, not the case." [2]

The cause of both grief and mischief for heads of academic departments as well as for deans and other administrators who are responsible for faculty appointments is the increasing tendency of the government's compliance agencies to regard *numbers* as ends in themselves. But educators across the country have long believed that the important goal for a self-respecting college or university is and should be "equality of opportunity for every individual and the appointment of the best qualified person in every instance." It has been my own contention that the commitment to Affirmative Action reveals a basic flaw when government officials who investigate hiring and promotional practices rely heavily on a "numbers" definition of discrimination. The implication is that the real though unstated aim of Federal policy is not to promote *equal opportunity* but to bring about a dramatic equalisation of conditions for certain groups through preferential hiring and proportional representation—what the Carnegie Commission has called "*an equality of forced results.*" This "charade of numbers" in the quest for statistical parity also implies that more weight should be given to prohibiting discrimination against what have come to be called "federally protected minorities", even though the Executive Order and Title VII of the Civil Rights Act make it clear that what is prohibited is discrimination against anyone on grounds of race or sex.

> *"Affirmative Action policy requires an employer to develop "a set of specific and result-oriented procedures. . . . An acceptable Affirmative Action program must include an analysis of areas within which the contractor is deficient in the utilisation of minority groups and women, and further, goals and timetables to which the contractor's good faith efforts must be directed to correct the deficiencies and, thus, to increase materially the utilisation of minorities and women."*
>
> US DEPARTMENT OF LABOR (Revised Order No. 4, Section 60-2.10), *Higher Education Guidelines*, p.C-2.
>
> *"Whenever the percentage of such persons [women and representatives of each minority group] in that job group is less than the percentage available within the applicable labor area, the affirmative action program must specifically state that underutilisation exists in that group. Where underutilisation exists, and that increase in the number of persons in a job group necessary to eliminate underutilisation is .5 persons or greater, each [affirmative action] program must contain goals which satisfy the following requirements. . . ."*
>
> FEDERAL REGISTER *(25 August 1975), p. 37066.*

THE CENTRAL CONCEPT of "under-utilisation" as it has been used in Affirmative Action—the mandate that employers must overcome their "under-utilisation" of persons in certain preferred groups—is another illustration of the shift in understanding of discrimination and discriminatory practices in higher education (and elsewhere) and of what should be done about it. *Non-discrimination* and *equal treatment* without regard to race, sex or national origin are felt to lack

[2] Professor Vetter points out that "a lower percentage of Blacks than Whites possess what society insists upon as a necessary minimum of training for the practice of medicine. The cumulative impact of the black experience in the US has the consequence that relative capacity across the entire range of jobs in the economy (in the sense of "present" as opposed to "innate" capacity) is not proportionately distributed between the two racial groups. It makes a difference whether discrimination against Blacks is defined as employing a lower proportion of Blacks in particular jobs than their proportion of the labour force, or as employing less able Whites than available Blacks. The former definition may serve as a measure of discrimination in society, but it is unlikely to furnish a test of unlawful discrimination unless modified to include a standard of minimum qualification. At least three considerations combine in favour of the latter definition. It serves an interest in efficiency. It gives effect to the view that the person who will perform a job best deserves the job. It rejects race as a criterion of selection." Jan Vetter, "Affirmative Action In Faculty Employment Under Executive Order 11246" (prepared for the Administrative Conference of the United States, dated 14 September 1974), pp. 65–66.

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sufficiently vigorous thrust because a policy that merely treats all individuals equally will impede progress toward the more important goal of the "truly committed" Affirmative Actionists—namely, the immediate hiring of more women and minorities. Under the Executive Order a college or university (or any employer) must take Affirmative Action to insure equal treatment "*without-regard-to*. . . ." But the elimination of the "without-regard-to" from the concept of discrimination as well as the compliance agencies' focus of concern and point of attack on "under-utilisation" have raised serious doubts. Is the real goal of Affirmative Action an "equality of actual opportunities" for all individuals so that the best possible person can be fairly found for every opening?

What I have found especially troubling is that as a matter of policy and practice "*treating equally*" has been subordinated to "*hiring more*." The necessary and connecting link between one (means) and the other (ends)—particularly when the investigative agencies are bent on discovering so-called "real discrimination"—is "under-utilisation", which has come to mean under-representation. As San Jose State University's Dean of the Faculty has said:

> "Under the guise of enforcing an executive order and through a sophistical manipulation of the concepts of 'discrimination' and 'equal opportunity', the affirmative action policy has transformed a legitimate order to ensure equal treatment into a wilful command to hire more members of the preferred groups. Affirmative action is simply and overall a preferential policy of proportional employment." [3]

In Washington's enforcement of the Executive Order, statistical under-utilisation is not a question of evidence in a demonstration of unlawful discrimination. It is, rather, the deceptively subtle reasoning which gives the compliance agencies the authority to encourage employers everywhere to engage in preferential hiring on the basis of race or sex. This has come about because non-discriminatory compliance is measured quantitatively and more or less rigidly by a "result-oriented" under-utilisation analysis for higher education, the basic concepts of which have been transplanted from industrial sector employment. Predictably, under-utilisation will ultimately have reference not only to an employer's labour market but also to the general population. This extension is almost inevitable because (*1*) it is natural to think of representation in terms of population; (*2*) the labour market will itself be seen as "under-utilised" if the preferred groups are not represented therein in some arithmetic proportion; and (*3*) the demand to remedy past injustice will apply to the market no less than to the factory.

It must be noted that there is nothing in the Civil Rights Act or Executive Order 11246 which suggests that statistical under-utilisation of certain groups in a university's faculty or staff (or in any labour force) is a *prima facie* sign of discrimination.

"There has been much controversy in this area concerning the distinction between a quota hiring remedy, and a less rigid approach involving affirmative action toward a goal. That distinction is ultimately illusory. As the time to achieve the required goal approaches, members of the discriminated group must be hired in preference to a majority group person as often as required to meet the goal. A quota system, then, is simply a recognition of the reality encountered in reaching the desired goal."

QUOTED BY ONE FEDERAL COURT (EVEN WHILE PERMITTING RATIO HIRING), IN BRIDGEPORT GUARDIANS, INC. V. BRIDGEPORT CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION, 41 U.S.L. WEEK 2427, 2428 (D. CONN., 1/29/73).

"The use of minimum racial, ethnic, religious and sexual quotas as a technique for correcting a serious discrimination in employment is a justifiable means of offsetting past wrongs by temporarily recruiting people from a group which has been discriminated against . . . the alleged discrimination experienced by the individual white applicant under a system of compensatory treatment is not the same as the discrimination previously suffered by blacks. **The white applicant is not being barred from employment because of his race; rather his**

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[3] Robert F. Sasseen, "Affirmative Action and the Principle of Equality", *Studies in Philosophy and Education*, Spring 1976, p. 283.

But *proportional employment* has never been understood to mean "equal treatment." The only way it can be connected is through "a particular and erroneous understanding of the principle of equality." The requirement to "overcome underutilisation" can be validly connected to the command to treat equally "only if equal treatment means no underutilisation. Affirmative Action can be justified in the name of equality only if equality naturally involves proportional employment and requires the distribution of jobs in arithmetic proportion among the groups composing society. . . ." Without this premise there is no valid connection between the Affirmative Action requirement to overcome employment under-representation and the legitimate command of the Executive Order for employers to take positive measures to ensure equal treatment.

"Simply stated", Sasseen writes, "hiring proportionately can be considered equal treatment only if underutilisation necessarily means unequal treatment. Similarly, underutilisation is necessarily a sign of unequal treatment only if proportional employment is naturally the result of treating equally." The point is that only such an understanding of equality can supply the "necessary link" between the means of "hiring more" and the end of "treating equally."

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claim to a particular job is being deferred while a remedy is applied" (*emphasis added*).[4]

MEMORANDUM OF THE "EQUALITY COMMISSION" OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION (29 NOVEMBER 1972).

IT IS IMPORTANT to point out that if the basic goal of Affirmative Action is to assure as faithfully as possible that members of both sexes and of all races and ethnic groups are accorded genuinely equal employment opportunities in higher education, then a numerical analysis of the circumstances of different groups can be helpful. For example, I know that colleges and universities would be able to strengthen their recruitment efforts and procedures if, through detailed analysis, they were able to compare more precisely "the proportions of women and members of minority groups among those recently hired with their proportions in the various pools from which faculty candidates are drawn and appointments made." Thus numerical analysis can serve a useful purpose in "Affirmative Action" if the purpose is not simply a particular numerical result but instead the fairest and most vigorous efforts to "reach out" for women and minorities (because this is the best guarantee of equal access and opportunity on a non-discriminatory basis) and the ultimate appointment of the best-qualified person (because this is the only way to guarantee that the university's continuing quest for excellence will not be compromised).

Higher education's problem with "goals" and "timetables" (as they are customarily understood by the compliance agencies) is that they are *not* clearly and unequivocally tied to the selection of the best-qualified individual regardless of race or sex. The setting of "goals" has tipped the balance away from providing equal opportunity for every individual to implying that unless a particular "numerical goal" has been achieved there has been "under-utilisation" which, in turn, means unequal treatment and discrimination. But this preoccupation with numbers and statistical parity suggests that the primary objective of a university in its hiring procedures should be to use "goal-setting" as a way of favouring applicants on the basis of race or sex, when "the aggregate numbers for groups of people", as Princeton's President William Bowen has stated, "should be seen as expected by-products of affirmative action efforts, not as the goals themselves." Apart from the importance of overcoming any notion that women or individuals from minority groups have been hired because of a need to reach a certain numerical goal, President Bowen states that

> "the crudity of the projections of composition of faculty groups by sex, race, and ethnic background, the probabilistic nature of such data, the small numbers often involved, and the appreciable differences among departments within the same institution and across institutions in the definitions of particular personnel needs—all warn strongly against putting much weight on any simple numerical analysis in seeking to determine whether good faith efforts have been made."

In short, the manipulation of dubious figures and statistical data—the "numbers game"—cannot make genuine equality of opportunity "more of a reality than it had been" and can never be a substitute for "improving the lot of real people." [5]

It is necessary to remember that "goals" and "timetables" are consequent upon the concept of "under-utilisation" and the requirement to eliminate it. One can argue at great length whether "goals" are really quotas (or merely "soft" or "benign" quotas). HEW has said that a university's attainment of specific numerical goals, according to the timetables in its affirmative action programme, will

Percentage Merit

Washington D.C.

THE TIME is approaching to again pick federal judges strictly on individual merit, and to stop giving special consideration to Blacks, Hispanics and women, outgoing Attorney General Griffin Bell said yesterday.

Mr. Bell, who has drawn fire from some interest groups for not recommending more women and minorities, said that when President Carter finishes filling the new judgeships created by Congress, the judiciary will break down this way: 7.5% will be Black, 3% Hispanic and 6.5% women.

The outgoing attorney general said that those percentages contrasted with "virtually nothing" in the way of representation for those groups when the Carter administration took office. "Related to the percentage of each in the lawyer population, this is substantial representation. . . ."

"I would suggest that the time is approaching when the Affirmative Action can be terminated and the selection process returned to the normal method of selecting the best person available without regard to race, creed or sex."

Of the total lawyer population, 2.6% is Black and 9.4% is women, according to the Department of Justice. No figure on Hispanics was available.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

[4] Very simply, the American Civil Liberties Union is telling a white applicant, "*You can wait*"—and, presumably, would be willing to explain to him why waiting (10 years? 20 years? longer?) is *not* "serious discrimination." Perhaps the ACLU could convince him that the debate over the setting of employment quotas by race and sex is merely a semantic quibble. But he will probably feel that what has happened to him contradicts some fundamental principles of justice and equality in American society.

[5] William G. Bowen, *Testimony Before Department of Labor*, 30 September 1975.

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not be the single test of compliance or non-compliance. None the less, they are perceived as a clear commitment by various groups on campus, which then hold the university accountable. HEW insists it is *not* advocating rigid or inflexible quotas that must be met. But the problem with applying numerical goals in a flexible manner is that there is no way of predicting how it will work in practice. Furthermore, the implication in the word "goal" that the number is something to be aimed at is precisely what gives a goal the character of a quota and allows it to be used as an instrument of administration and enforcement.

> *"While it may give minorities a little edge in some instances, and you may run into the danger of what we now commonly call reverse discrimination, I think the educational system needs this. Society needs this as much as the people we are trying to help... a society working toward affirmative action and inclusiveness is going to be a stronger and more relevant society than one that accepts the limited concepts of objectivity.... I would admit that it is perhaps an individual injustice. But it might be necessary in order to overcome an historic group injustice or series of group injustices."*
>
> ANDREW YOUNG (then a Congressman from Georgia), *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution,* 22 September 1974.

MANY WASHINGTON OFFICIALS of HEW's Office of Civil Rights deny that Federal policy encourages reverse discrimination. They point to specific language in Affirmative Action programmes requiring universities to recruit, hire, train, and promote persons in all job classifications without regard to race, colour, religion, sex or national origin. While they charge there has been conspicuous discrimination against women and minorities in higher education, they insist that Blacks should not be hired because they are Blacks or women because they are women. They also maintain that reverse discrimination with rigid quotas is not justified as a way of compensating for past discrimination. The principal requirement for a campus is "a good faith effort" to meet its flexible goals and timetables—in short, Affirmative Action in recruitment in order to provide equal opportunity for all.

I am speaking here about the principles of Affirmative Action as reflected in Executive Order 11246 and as they have been publicly pronounced and defended by those who believe that reverse discrimination is not consistent with a commitment to equal opportunity and social justice. These sound principles have the full support of the nation's institutions of higher learning. But the complicating truth is that the most zealous Affirmative Actionists, including Washington government investigators who are responsible for implementing Affirmative Action programmes on the campus, have too often violated their own principles in their quest for immediate results.

The violation of principle occurs in at least two ways. First, when many civil rights advocates and enforcement officials conclude that "getting the right proportions" of women and minorities is the *only* result-oriented method of showing that discrimination has really been ended. Secondly, when they agree that *priority emphasis* on race or sex or minority-group status is permissible in order to get the "right numbers" into jobs and schools as quickly as possible and as a short-term measure for meeting what has been called "a crisis of thundering urgency." What has happened, for example, is that a policy of preferential treatment has permitted race itself to become the determining factor in many admissions policies (before the US Supreme Court ruled in the *Bakke* Case that race could be only *one* factor)—thereby systematically excluding certain persons from equal consideration even when they were more promising than some minority applicants who were admitted to law or medical school on racial grounds. No matter how strenuously the defenders of "reverse discrimination" may claim that such a policy is not intended to disadvantage innocent individuals, the fact remains that it does not allow *everyone* a fair and equal chance "to play the game and compete within the rules." Thus, Affirmative Action programmes of anti-discrimination perceived by the higher education community as a commitment to *equal access and opportunity* have been regarded by policy activists in the government as something quite different—a "special treatment" policy of hiring and promotion that considers race and sex in choosing among "equal" applicants and employees, on the implicit assumption that equality of opportunity must be redefined not as "equal rights for all" but as group proportional equality.

DURING THE TIME I served as a university president, a number of charges of racial or sexual discrimination were filed against the institution. They ended up either in a campus grievance hearing or court (or both), or with the Office for Civil Rights, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, or the California Fair Employment Practices Committee. However, not once in eight years was the University found guilty of any form of "discrimination." I know that the same can be said of most US colleges and universities, especially when it comes to purposive or systematic discrimination.

This is neither an argument for complacency nor an attempt to suggest that the process of liberating

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America's women and minorities has been completed. Clearly that is not the case. But there is something very wrong with the method of investigating all complaints of discrimination (including those which are of a frivolous or deceitful nature) when the investigative agencies of the government come on to the campus with the starting assumption that discrimination has actually taken place. It has turned out that the Washington investigators operate pretty much as advocates of the person or group bringing the complaint rather than as a neutral arbitrator, essentially because under the law that is the role the agency must play. Thus the university is always cast in the role of a defendant seemingly trying to conceal wrongful behaviour.

The investigative agencies and the universities are both dissatisfied with the whole complaint procedure, though for different reasons. The only real enforcement power an agency has is to cut off Federal funds, which is like trying to kill a gnat with a bowling ball. Therefore, an agency's true power lies in its ability *to harass*, which is a weapon it can and does use effectively irrespective of the merits of an individual complaint. As the University of California has learned, the agency must take advantages of the opportunity provided by a complaint to use that power. In fact, Berkeley's requests that the harassing stop are regarded by the agencies as a move to "strip them of the most useful means at their disposal to carry out their responsibilities." From the perspective of a college or university, the amount of time and *money*[6] spent in responding to demands for information and data is simply another example of how legitimate Affirmative Action progress is sacrificed to the agencies' insatiable appetite for forms and files—for "*racial profiles*" (of all applicants in the past two, four or maybe even ten years), copies of position announcements and job descriptions, written and unwritten procedures, "name, title, sex, ethnicity, and role of each member of the selection committee", telephone notes, special computer runs, and "any additional information that would assist us", all to be submitted "in no more than thirty (30) days from the date of this letter."[7]

In an Appropriations Committee hearing, Congresswoman Edith Green (author of Title IX of the Higher Education Act of 1972) once questioned the Director of the Office of Civil Rights about its enforcement policy:

> "Suppose in an institution of higher education there were a vacancy; ten people applied; two were obviously far more qualified than the other eight—these two happened to be WASPMs—White Anglo-Saxon Protestant Males. Would they then require the institution to hire one of the other eight who happened to be a woman or a member of a minority group?"
>
> He replied, "It depends on whether or not all ten were qualified."
>
> My reply was, "For the sake of argument, let's say all ten are qualified, but two were far more qualified and those two happened to be white males." His reply was, "Yes, if all are qualified—then they would have to hire a woman or a member of a minority group."
>
> I do not believe that this policy represents the Congressional intent.[8]

Congresswoman Green tried to write a provision into Title IX requiring that the text of the proposed regulations be specifically reviewed and approved by Congress. She was aware that even with their own enormous staff bureaucracies the members of the House and Senate were unable to keep up with the other bureaucracies, which (many of her colleagues believe) "make more laws" than Congress does. It was a good idea then, and it deserves serious attention now. I would further contend that the need for Congressional review and oversight of the Federal regulatory process is especially important in light of the critical and unresolved issue of whether "equality" in our society as well as in higher education is one of *process* or *outcome*, of *opportunity* or *result*. The question for the US Congress to consider is this: if Race or Ethnicity is to be legitimated as a proper or desirable ground for "public policy assignments of burdens and benefits", and if rights and special preferences are to be given to *certain* groups (but *not* to others), are the bureaucrats in HEW or elsewhere to decide which rules and regulations will be used to

[6] The total financial costs of Affirmative Action programmes throughout the country are high. A few years ago the Congressional Research Service collected what data there were and found that for the Federal Government alone in the fiscal year 1976 the figure was $329,296,367. The estimated costs to higher education for the academic year 1974–75 were more than $75,000,000—which Senator Buckley of New York called "literally astronomical."

There are also indirect costs of regulation that colleges and universities find especially burdensome. One is the unreimbursed diversion of faculty time from teaching and research to a wide variety of committee works and administrative duties (e.g. screening and drafting replies to large numbers of applicants) demanded by the complex procedures of Affirmative Action. Harvard's President Derek C. Bok estimated that "80,000 hours of faculty time" were consumed with Federal regulations in 1974–75. Another indirect cost is the excessive amount of time administrators must give to legal and bureaucratic problems at the expense of their educational responsibilities. A rule-of-thumb estimate is that these indirect costs may be two to three times the direct costs—all of which poses difficult problems for institutions with tight or declining budgets.

[7] Albert H. Bowker and Patrick M. Morgan, *The Impact of Federal Regulations on the University of California, Berkeley* (unpublished study, Berkeley, 19 September 1977), p. 406.

[8] Congresswoman Edith Green's remarks were part of an address given at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor on 19 May 1974.

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institutionalise the "new legitimacy" *without* the legislative process being engaged?

WHEN THE CIVIL RIGHTS ACT of 1964 was passed, Congress reflected the general normative consensus that Americans wanted not only to eliminate discrimination but to make employment opportunity independent of race, colour, religion, sex or national origins. The law intended to "bring Americans together", not to separate them into categories. It was a sentiment expressed by individuals and groups from every walk of life who participated in the legislative process that gave political sanction *not* to racially preferential treatment, or special privileges for some, or the concept of statistical parity among groups, but to the *elimination of discrimination* against anyone.

That policy has now undergone many changes, not by the legislative process responding to a great reversal of public opinion in the succeeding years—as verified by every poll, there has been no such reversal—but by the Courts and the Enforcement agencies of the Federal government many of whose decisions and actions, if taken one by one as legislative proposals, would not be passed by Congress. Therefore, it would appear to be time for Congress to restate its motives and purposes in passing the Civil Rights Act and to reaffirm the major principles to which the law is eloquent testimony. This would not only provide guidance to the US Courts but let the "policy activists" in Federal bureaucracy know that their regulatory efforts to change the meaning of equal opportunity and access from "fair and non-discriminatory competition" to the "achievement of numerical and racial goals" have exceeded Congressional intent and are contrary to wider public interests and political opinion.

WHAT, THEN, should Federal law and policy require of US colleges and universities in the area of equal educational opportunity?

(*1*) Higher education should be expected to exhibit and foster an attitude of working toward the national policy of equal opportunity at all levels without regard to an individual's race, religion, colour, sex or national background.

(*2*) Higher education should be expected to oppose all practices that give persons an advantage, or impose upon them any disadvantage, because of anything extraneous to their own merit, i.e., their skill, ability, achievement and promise. At the very least, any preference or disadvantage based on race or sex should be sustainable only upon a showing, by clear and convincing proof, that it is essential to an overriding public purpose and can be attained in no other way.

(*3*) Higher education should concentrate its efforts on its essential mission—education. It should not be asked to compromise those efforts by favouring experiments or policies which jeopardise them. US Government regulations or guidelines which affirm the principle of non-discrimination and equal opportunity make a fundamental error by establishing as the major goal an immediate increase in the number of women and minorities on the faculty and staff and in the student body. There should be no misunderstanding of this point. Colleges and universities must continue to seek a more cosmopolitan membership. But instead of being set as the primary, if not exclusive, goal, it should be viewed as an expected and desirable by-product of proper policy. An Affirmative Action programme should clearly state that an academic institution serves society best *by providing quality education to all eligible students on the basis of equal access and equal treatment.* That is its primary function. It is also the primary way it can contribute to the mitigation of inequalities in the country and should be emphasised in any policy statement on "equal opportunity." If the educational mission were regarded as paramount, many of the ambiguities and contradictions of Affirmative Action would be avoided.

(*4*) Higher education needs to do more to reach effectively people who have been denied the benefits of higher education, or who have had special barriers placed in their way. Any erosion in the quality of academic programmes *cheats* them, and is inconsistent with broadening the opportunity for quality education.

(*5*) Congress can help secure these objectives by well-conceived programmes of financial support. The most promising hope lies in a combination of longer-term efforts that range from introducing minority high-school students at the earliest age possible to the opportunities available to them in medicine, law, teaching, etc., to motivating those with potential as college undergraduates to pursue careers at the professional level so that the ranks of the truly qualified will be legitimately expanded. There should be guidance and assistance for people *before* they become incapacitated students. We need to rescue good minds at the US high-school level before they become dulled and ill-equipped to go on to college. The Federal government, state legislatures, and private foundations, as well as business and industry, should make available the necessary resources as further confirmation that as a society America must be more than passive if increased employment opportunities for women and minorities in higher education are to be achieved in fact as well as in legal theory.

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Peter Redgrove

Using the Dark

I.

We two signed our treaty by spitting on the same stone;
That will not help him. He wears a lioness-skin
And that will not help him; even though he sports
The goddess' hindquarters propped over his face
To show his force, she will not help him.
"We have now agreed to show you our famous shrine of rebirth.
After you, Hercules, it is by the river.
Yes! It is that great crocodile whose jaws will accomplish you.
Throw his screaming dog before! His ways will be found
By the nose, as always, of that intelligent hound. . . ."

But will he not always return
Even from that whose tail-tip means darkness
Because she strikes to death with it,

And sunset, because it vanishes into the waters?

II.

"Ripe winds bring supple peachwood pens;
I shall whittle me a set to last all winter,
Writing of the light with white peachwood.
There are not many powers, there are fewer than we think:
There is the power of white and the black power,
And grey may be a power, vibrant grey, but I'm not sure:
The Cabbalists call grey the left side of the Face,
The Inner Robe of Glory and the phallus,
The standing stone and the straight line, the tower,
The vision of god face to face, the second glory,
But I think of the Moon, mediating the dark, and I'm not sure. . . ."
"You're stocking up with fine images for winter,
Reading Dion Fortune in the pub,
Filling yourself with glitter like a Christmas tree,
The eleven coloured sources of God, Kether the Crown,
Chockmah, Binah, Chesed, Geburah,
Tiphareth, Netzach, Hod, Yesod and Malcuth,
And mysterious Daath, the hidden Sephirah:
The tree of life, glitter of power, cascade
Of God brought by collision at the tip
Of black with white, and these the hovering sparks."
"Think of the sceptre and the crown
Studded with diamonds dug by starving Africans
As eyes of the black dead brought back to witness. . . ."
"The diamond dead eyes open parliament brilliantly, African ghosts
Process through the greystone halls. . . ."
"Yes! let's make it black and white on Saturday night,
The opulent cream skirt of the good Guinness sweeping
Down the vaulted gullet like a black lady in a white nightie

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Gliding towards her marriage with my flesh. . . ."
"Not Jewish, surely, Irish,
And very ancient."
"Ironish, actually,
There's a brewery at Helston, and the black Cornish slugs,
Heavy sliding ingots, glitter up its yards
In the moonlight that is grey witness to the white dew
Declaring like diamonds. . . ."
"And the black power
Of the good Guinness with the white talking head."
"And all winter white peachwood pens
Dug into the black ink for testimonies,
Down the page the poet's ink
Sparking brighter than all the Christmas-trees!"
"What a programme! Will the dead come back, do you think,
Their coffins on the tree like Christmas parcels,
Will you unwrap these presents from the dark?
Will they walk with white feet across your pages,
Whispering invisible between the lines,
Can you see ghosts by the Christmas-tree lights,
Or is everything transfigured, knowing its source?
Or will you light your way with Guinness
As now, drunken monarch opening piss-Parliament?"
"Being drunk is like being dead, flashes of light,
And waves in the head, these spirits in the mouth
Come from the death of grains, who shall say
That the small death does not bring a candle to the gulf."
"I thought light in a child's eye was the purpose of the tree."
"Then we are the dead, haunting the rich child's house."

Fleur Adcock

Madmen

Odd how the seemingly maddest of men—
sheer loonies, the classically paranoid,
violently possessive about their secrets,
whispered after from corners, terrified
of poison in their coffee, driven frantic
(whether for or against him) by discussion of God,
peculiar, to say the least, about their mothers—
return to their gentle senses in bed.

Suddenly straightforward, they perform
with routine confidence, neither afraid
that their partner will turn and bite their balls off
nor groping under the pillow for a razor-blade;
eccentric only in their conversation,
which rambles on about the meaning of a word
they used in an argument in 1969,
they leave their women grateful, relieved, and bored.

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NOTES & TOPICS

European Diary

One Road to 1984

London

THE NEW PARLIAMENT at Westminster must end by 1984: and Mrs Margaret Thatcher's government, by then, may have proved itself more socialist than Mr Callaghan's. I mention this prospect now, at an early stage, both to ease disappointment and to lay claim to a proposition that may look weirdly paradoxical for the moment, but could easily come to look less so with the passing of the years. Truth, as Schopenhauer once remarked, has only a short day to live between paradox and commonplace. It is in that spirit that I catch at the truth of conservative socialism—before it is a commonplace, and even, perhaps, before it is a truth.

Socialism means the idea of the corporate state where the individual counts for little; where personal ambition is derided as greed and selfishness; and where membership of a group is obligatory for survival, as in the world of the big corporations and of the closed shop. There is nothing remote or idealistic about it, and by now it has little enough to do with Utopia. For a third and more of the human race it is already an irreversible fact, from the Iron Curtain to Indochina; and it is a fact that has existed before most of us were born. Odd that the word should still smack of the daring, the radical, the futuristic or the left-wing; a sure sign of the essential conservatism of our political language. A doctrine that has been around since the 1830s can hardly be the latest idea, or anything like it. And an idea that has ruled an empire since 1917 cannot, on an historical view, be seen as anything but familiar and even elderly. Whatever the objections to socialism, they are surely not practical objections; and it is much in the tradition of British Conservatives to admire solutions that are "practical" and are seen to have "worked." If socialism means a doctrine of class conflict leading to a centralised and state-dominated economy, then it is by now far from new, and very far from unrealistic.

And if that is what it is about, then it is unclear what a conservative interest has to fear from it. Not the loss of class privilege, certainly: who doubts that the privileges of the ruling classes of Russia and China are anything less than very substantial and very firmly based? If the object of conservatives generally, and of the Conservative Party in particular, is to enhance the power and privileges of a ruling class, then they are much more likely to achieve all that through corporatism and nationalisation than through competitive enterprise. It is the bright, pushy *entrepreneur* like Sir Freddie Laker that threatens established economic power, not state ownership. State ownership makes the biggest capitalist there is, which is the state itself, bigger still. And it is hard to see why any conservative in office should be afraid to see the biggest capitalist there is getting bigger still.

THE POINT IS WORTH an instant's reflection. Some historian, some day, will want to investigate this intriguing and still unanswered question: Why was it that people once believed there was an interesting connection between nationalisation and social reform? I have been putting this poser for some years to socialists I know, and am impressed to find that they are as baffled to answer it convincingly as I am. Some of them, in dispirited tones, reply that it was because people once thought that government was the chief, or only, source of social reform—nationalisation being supposed to confer more economic power on governments to institute that reform. A weak answer, as they know. In an era like the years since 1918, with Conservatives more often in office than not, it makes precious little sense to see government as the chief or only source of reform. And we now know that nationalisation does not, or at least does not reliably, increase the power of government over the economy. Our public corporations are by now highly various in their readiness to heed government advice. They are subject to legislative and fiscal controls, of course; but then so is the private sector.

If anyone still believes that nationalisation inevitably increases the economic power of government, he will first need to answer this question: How is it, then, that the heavily nationalised British economy has in recent years monumentally failed to maintain the value of its own currency? The task of defeating inflation was one that Gladstonian Britain, with its tiny public sector, performed with almost total efficiency. Nor does anyone doubt the general will of British governments since the 1950s to maintain the value of money. And yet sterling has lost more than half of its purchasing power since Harold Wilson became Prime Minister in March 1974. A socialist premier who talks of controls, or planning, or purposive government, and who cannot even control the pound in your pocket,

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or plan it purposively, is a mere hot-air machine. Where that control fails, all others look feeble or null. The truth is that the British state has never in modern history possessed so large a share of the economy as it does today, and has never been so little in control of it. Those who believe that ownership always confers control, then, have some answering to do.

I BELIEVE THAT Mrs Thatcher's administration, which looks well set to be more cautious and pragmatic than Mr Heath's, will be marked by its respect for power where power already lies. That, after all, is altogether in the tradition of the Conservative Party. And it is not in doubt where power now lies. Not with the unions in general: some unions are lamentably weak—whether because they have little power (like the postal workers) or because (like the nurses) they are honourably unready to use the power that in truth they have.

Power, in its disquieting sense, now lies with those elements within certain industries and services that can pull the plug out of some complex and highly technical operation, and who have the courage or bloody-mindedness to do so. Air-traffic controllers are a perfect instance. In any open society—in any, that is to say, that is not governed by terror—it must always be enormously tempting to appease such groups; and if the new Conservative government honours its election pledge to return the nation to free collective bargaining, as it must now do, then the temptation to appease them must grow all the stronger. Collective bargaining is the perfect recipe for class war. And the appeasement of militants is not a road that leads away from socialism. Somewhere or other, a price that is not merely monetary will have to be paid to these men. Appeasement can hardly include much denationalisation, for instance. That is the first reason for thinking that the new Tory government may be more socialist than the Callaghan government of 1976–79.

The second concerns the official Opposition. It is notorious that the power of the Labour Left tends to grow in opposition and to sink in government: and that is likely to be more than usually true in the 1980s. That is because the power of the Left, though somewhat weakened in Parliament, is largely unassailable in the party apparatus. The Left, if it chooses, can now take almost everything except the leadership. Labour conferences over the next few years are now likely to commit their party, often against the urgent advice of its leaders, to such measures as abolishing the House of Lords, nationalising a long shopping-list of industries and services, and taking Britain out of the European Community unless certain unrealisable conditions are met. All this in opposition, true. But then oppositions affect the temper of governments—their range of legislative choices, and the constraints that are put on their domestic and foreign policies. A noisily anti-European Labour Party must push a Conservative government into declarations that compete for the popular appeal of such policies, or their supposed appeal. Every Conservative government, after all, unless it has the wit to reform the electoral system, lives under the instant threat of another Labour government resolved to unmake what it has just made. That is doubtless why Mr Heath did not denationalise. (He even nationalised.) The Thatcher administration, then, may find itself constrained to appease militants in Parliament as well as in industry.

AND, ONE IS REGRETFULLY bound to add, they have little to lose if they do. Socialism does not threaten any conservative interest: that is a paradox that will look less and less surprising, or more and more commonplace, as we move onwards to 1984. It can well guarantee the privileges of a ruling caste, as many nations east of the Iron Curtain are now proving to the hilt. It can and does produce law and order, especially order—virtues dear to the conservative heart. It can give you something the Soviet Union has long enjoyed, an inflation-rate of around 1%. It can be tough on drugs, pornography, and homosexuality. It is good at censorship; and even better than Mrs Mary Whitehouse, because longer experienced, at offering high-minded reasons why speech should not be free. It is high-spending on defence, including conscription in time of peace. It is patriotic, being state-centered. A conservative party would have to relearn some of its rhetoric to embrace all this; but would it have to alter much besides?

UNLESS WE ARE NOW ALERT ENOUGH to see the prospect well in advance, we may now be entering a period of conservative socialism. *Consocialism* might be the word to coin for it. It may be right to be alarmed by this prospect, but surely wrong to be surprised. The commitment of the Tory party to a competitive society is after all rather recent, dating broadly from the years after 1918. It is a fact of history much more recent than socialism itself, which is early Victorian (Marx was born a year earlier than Queen Victoria), and one that may prove less lasting. No one need doubt Mrs Thatcher's sincerity when she lauds the virtues of thrift, enterprise, and hard work, or the merit of having and keeping the rewards of your own labour. But a policy of free collective bargaining, combined with the preservation of an electoral system that can put Labour back into office (as in February 1974 on a popular vote of a mere 38%), is very unlikely to produce thrift, or enterprise, or

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confidence in having or keeping private wealth. On the contrary: collective bargaining can only mean more power for those who have power already, or who are eager to grab for it. It can only mean another lurch towards the corporate state and the "client state", where men vote less as individuals impelled by personal conviction than in search of security and patronage, their very livelihoods at risk if they do not. The closed shop is a perfect foretaste of the looming feudalism of 1984: *nul homme sans seigneur*. You join a union, or you are sacked.

Of course there is nothing inevitable about 1984, except as a figure on the calendar. George Orwell always insisted that his novel was a warning, not a prediction. The corporate road is a road we do not have to take. But it will take something more than what we have yet heard of Conservative policies if the nastiest symbolism of 1984 is to be belied. The real threat of socialism now is not from those who profess their belief in it—certainly not from those remnants of the Marxist faithful like the remains of the academic New Left, or Vanessa's Loonies; and not even from the Labour Party. Its real threat lies in the quiet acceptance of corporate ideas like the closed shop by conservative forces in administration and government that have at long last discovered what a conservative idea socialism really is.

George Watson

"Paris—Moscow", Censored

Paris

THE MATTER has more than an aesthetic aspect. There is the "*Paris-Moscou*" *Exposition*, as presented to us following the "Paris-New York" and "Paris-Berlin" exhibitions previously organised by the Beaubourg Centre—and then there is *l'affaire* of that exhibition, the problems of conscience and truth which it sets. This public and controversial aspect has given rise to an absorbing symposium held at the Sorbonne (since the Beaubourg had refused to accommodate it) under the chairmanship of David Rousset, Manès Sperber, Jean-Marie Domenach, and Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie.

As for the exhibition, which with its monumental catalogue constitutes a cultural event of the utmost importance, suffice it to say that in spite of all its lacunae, silences, distortions—all "concessions" made by its French organisers to their Soviet co-organisers—it surely reveals one of the great moments in the history of the world's art, the extraordinary explosion of early 20th-century Russian creativity sparked off by its encounter with the *avant-garde* artistic currents of the West, and especially Paris.

With the remarkable acceleration of industrialisation in the last quarter-century of the Tsarist Empire and the increase of cultural interaction, Russia gave birth to a whole host of painters, sculptors, designers, architects, musicians, writers, theatrical producers, choreographers (and, later, photographers and film-makers). They commuted between Moscow, St Petersburg, Berlin and Paris, assimilating the techniques and concerns of their Western colleagues with astonishing speed in one short decade (1905–1915); and they took the consequences of "deserting" the systems of traditional representation right up to the limits of the possible. Russian artists participated in the modern cultural revolution which ran through the capitals of Europe from Paris to Rome, Berlin and Vienna; they took part in "Rayonnism", Cubism, Futurism, and Neo-primitivism, drew inspiration from Matisse, assimilated Braque and Picasso, forged on into Constructivism, and opened up new imaginative paths. This was, if you will, the "golden age" of Russian art, associated with the names of the collectors Shchukin and Morozov, and with those of Diaghilev, Kandinsky, Chagall, Charchoun, Zadkine (a superb retrospective exhibition of his work has just opened in the showrooms of the *Artcurial*, on the Avenue Matignon); with Archipenko, the architect Melnikov, Larionov, Mané-Katz and a hundred others. At last they can be seen and admired alongside works by their French contemporaries, and it gives immense pleasure.

BUT THE PLEASURE is not unalloyed; for here we come up against the paradox and *le grand mensonge* of the "Paris-Moscow" Exhibition, much as it testifies to the glory of the Russian spirit. The organisers and participants in the Sorbonne symposium, particularly Professors Efim Etkind

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and Andrei Sinyavsky, have underlined the fact that the works of Russian culture so magnificently presented in Paris have been systematically hidden from the Russian people for over 40 years. "I have lived all my life in the USSR and I have never seen most of the canvases, posters and books exhibited there", said Etkind (a historian of Russian literature who has recently been teaching in Paris). And Sinyavsky confessed that he went through the exhibition in tears: "I was walking through a cemetery. Imagine an exhibition of murdered men. . . ." And so it was: the exhibition and its bulky catalogue breathed not a word about the tragic fate of most of the artists on display, nor of their literary friends. No mention of the gagging of Malevich, the ordeal of Mandelstam, the forced exile of Russia's finest artists as a consequence of the "Stalinist reorganisation of art" in 1932 to which the catalogue ventures one single coy allusion. An uninformed visitor would think that the Revolution of 1917 had opened up the way to a full flowering of Soviet cultural life. He would be missing the truth, which is that after a few years of collaboration (based on a tragic misunderstanding) between the artistic *avant-garde* and Bolshevism, the party put a brutal end to a flowering of the Russian spirit in order to subjugate culture to its narrow need for a total propaganda.

In a masterly paper delivered to the Sorbonne symposium, Alain Besançon reviewed the sombre history of that creative Russian generation of the early 20th century, profoundly European, cosmopolitan and "St Peters-bourgeois", most of whom, though professing advanced libertarian ideas, developed their art independently of the revolutionary political movements. Among the Bolshevik leaders only Trotsky and Lunacharsky displayed any interest or sympathy; and yet it was with moving enthusiasm and openness that many of them hastened to offer their art "in the service of the people" after 1917, viz, the marvellous posters, the plans for monuments and public buildings, the literary and artistic manifestos. If they were rejected, disowned and punished for their illusions, Besançon argued, it was not because of the fact that there was a dictatorship. History has often seen tyrannies which have been favourable to letting "a hundred flowers bloom." The roots of the tragedy of Russian culture are found in *ideology*, the "intellectual imperialism" of Leninist-thinking, the totalitarian determination to control men's minds and every manifestation of mental and spiritual faculties, imagination and dreams included.

This crucial fact—also emphasised by Professor Michel Heller in an impressive address contrasting the "Soviet language" with the Russian language—is nowhere to be found in the exhibition or in its catalogue, weighty with learning. The very opposite is put to us: 1917 as "the great turning point", and so it was, but as the beginning of a great wastage. They speak of people "going into exile" as we might speak of going off on a journey, and they nonchalantly compare the "figurative revival" in the West with "socialist realism" with which it has absolutely nothing in common.

ALL THIS was lightly taken to be *scandale*, and it was necessary to bring the scandal to light. Alain Besançon, who is something of an absolute purist, concluded that the French organisers in charge of the Beaubourg exhibition ought to have abandoned the whole affair rather than bow to the demands of the Moscow authorities, who insisted on imposing their own taboos on the true history of the régime and its cultural relations. He was, however, contradicted by most of the participating Russian exiles, Etkind and Antonin Liehm in particular, who both took up rather less black-and-white positions. They felt that the rescue of hundreds of masterpieces from their relegation to the basements of Soviet museums was clearly worth the concessions made by the French experts during the long and arduous negotiations. "Certain pieces were only wrung out at the end of a particularly hard bargaining process of the '*donnant donnant*' kind—this portrait of Lenin for that article by Trotsky, this Gerassimov for this Popova", wrote Nicole Zand in *Le Monde*. The outcome of all this haggling was the present compromise. It is not entirely satisfactory—far from it. But forget about the tendentious captions and heavy-handed strategy: the works are there in Paris, and their presence shatters the mendacious framework. Nor is it an altogether negligible consideration that the Soviet government has promised to put on the same exhibition in Moscow in 1981. Will they keep their word, and refrain from yet another round of censorship? That remains to be seen.

As for the catalogue, certainly it needs proper editing and re-writing; but, according to Liehm, if it were to be made available in Moscow or Prague just as it is, it would have "a bombshell effect." In any case the Sorbonne symposium (the discussions are soon to be published in book form) has done a useful job by emphasising historical truths about the birth and tragic fate of the Russian *avant-garde* of the period between 1900 and 1930. The exhibition does give a rough general idea not only of the genius of that great generation but of its close fellowship with the *avant-garde* of Paris, Berlin, and Rome. It exhibits what remains, but also suggests what Russia and Western civilisation have lost owing to the rigorous application of Leninism, that Gulag of the creative spirit.

François Fejtö

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Wallace Stevens, 1879–1955

A Centenary Essay—By CRAIG RAINE

"THE TROUBLE with this figure", Wallace Stevens humorously remarked of Albert Schweitzer, "is that one does not associate it with anything except an ant-proof organ on the equator and a pair of mustaches like African ferns." For most of his life, Stevens himself was, of course, clean-shaven, as you might expect from a man who described himself thus: "Doing a selbsporträt in the space of an inch or two requires that I should say very briefly that I was born in Pennsylvania in 1879, studied at Harvard, am a lawyer, practiced in New York until 1916 and then came to Hartford, where I am in the insurance business." In fact, Stevens became vice-president of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co. and, if he was always friendly with other poets like William Carlos Williams, he generally chose to present himself as the typical business man. It was an unworried idiom that suited Stevens' modesty. "Don't worry about my gray hair", he joshes, "Whenever I ring for a stenographer she comes in with a pistol strapped around her belt."

All the same, however much he pretended to belong, he was, like Schweitzer, an incongruous figure—the man with the blue guitar and the indestructible Harmonium in Hartford, the town he named "Oxidia, banal suburb, /One-half of all its installments paid." Under the letter *C* in the index to his *Letters*, we find (appropriately enough for the author of "The Comedian as the Letter C") this whimsical juxtaposition: "Confucius, 171, 508" and "Congress of Industrial Organisations, 351." In their mild way, the two entries epitomise Stevens rather better than Mary McCarthy's hectic description of him as "John D. Rockefeller drenched in attar of roses." Judging by his correspondence, Stevens felt little conflict or contradiction between his interests in poetry and business, though he guessed that outsiders saw him differently: "How difficult it seems for people to take poets and poetry naturally", he groaned. "One is either tripe or the Aga Khan of letters. . . ."

An assiduous observer of social forms, as that bogus, calculatedly red-blooded remark about the stenographer shows, Stevens could be very impatient with other poets who transgressed social or political proprieties. Asked to speak Dylan Thomas's funeral oration, he refused, explaining confidentially to a friend:

> "He was an utterly improvident person. He spent what little money he made without regard to his responsibilities. He remarked that he had done what he wanted to do in this country, that is to say, that he had met so and so and Charlie Chaplin, and had insulted a rich industrialist."

As a rich business man himself, Stevens could scarcely be expected to countenance Thomas's boorishness. He admitted no special license. Pound, too, brought out the morally fastidious in him: "While he may have many excuses, I must say that I don't consider the fact that he is a man of genius as an excuse. Surely, such men are subject to the common disciplines." Only a change in the *zeitgeist* could trap Stevens into an indiscretion remotely comparable to that of Pound—as when he passes through his birthplace, Reading, and records his disappointment in a town "about as agreeable as a hardware store on a misty day." It was, he writes to his wife, "like returning from the wars and finding one's best beloved remarried to a coon."

Despite this solecism, and a few others like it, Stevens emerges from his letters as an attractive, drily ironic customer with a firm grasp on reality. The commercial and critical failure of his first book, *Harmonium*, produces this wry sally: "My royalties for the first half of 1924 amounted to $6.70. I shall have to charter a boat and take my friends around the world." Though Stevens was undoubtedly hurt by the reception of *Harmonium*, he kept it to himself, virtually ceased writing for five or six years and turned instead to the insurance business and what he later described as the salvation of work: "Our own days are the days of wind and rain, like today", he wrote to a friend in France, towards the end of his life:

> "Yet it is precisely on such days that we give thanks for the office. Sometimes one realises what an exceeding help work is in [illegible]. What a profound grace it is to have [illegible] matter what it is, even the [illegible] going the rounds and [illegible] the bus. Well, one prizes [illegible]

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particularly when the wind is blowing from the north-north-east . . .".

As it was in the years of neglect immediately following *Harmonium,* though this encomium was written in 1954 when Stevens was at last becoming recognised. By then, of course, he had become aware that poetry, too, had its business side, noting with approval of Carl Sandburg that "they are going to give him a gold medal shortly in New York and, with a shrewd eye to business, that becomes any poet, he has just issued the first volume of an autobiography which it appears can be added to indefinitely."

Shy, intensely private, a frigid performer at his rare readings, Stevens was less of a hustler and, when success came, he professed to find publicity "a thing that degrades one." Only his letters record a patient willingness to promote his art. He is particularly keen to deny any influences, in a way that might make one suspicious were it not that he is a conspicuously original, even, some might say, a dangerously private poet.

CRITICALLY, TOO, he was quite independent. To José Rodriguez Féo in 1947, he wrote: "For my own part I like to live in a classic atmosphere, full of my own gods and to be true to them until I have some better authority than a merely contrary opinion for not being true to them. We have all to learn to hold fast." In 1908, this meant something different from what it meant later. Early in his career, Stevens visibly set out to be an interesting minor poet: "don't you agree with me", he wrote to his fiancée, "that if we could get the Michael Angeloes out of our heads—Shakespeare, Titian, Goethe—all the phenomenal men, we should find a multitude of lesser things (lesser but a *multitude*) to occupy us? It would be like withdrawing the sun and bringing out innumerable stars." That is recognisably the note of self-interest, and the paragraph ends just as it should from the poet who modestly entitled his first volume *Harmonium*: "Let us leave the great things to the professors—substitute for majestic organs, sylvan reeds. . . ." In 1908, Stevens had no idea that his tiny harmonium would have ambitions to be a majestic organ, even in the great blank verse poems of his first book, as well as later—where the grand style exacts its characteristic penalties, until we empathise with Browning's organist struggling with obscure Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha:

Est fuga, volvitur rota.
On we drift: where looms the dim port?
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute their quota;
Something is gained, if one caught but the import—
Show it to us, Hugues of Saxe-Gotha!

The pride in being his own man, critically speaking, persists in Stevens, leading him, for instance, to prefer the work of Jean Cavaillès to that of Vuillard—a bizarre judgment that probably can be explained in terms of Stevens's own eclipse by Eliot and Pound. Certainly, there is some displaced bitterness in his comment that Vuillard "is what he is, not because he is good, but because he has French taste and knew lots of the right people." By the time Stevens was beginning to feel and relish his own stature, however, we notice his dismissal of Arp as "too much a man of taste to be a leader like Picasso." The minor, simply because it was minor, was no longer guaranteed a sympathetic response. Stevens' sympathy is modified by judiciousness: Arp's "limitation shows itself in the mere dimensions of his work. The long and short of it is that the human spirit need not fear him. Yet so much having been said by way of sizing him up, how exquisite his things can be. How much I should like to have one of the smoother pebbles." There is a similar residual affection, long after Stevens had deliberately expanded the dimensions of his art, for the short early poems of *Harmonium.*

Taken together, these judgments of Vuillard and Arp illustrate the strength and weakness of the position in which Stevens found himself. He fished by obstinate isles, a loner by temperament reinforced by neglect. The assessment of Arp as flawless but "fastidious not forceful" is, accordingly, independent and just. But the dismissal of Vuillard is merely perverse. The reward of standing alone may be originality, but the price is sometimes eccentricity. If the eccentricity was unconsidered or confined to critical asides in the correspondence, Stevens would be no different from many other writers. What are we to make, though, of his explanation of the Arabian in *Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction?*

We say: At night an Arabian in my room,
With his damned hoobla-hoobla-hoobla-how,
Inscribes a primitive astronomy

Across the unscrawled fores the future casts
And throws his stars around the floor. . . .

Here, the poetry is infected and no amount of critical piety could elicit a cry of *Eureka.* "The fact that the Arabian is the moon is something that the reader could not possibly know", Stevens admits. "However, I did not think it was necessary for him to know. Even without knowing——" And so the explanation limply breaks off, showing us a poet entirely out of touch with the world of mere readers, a man who had been deprived of the necessary audience he woos elsewhere with straightforward, if momentary, lust—in, for example, his description of a bear as "the ponderous cinnamon", or when he writes in "An Ordinary Evening in New Haven" of "the infant A standing on infant legs, / Not twisted, stooping, polymathic Z." It is

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impossible to forget, too, the immediately seductive lines in which Stevens evokes "the ever-hooded, tragic-gestured sea" or catches "A light on the candle tearing against the wick."

Like Whitman, he was a self-made poet, almost inevitably uneven, and his verdict on his predecessor has a peculiar aptness to himself:

> "It is useless to treat everything in Whitman as of equal merit. A great deal of it exhibits little or none of his specific gifts. He seems often to have driven himself to write like himself."

Any reader familiar with the range of Stevens' oeuvre (hardly the easy task it may appear) will acknowledge the involuntary element of self-description in this verdict. Stevens had very few themes—the relationship between reality and imagination, the need for poetry to replace religion as a source of belief—and if he felt he had never quite exhausted them, he can exhaust his readers. Read in bulk, he can be profoundly monotonous. In 1951, he wrote to Bernard Heringman:

> "As both you and Mr Wagner must realise, I have no wish to arrive at a conclusion. Sometimes I believe most in the imagination for a long time and then, without reasoning about it, turn to reality and believe in that and that alone."

THE RESULT, in his middle period, was that Stevens wrote "like himself", mechanically tinkering with the balance of his two abstractions. His great periods are his first and his last, the former full of life, the latter touched by the imminence of Stevens' own death—and in both he felt reasonably sure of an intelligent audience. In between, the poetry, though it is never without redeeming flashes, often declines into a stale commentary on the two spectral abstractions as they square up to shadow-box—here gaining a round, there losing a round, but always entirely devoid of the necessary stuffing to knock out of each other.

Take, for example, Section XXIII of *The Man with the Blue Guitar*. It begins with an undertaker, smelling of drink and singing as he digs a grave. Stevens postulates an harmonious duet between him and a voice in the clouds, whereas, in a religious poem, one might have expected an argument—the undertaker expounding earth's finality, the ethereal voice advancing the idea of an after-life. Instead,

> *the voice*
> *In the clouds serene and final, next*
>
> *The grunted breath serene and final,*
> *The imagined and the real, thought*
>
> *And the truth, Dichtung und Wahrheit, all*
> *Confusion solved. . . .*

In this finale, the abstractions arrive with bonging predictability, driving out the undertaker's whisky breath and his effortful grunts. These touches of reality are replaced by Reality and the potentially Shakespearean gravedigger is revealed as the merest pretext. Like the shadowy Mrs Rance in *The Golden Bowl*, who enters Adam Verver's billiard room solely and speechlessly to threaten his widowerhood and set the plot in motion before disappearing forever, the undertaker is invested with no intrinsic interest. Both are bits of machinery, ticking audibly during their brief appearances as authorial helpmates.

Berryman's "So Long? Stevens" puts the case bluntly against this kind of poetry:

> *That metaphysics*
> *he hefted up until we could not breathe*
> *the physics.*

Of course, Stevens was aware of this weakness ("my real danger is not didacticism, but abstraction") and yet increasingly attracted by its rhetorical possibilities. Tempted by metaphysical pathos, the victim of his own grand manner, he substituted a choir of sounding phrases for the simply sensuous. In his study of evil in a secular world, "Esthétique du Mal", one turns with relief away from the rag-bag of high-sounding pensées towards the (dangerously intermittent) fictional intermediary and the details of his life. The man "at Naples writing letters home", who ruminates for Stevens (when he can get a thought in edgeways) has at least some concrete existence—though not enough to hold this long poem together in the way that Stevens intends. We carry away from the poem not only the picture of the moon as "round effendi" but also the memorable detail of the contrast between the protagonist's nurse and his sartorially resplendent but socially distant mother:

> *the softest*
> *Woman with a vague moustache and not the*
> *mauve*
> Maman.

That the nurse should prove to be "reality, / The gross, the fecund" cannot injure the genuine reality of her moustache.

THE LAST SECTION of "Esthétique du Mal" is, for those rare readers who actually reach it, a grand celebration of the physical world, the paradise we haven't yet patented:

> *And out of what one sees and hears and out*
> *Of what one feels, who could have thought to*
> *make*
> *So many selves, so many sensuous worlds,*
> *As if the air, the mid-day air, was swarming*
> *With the metaphysical changes that occur,*
> *Merely in living as and where we live.*

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This is so life-enhancing in argument that we are prone to take it at Stevens' own valuation, as "the thesis scrivened in delight, / The reverberating psalm, the right chorale." Yet it scarcely stands against the end of "Sunday Morning", the early poem it re-writes, where Stevens actually evokes the delights to which "Esthétique du Mal" merely refers us:

Deer walk upon our mountains, and the quail
Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;
Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;
And in the isolation of the sky,
At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make
Ambiguous undulations as they sink,
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

The pigeons are at once real and tinged with old imaginative associations. Stephen Dedalus experiences a ribald equivalent when he notices the Pigeon House on Sandymount Strand and parenthetically repeats a joke to himself:

—Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position?
—C'est le pigeon, Joseph.

Stevens, however, is totally serious as he transfers a quasi-religious significance to his wholly secular birds. A single phrase, "ambiguous undulations", endows them with mystery and permits us to hear the echo of an ancient religious chord. It is the finest possible suggestion—unlike the nudging vocabulary of "psalm" and "chorale" in "Esthétique du Mal", or the enriched diction of ugly superlatives like "immensest", "tenderest", "grossest" and "savagest" on which Stevens came to rely for facile suggestiveness in his later poetry.

In *Harmonium*, then, the crucial polarity between reality and imagination is already present, as the casual flocks of pigeons demonstrate. It is, though, less relentlessly abstract and hardly ever appears *in propria impersona*. Rather, Reality is a snowman, or a blackbird that defies us in thirteen different ways to say it is other than a blackbird in its transactions with us—even though it constantly flirts with meaning and coquettes with relationship. Finally, external reality retains its enigmatic, alien status. "To the Roaring Wind", the last poem in *Harmonium*, makes the point less bafflingly:

What syllable are you seeking,
Vocalissimus,
In the distances of sleep?
Speak it.

Other *Harmonium* poems concentrate on the way imagination transforms a reality that has lost its recalcitrance temporarily. It is of these that Stevens is speaking when he writes to Ronald Lane Latimer in 1935 that "when *Harmonium* was in the making there was a time when I liked the idea of images and images alone, or images and the music of verse together. I then believed in *pure poetry*, as it was called." In his essay, *The Irrational Element in Poetry* (tentatively dated 1937 by Samuel French Morse), Stevens defined *pure poetry* as "poetry in which not the true subject but the poetry of the subject is paramount." Obviously, this is a neo-Symbolist programme of the kind outlined by Mallarmé, who wrote "paint not the thing but the effect it produces" and pointed out that "to name an object is to banish the major part of the enjoyment derived from a poem, since this enjoyment consists in a process of gradual revelation." Clearly, there is an element of riddling in this type of verse, something to be solved. In the case of Stevens, not much solving took place in 1923 when *Harmonium* appeared and not much has taken place since—a critical failure best summed up by Chesterton's "The Point of a Pin", in which Father Brown sagely remarks "It isn't that they can't see the solution. It's that they can't see the problem."

IT IS HARDLY SURPRISING that Stevens began to underrate the importance of being fully understood. In *The Irrational Element in Poetry*, he is frankly contemptuous of a M. Delahaye who had quoted "Ornières" from *Les Illuminations and* indicated that the true subject was, in fact, an American circus which visited Charleville when Rimbaud was a boy. True, the explanation is ridiculously over-documented, particularly since Rimbaud clearly has a *fair* in mind, but it is not entirely despicable as an interpretive attempt.

One gets the feeling that Stevens, deprived of the intelligent audience he might have expected, decided that the true subjects of his poems were his own business. "A long time ago I made up my mind not to explain things," he wrote to Hi Simons, "because most people have so little appreciation of poetry that once a poem is explained it has been destroyed." As no one appeared with the correct solutions, Stevens' metaphors became more and more arbitrary and less and less frequent. Consider, for instance, Section VI of "Esthétique du Mal" where the sun is "in clownish yellow, but not a clown" and is fed upon by a "big bird." The latter, primarily, is the moon, which borrows the light of the sun:

The big bird's bony appetite
Is as insatiable as the sun's. The bird
Rose from an imperfection of its own
To feed on the yellow bloom of the yellow fruit
Dropped down from turquoise leaves. In the
landscape of
The sun, its grossest appetite becomes less
gross. . . .

We don't, in other words, see the moon when the sun is out. The maundering lines are a prosy failure, of course, but it is the arbitrariness of Stevens'

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metaphorical starting point that is most depressing—even though one can find a parallel (equally arbitrary) in "God is Good. It is a Beautiful Night": "Look round, brown moon, brown bird, as you rise to fly." As with the Arabian as moon, something has gone sadly amiss in Stevens' relationship with his readers.

DISCUSSING THE NOTICES OF *Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction*, he complained that "people never read poetry well until they have accepted it; they read it timidly or they are on edge about it, afraid that something is going to go wrong with the sentence after next." But that is exactly what does happen in "Continual Conversation with a Silent Man." The silent man, "a turquoise monster", is not only the sky but the total atmosphere outside us. So much is clear. More, if we live and die between "the old brown hen and the old blue sky", a process of elimination means that the hen must be the earth on which we live. The central section of the poem, however, is an enormous, opaque sentence that begins with an unresolved comparison and lacks any main verb. Not even the realisation that death is "the broken cartwheel on the hill" can help us to construe the central sentence, which I quote entire:

As if, in the presence of the sea,
We dried our nets and mended sail
And talked of never-ending things,

Of the never-ending storm of will,
One will and many wills, and the wind,
Of many meanings in the leaves,

Brought down to one below the eaves,
Link, of that tempest, to the farm,
The chain of the turquoise hen and sky

And the wheel that broke as the cart went by.

Suddenly, fatally, the syntax simply melts, as though Claes Oldenberg had tampered with one of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.'s typewriters.

It may be that Stevens intended the syntactic breakdown to mirror life's sudden cessation *in medias res* as the wheel breaks, but one remains sceptical in spite of the directive from Head Office not to fret about the sentence after next. The earth as "old brown hen" does at least seem a less arbitrary image than some others in Stevens' middle period—a just metaphor that spans the requisite, surprising gap between tenor and vehicle. The initial difficulty is, of course, the symbolist mode in which the tenor is left unstated. We have to infer that the earth is the true subject, the thing signified. The context is, however, so arranged by Stevens that the necessary inference is inevitable—as it is in the *Harmonium* poems which adopt this poetic strategy.

"Earthy Anecdote", for instance, suppresses its true subject, a fire, and substitutes the imaginative replacement of a "fire-cat"—an agent of chaos and panic that paradoxically appears to organise the stampeding bucks. Stevens employs the metaphor to show the ambiguity of our experience, rather as if he were considering whether the train left the station or vice versa. Similarly, the infanta of "Infanta Marina" is actually the sea. Her plumes in this exquisite fantasy are the sails of ships and she is the untroubled relation of the "tragic-gestured sea" in "The Idea of Order at Key West":

She made of the motions of her wrist
The grandiose gestures
Of her thought.

Of course, this poetry is not easy, even after the reader has realised that there are riddling problems to be solved. "The Paltry Nude Starts On a Spring Voyage", a poem about innocence eventually confronting the final experience of age, has misled many commentators. The nude is, one guesses, a sailing boat—archaic and beautiful in an age of steam and propelled instead by the wind "Blowing upon her hands / And watery back." Later, the ship will be weather-beaten, "a goldener nude", and will eventually sink.

By comparison, "The Doctor of Geneva" is a much easier poem, taking as its subject the hubris of rationalism in the face of nature's chaos. The Doctor confronts the sea:

He did not quail. A man so used to plumb
The multifarious heavens felt no awe
Before these visible, voluble delugings. . . .

The sea responds by setting

his simmering mind
Spinning and hissing with oracular
Notations of the wild, the ruinous waste,

Until the steeples of his city clanked and sprang
In an unburgherly apocalypse.
The doctor used his handkerchief and sighed.

That is to say, the rationalist receives a comic come-uppance—the indignity of a racking sneeze. "The Plot Against the Giant" is another brilliantly simple structure, in which the senses boast about their capacity to escape death, the "yokel" with his "hacker." Stevens only employs three of the senses—smell, sight and hearing—but delicately suggests the absurd confidence of youth in its own invulnerability.

IN HIS LAST PERIOD, Stevens returned to this poetry of implication but, a sadder and a wiser man, accommodated himself to the audience that was at last beginning to gather round him, repaying politeness with politeness. "The World as Medita-

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tion", for instance, treats the relationship between the sun and the earth in terms of Ulysses and Penelope. It is a beautiful and intelligible poem that requires little exegesis. The same is true of "The Woman in Sunshine", "The Planet on the Table", "Vacancy in the Park", "World Without Peculiarity", "The Hermitage at the Centre" and "The Beginning." A hundred years after Stevens' birth, these poems and many others make an imperious claim on our attention as perfect artifacts. Though he never entirely forsook the symbolist method, his late poetry values lucidity and makes greater use of the simile with its straightforwardly powerful equation of tenor and vehicle. Moreover, in his very last letters, he snorted impatiently and significantly over Valéry's *Eupalinos*:

> "Taken by itself, while it has many values, as all nice books by civilised thinkers have, yet it seems much less because of the difficulty Valéry shared with other poets of not being explicit as to his real conception, which he likes to suggest or imply, not state."

In 1952, two years previously, he was making the same point against an exclusive and rigid symbolist aesthetic. Of Bryher, he noted that "she has the typical indirectness of an imaginative poet" but continued in a critical spirit: "For instance, her big event is the battle of Hastings. But she does not face it directly. It happened over the hill or beyond the woods.... She is sentimental: not crudely so, but delicately, obscurely: yet all the same sentimental.... One is not looking at real things but reflections of real things." Stevens, on the other hand, was free to risk breathtaking directness:

And the wind sways like a great thing tottering

He was at ease with his audience at last.

Writers vs. Democracy?

American 19th-Century Writing—By GORONWY REES

IN HIS admirable anthology, *The Shock of Recognition*, Edmund Wilson presented a composite picture of what he called "the deepening self-consciousness of the American genius from the moment in the middle of the last century when we first had a literature worth talking about towards the second decade of ours when it was plain that... a new movement had got under way."

Wilson's anthology succeeded in its object by adopting the method of "showing the effect on one another of the first-rate American figures", in particular Hawthorne, Melville, Mark Twain and Henry James, and their shared awareness that in their lifetime they were in the process of creating a new, specifically American literature which, whatever it owed to the past, was no longer tied to the apron-strings of Europe, but was the spontaneous expression of something which had only just come of age, "the American genius."

It was, in itself, an exciting and exhilarating experience. But there was another side to the picture and, taken together, they presented a somewhat contradictory and confusing image. For the classic American writers were not only aware of, and recognised in each other, a sense of newly-found maturity and self-confidence. At the same time they were conscious, sometimes bitterly and tragically, that within their own society of the great American democracy, they were the representatives of what was essentially a minority culture. They were faced by the paradox that the more American they felt themselves to be, the more they felt themselves rejected by the great mass of their fellow-Americans. They may have recognised in each other "the American genius"; their countrymen did not recognise it in them.

It is to the second aspect of this paradox that Henry Nash Smith addresses himself in *Democracy and the Novel*,[1] a penetrating and fascinating study of just what it felt like to have a creative share in the flowering of American literature in the 19th century; he shows conclusively that it was by no means entirely a matter of self-satisfaction or self-congratulation. Wilson chose as the epigraph to his anthology a sentence of Melville's: "For genius, all over the world, stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round." This might be true of genius; it is by no means what Melville, or others, felt about the measure of recognition granted them by their fellow-Americans.

Rather, indeed, the opposite. For the rise of the classic American novelists coincided with the growth of what today might be called a literary counter-culture, and the two excluded each other; indeed, the second tended to drown the first, so far as popular consciousness was concerned.

Professor Nash Smith dates this tendency from about the middle of the 19th century, just when, in

[1] *Democracy and the Novel: Popular Resistance to Classic American Writers*. By HENRY NASH SMITH. Oxford University Press, New York, £7.25, $13.95.

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Wilson's view, America "first had a literature worth talking about." At the same time, the expansion of the American economy and the growth in general prosperity provided opportunities for increased leisure among Americans of all classes, and particularly among women, who were no longer condemned to a lifetime's hard labour at daily domestic chores. Increased leisure, accompanied by an expansion in popular education, provoked the rapid growth of a larger reading public, and a boom in the publishing trade, the proliferation of popular newspapers, magazines and journals to meet the growing demand, and the publication of novels, very often by women, which commanded unprecedented sales, both in book form and through serialisation.

There are other social and political reasons which explain the huge success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, primarily world-wide interest in (and sympathy with) the anti-Slavery movement. But they do not apply to such novels as Susan B. Warner's *The Wide Wide World*, published in 1850, which went into its 13th printing within two years of publication, was eventually reprinted 67 times and by the end of the century had sold over half-a-million copies in the United States; or Maria Cummins's *The Lamplighter* (1854) which sold 40,000 copies in the first 8 months and in the end may even have exceeded the sales of *The Wide Wide World*.

THE CLASSIC AMERICAN WRITERS had no share in this rapidly expanding market. James Fenimore Cooper's most successful books had never sold more than 10,000 copies in the first year of publication. Hawthorne was gratified when *The Scarlet Letter* sold 5,000 copies in the first six months. By 1880 Henry James was complaining that there was virtually no sale at all for any of his novels. Nor did they easily accept their failure to attract the wide reading public which was one of the characteristic features of popular democracy. On the contrary, the second half of the century is filled with their complaints against the kind of standards it was necessary to conform to in order to please popular taste.

Hawthorne described the best-selling authors as "a d——d mob of scribbling women", and declared: "I should have no chance of success while the public taste is occupied by their trash—and I should be ashamed of myself if I succeeded. . . ." Melville reacted so strongly to the hostile reception given to "the allegory and drama" of *Mardi* and *Moby Dick* that he planned his next novel as a deliberate hoax on the public, such that its meaning would be hidden from "the tribe of 'general reader' ", while apparent to the few capable of grasping the author's underlying intention.

Henry James complained in profoundly pessimistic terms of his failure to find an audience.

> "I have entered upon evil days—but this is for your most private ear. It sounds portentous, but it only means that I am still staggering a good deal upon the mysterious and (to me) inexplicable injury wrought—apparently—upon my situation by my last two novels, *The Bostonians* and *The Princess Casamassima*, from which I expected so much and derived so little. They have reduced the desire and demand for my productions to zero."

There is something of despair, as well as contempt, in his reply to Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *New York Tribune*, who had appealed to him to make his despatches from Europe more attractive to the newspaper's readers, "to make 'em baser and paltrier, to make them as vulgar as he could, to make them . . . more 'personal'." James replied that the articles he was sending were "the poorest I can do, especially for the money." At the end of his life he wrote to Edmund Gosse that the sales of his books were effectively nil. The New York collected edition had been a catastrophe: "my annual report of what it does—the whole 24 vols.—in this country amounts to £25 from the Macmillans; and the ditto from the Scribners in the US to very little more. . . ."

THUS EDMUND WILSON'S "first-rate figures", while they may have rejoiced in the shock of recognition, at the same time experienced a different kind of shock; the shock of realising that they were rejected, and misunderstood, by the reading public of the great American democracy which so eagerly devoured the "trash" like *The Wide Wide World*, or, on an even lower plane, the penny dreadfuls like *The Black Avenger of the Spanish Main*; or *The Fiend of Blood, A Thrilling Story of Buccaneer Times*, by "Ned Buntline", a favourite author of Tom Sawyer's, whose mind, like that of the night watchman on the steamboat "Paul Jones" in *Life on the Mississippi*, was gorged with "bloodshed and . . . hair-breadth escapes" as a result of reading too much "wild-cat literature."

Of course, there were writers like William Dean Howells, a crucial figure, as novelist and as editor, in the literary history of his age, who were well aware of what was happening, but succeeded in capturing and retaining a hold on an audience by sacrificing literary values and arriving at a satisfactory compromise with popular demand; as he urged on Henry James, the "happy ending" was essential to the successful serialisation of a novel. For American democracy insisted that, in the US of A, all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Henry Ward Beecher, who was not a writer at all but the most popular preacher and demagogue of his day, whose oration on the field of

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Gettysburg dwarfed Lincoln's (in the public mind) into insignificance, in his immensely successful novel *Norwood*, which is totally devoid of literary merit, succeeded in pleasing both the educated élite and the great reading public. He did so by celebrating the idealistic values of what George Santayana called "the genteel tradition", in which God and Mammon lay down happily together. The fundamental materialism of American life was cloaked in a high-minded puritanical metaphysics, and America lay under the beneficent rule of a Providence which ensured that growth in prosperity was also growth in virtue (and *vice versa*); and sexual love found its apotheosis in innocence and domestic happiness.

The greatest of all the "first-rate figures", Mark Twain, escaped, or evaded, their dilemma by being a humorist, exploiting all the resources of vernacular speech and permitted the license traditionally allowed to the backwoods teller of tall stories, whose inventions were necessarily to be taken with a pinch of salt. But if Mark Twain escaped, Samuel Clemens did not; for him, humour became that of the clown in *Pagliacci*, laughing while his heart, or his mind, broke and concealing a profound despair which in the end became almost suicidal.

Professor Nash Smith analyses the problems of the classic American writers' predicament with an insight and subtlety which makes one sharply aware of how many-sided and ambivalent their situation was. For they were really fighting a war on two fronts: on the one hand, against the rising tide of popular romanticism, sentimentalism, and sensationalism; on the other, against the traditional puritanical idealism which was still the conventional and recommended creed of the educated classes in the America of the Gilded Age.

Against these two forces, which showed a disconcerting tendency to converge and unite, the classic American writers tried to assert the need of a critical attitude towards the conventional wisdom of American democracy, its virtues as well as its vices, and the necessity for a greater depth and complexity in the fictional presentation of human nature and the human condition—most of all, perhaps, for an awareness of the tragic element in life to which not even America and Americanism were immune.

ON THE WHOLE, they felt it was a losing battle against the triumphant democracy which threatened to overwhelm them; and it created a gulf between "the first-rate figures" and their audience which has persisted and by today threatens to become permanent. In this sense, the problems and paradoxes which Professor Nash Smith so finely and meticulously analyses are, though his attention

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is confined to the American scene, by no means a purely American phenomenon. They reflect rather the conditions which obtained in Western democratic society as a whole. Indeed, a part of the interest of his study is that it continually tempts one to ask how far the experience of the classic American writers had its parallel in that of their European contemporaries. Would both of them, and their successors on both sides of the Atlantic, have affirmed Melville's words in *Hawthorne and His Mosses*?

> "Indeed . . . at the bottom of their nature, men like Hawthorne, in many things, deem the plaudits of the public such strong presumptive evidence of mediocrity in the object of them that it would in some degree render them doubtful of their own power, did they hear much and vociferous braying concerning them in the public pastures."

And in such a question is there not implicit a criticism, even a condemnation, of the relationship which must inevitably obtain between democracy and, not merely the novel, but the arts as a whole? It is at least a question which those who today bray so vociferously about the need for state patronage of the arts should take into consideration.

Cosmic, Comic, Casual, Careful

New Poetry—By ALAN BROWNJOHN

IT CAN BE a strange and disarming experience to thumb through old reviews (from, say, 40 or 50 years back) of writers who became established and highly respected names on the roll-call of modern poetry. So much of the earnest critical percipience scribbled in the mint-condition margins of volumes that now command high second-hand prices, or jotted on publishers' compliment slips for careful shaping into imperishable judgments, comes to seem oddly beside the point. It's not so much the crashing mistakes, which one expects and relishes with all the wisdom of hindsight; but the queer failures to gauge what a poet (we now see) was *obviously* saying and doing, the blundering errors about tone and content, the sheer irrelevance of so much searching appraisal.

Later on, when things have settled down, the poets have published a few more books, and the critics have found their bearings, the reviews seem to be about work we can actually recognise. What has often happened is that various inherited responses (and rigidities of attitude), or the critical preoccupations of a particular moment, have simply fallen away—the poets themselves may have done quite a lot to break them down—and the true nature of a body of poetry can emerge. Like it or leave it, critics at least know a little better what it is about.

The most clinging piece of official wisdom tied to the heels of reviewers in recent years is the supposition that English poetry in the last few decades has been scared of something broadly described as "the imagination." By this is meant the exercise of the faculty of imagination to break the bounds of form (in all senses of the word) and confront large issues fearlessly; or at the very least to come at them from original and exciting directions. Very frequently the example of recent American and European poetry is brought into the argument: English poetry is said to lack the range, the expansiveness, the pure noise of what is going on across the Atlantic; or the mystery and resonance of what is written across the Channel. Sometimes an avant-garde *v.* traditionalist battle-line is drawn: the extensive and various English "underground" sets up its standard alongside experimental poets from other countries in East and West, and trumpets the timidity of the "safe" English names.

ALL THIS WILL BE familiar enough to anyone who has followed the controversies surrounding English poetry in about the last 20 years, though less familiar to those who have followed the poetry itself; and I believe the argument to be wrong, tendentious, and liable to foster critical preconceptions which are profoundly unhelpful in understanding the poetry we now have. It is wrong because there is a continuous line of poets who have not shied away from artifice and imaginative daring, or who have consistently resisted any call to observe formal restraint and emotional reticence: from among the many, it's not difficult to example poets like MacNeice, Norman MacCaig, Seamus Heaney, Ted Hughes and Jon Silkin, for a start. And Peter Redgrove (of whom much more in a moment).

It is a tendentious argument in so far as it seeks to convert English poets to a vacuous *lingua franca* practised by bad poets the world over: an international style compounded, in varying proportions from writer to writer, of rhetoric, mystical afflatus,

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surrealist whimsy and half-baked experimentalism. And it is unhelpful because it puts the wrong kind of critical spotlight on emerging poets who are a different kind of animal altogether. Craig Raine and Christopher Reid, for example (and more of Reid in a moment, too), are among the most talented new poets of the 1970s. But they are unlikely, on their showing so far, to lead English poetry out of the desert of genteel inhibition where some critics are so bent on setting it down: their work is "imaginative" and resourceful, certainly, but more ornate than outrageous, much too studied and meticulous to burst any bounds. Besides, in his own way, and speeding off in his own direction, Peter Redgrove has done that already.

FOR SOME YEARS NOW (roughly from around the time of his third book, *At the White Monument*) there has, it is fair to say, been a bit of a Redgrove Problem among critics. In the early days he could fit in not too uncomfortably with the Group, that very varied (and occasionally illustrious) array of poets who gathered in London almost weekly over many years in the '50s and '60s to submit their work, hot from the typewriter, to each other's fierce practical criticism. In his *Group Anthology* preface, Edward Lucie-Smith claimed rightly that "the poets represented . . . share [it was the only thing they shared] a willingness to see that art is intimately, though sometimes uncomfortably and painfully, linked to the business of living." Redgrove's domestic poems of that time, though curiously angled and often lifting up into fantasy, fitted this claim. But he was already launching himself into communion with a natural world of seething energy and oddity which carried him far on from the bluebottle pestering him in his kitchen, the bread going whiskery in his larder. Through the later '60s and the '70s he has steadily become the most prolific and colourful poet of his (and perhaps any other contemporary) generation; and his reviewers have not really known how to take him.

Part of the trouble is knowing how to appraise a poet whose frequent books are often very large (the new one, *The Weddings at Nether Powers*,[1] has 153 pages), and who is known to write several poems a day on occasions; whose work is diverse in content yet not varied in form, so that poems may not be visually distinguishable or individually easy to remember; and who is never less than boundingly

[1] *The Weddings at Nether Powers*. By PETER REDGROVE. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £2.95.

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energetic, line by line and image by image:

The tourists run like tides through granite houses,
Their ebb the dereliction of seaside pavilions,
Summer woods like smashed clocks, cliffs
Like crumbling cloudscape, dry-rot like wood-spooks
With white cobwebby arms: a bad smell, holding
Out a large repair-bill. Falmouth's bathing beauties
Are sewing next summer in their dressmaking classes,
Her art-school a tenement of night-dreaming canvasses. . . .

When they have this much electricity, critics do not know what to do with it; so there has been something of a pretence that Redgrove's work is not there: his kind of free collective bargaining with cosmic forces (unambitious gentility? failure of imagination?) is a little too alarming. And then, if you went into it very seriously, you might need to accept Redgrove's huge infrastructure of mystical, pantheistic ideas at his own valuation:

The moon is the mansion of the mighty mother,
With its one blazing window it wings across the sky,
It is the abyss, sensing everything,
It is the opener, pulling up the frail spirit,
Snapping its rootlets a little more, each time.

It is all very difficult; and much easier to ignore it and maintain that of course, X and Y and Z are quiet, intricate, circumscribed little poets. Which is why Redgrove has not yet been given his due, and his proper place among post-war English poets: as the supremely inventive comedian, dealing in the high comedy and the extravagant (rather than reductive) absurdity of man's quest for relationship with the forces of the physical universe.

HUMOUR, WHETHER ROBUST and knockabout or black and sardonic, is present in local detail almost everywhere in his poems:

The Vicar has made a clock
Out of balsa-wood and black soapstone,
He has a pair of pants of black bible-leather,
He has a parson's leather-jacket marked Holy
Across the shoulders, and Bible on the bum;

Some poems are virtually Grimm fairy tales in little ("The witch pulled the lever and her cellar filled with hot wax"), full of the darkest kind of laughter; others take one central idea and ramify into extravaganzas of metaphor: like "To the Postmaster-General", where fish "stamped with blue and gold" resemble letters, but one single fish is also a stack of "flesh-pages." Redgrove's universe is one where the properties of the civilised world are turned inside out and transformed into natural phenomena; where modern technology is juxtaposed with, and transmuted into, natural forces: "The tree breathes quietly/Like a recording angel/Writing quietly//I take an acorn home/For slow playback, /For genealogy." Above all, he has sensed, perhaps despite himself, that the stuff of myth and mysticism is itself laughable in a world which does not have to live by it. "The Looms of the Ancestors" is about a tribe which buries its dead in cotton-fields and uses the bones to make looms (named after the dead) on which garments are woven from the crop; so

The garment is called by the relationship.
I am wearing my grandfather's aunt on my back.
My first wife is these knickers.

He is only occasionally moving as a poet; yet the comedy can sometimes accommodate a wry tenderness, as in "My Father's Kingdoms", and the extravagant flourishes will now and then cluster beautifully in a celebration of the everyday and the human, as in "Light Hotel":

The little girl riding the fallen tree like a spindly horse . . .
Carefully I think only of her dress,
Her foliate dress that falls in dry green pleats,
Or think as I look away from her sunlit face
How the sunlight holds a great conference in a sandgrain

CHRISTOPHER REID has been linked with Craig Raine (whose own first volume, *The Onion, Memory*, was published last year) in a two-man school of the New Fantasticals. His own debut, with *Arcadia*,[2] shows him bent on the same sort of enterprise with metaphors—neatly capping the ordinary with extraordinary resemblances ("The smutty pigeon on a parapet/pecks for crumbs like a sewing-machine")—but he wonders about it more; enough to acknowledge that he is playing somewhat frighteningly at alternatives to reality, that successful play can be paradise but if it is too successful (too complete?) it can verge on nightmare. The child in the delicately and accurately fashioned title-poem about a child's drawing:

strange, ecstatic folk . . .

As they step among the traffic,
that lurches down the road
on its long sum of noughts,

they look like damaged packages,
targets for pin limbs

[2] *Arcadia*. By CHRISTOPHER REID. Oxford University Press, £2.75.

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—may also be the child who often imagines, or dreams of, "an Edwardian bicyclist,/a roly-poly man with a walrus moustache", who *must* remain balanced on his machine. This particular obsession suggests a quiet but real horror lurking behind the toy world, and this is something different from Raine's (or for that matter Redgrove's) manner of squaring up to things.

Reid looks at first sight a more casual and relaxed dabbler with objects than Raine; but he could turn out (he already has a little more formal variety and dexterity on this showing) the more sensitive and accomplished poet of the two. He is not always so mathematically exact in his comparisons as Raine—I don't know that a piano "ripples like patent leather", or that a tomato "wears an asterisk" rather than a small flailing starfish with a stake driven into it—yet his intertwining of fun and disquiet can sometimes be more haunting. Diners may sit down to a eucharistic joint of meat, their table "graced by a single chorister—salt in a fluted surplice"; but the butcher's shop is a disagreeable "heaven" where pigs' heads

> *relax on parsley and smirk about*
> *their newly-disembodied state.*

But what about the idea that this kind of writing represents a new release of the imagination in English poetry? There's certainly a novelty in the thoroughness with which the technique is used, even if far-fetched comparisons of this sort have been the stock-in-trade of a MacNeice ("the dogs' tails ticked like metronomes"), or (in America) a Richard Wilbur and an X. J. Kennedy (in whose unhappy heaven, "Gangs of the slaughtered innocents keep huffing/The nimbus off the Venerable Bede/Like that of an old dandelion gone to seed"). Yet one can't help feeling that it could be a retreat into a defensive irony masquerading as a fertile, exuberant aestheticism. If the Movement verse of the '50s looked at the menace of the post-Hiroshima world with tight lips and tight verse forms, how else to exorcise the bourgeois families, homes and gardens of Mrs Thatcher's England other than with ironical fancies ("Here is our vicar in his laundered smock, /trying to shake the hands of all his/rambling flock, while Bo-peep/ bridesmaids totter round his feet")? One way of enduring the motorways and their service-stations is to enjoy them:

> *The fancy packages rumble by.*
>
> *You don't have to have been to college*
> *to love an English landscape,*
>
> *or pick up the aesthetics of road haulage.*
> *Conical knockabout bollards, trees,*
>
> *the criss-cross of cat's cradling pylons,*
> *plotted our horizons.*

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Indeed they do; and I suspect that this ironical stance can't be kept up indefinitely, that reality kept at bay with "intoxicating discoveries" will keep coming back, and that Raine and Reid will need to move on from these very entertaining and promising beginnings.

FROM THE HOUSE OPPOSITE[3] is John Mole's fourth book of poems. He also has been a fantastic in his own way, drily disquieted by the apparatus of modern mass living (in his last book, *Our Ship*, "The discs are spun, the pick-ups disengage, /The desks are cleared. Not Heaven in a rage/ But Nowhere, Never")—yet technically more adroit and varied. He does not feel impelled into metaphorical fancies; he has been in the game long enough to be able to choose and calculate whether to offer his poems of love and domestic existence in a distanced, satirical vein or a laconically intimate one. In this new collection he seems to have gone for the second alternative more frequently than before, and I'm not sure that it works so well.

The title-poem provides a key to the book: the poet is deliberately looking at his existence from across the way, in the guise of the neighbours, or a dog looking up in a wise, resigned way at the lives of its owners ("The Tales of Rover"), or a married couple (here he is very good) viewing themselves from above a Francis Bacon Crucifixion:

Up here our
bright new bodies claim
their freedom
standing bloodless,

skinned, inside
themselves, enchanted,
very cold
and almost welcome.

The danger is of staking too much on the hints of "small disruption" given in a very quiet way; paring it down as far as this (in "The Mirror", "Notes", or "Snowfall") runs the risk of reducing the emotion almost to vanishing point. "The Garden", with its journey through the generations, brings it off: "It took years/ and the years have taken—/Two closed deck-chairs/on a cold verandah./ So, another couple/from persuasive agents—She likes the house. He says/ 'The garden will need work'."

[3] *From the House Opposite.* By JOHN MOLE. Secker & Warburg, £3.50.

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But I prefer Mole when he is trying for effect rather more ambitiously: in "Bestial Homilies", or in "Mr Tod", a scary piece about death seen as a fox ("picking feathers from his teeth/and sweeping clean"), or in what must be one of the best poems he has ever done, "Her Song", about a woman (perhaps on the point of breakdown) apostrophising Mickey Mouse on the TV screen as a lover:

The sun sets as you skip away,
The circle closes to a dot,
Their father likes his supper hot . . .
I've hardly thought of him all day.

And so she sang, as one half dead
Alleviates the afternoon,
Because she knew that someone soon
Would help her gently back to bed.

GEORGE SZIRTES is a painter as well as a poet, but *The Slant Door*,[4] a substantial first volume, impresses the more it moves away from some habits of using the painter's eye for intriguing detail to get poems off the ground and employing a rather garish surrealist fantasy. Several of the early poems are about moments of time in the lives of people, caught as a painter or a photographer would catch them, with some philosophical reflections worked in: a soldier guarding a child in "Shadowplay 1945", a "Group Portrait With Pets", children locked in the past of a dark drawing-room. Where he doesn't get bogged down in a muffled sort of allegory they are at least attractive, and one of them is moving: "At The Dressing Table", where he shakes off his tendency to allegorise and brings off a poignant juxtaposition of past and present. Szirtes goes in for fairly rich and elaborate developments of his themes, and sometimes the form or in some way the "mould" he has chosen for the ideas draw a poem out into inflation or vagueness: ". . . the words/Acknowledge one another in their kinship, /Small nut-like hands clenched tight form boles of sense, /Emotion rises in the chest and shapes/Link and measure to our solitude." John Mole, for one, would know how to do a poem about seeing children asleep in bed more crisply and resonantly.

Nevertheless, *The Slant Door* moves very steadily towards a greater confidence, clarity, and originality of outlook. The sense of the indefinable mystery in certain small moments of time is finely conveyed in "At The Sink", where he feels himself almost called to construct a religion from the act of pouring milk into a jug:

[4] *The Slant Door*. By GEORGE SZIRTES. Secker & Warburg, £3.50.

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is it an end, this clear
Uninterrupted pouring, the jug filled
For another life? I could listen for
Ever to such pouring of cold on cold
But know the effect is temporary.
And that's the point: the knowledge is sincere
And unavoidable; the milk is spilled.
But for a little while the jugs carry
Their perfection, flood out the memory.

And better still, "Anthropomorphosis" finds exactly the right kind of metaphor for his obscure sense of expatriation (he was born in Hungary and came to England when he was eight) in, of all unlikely ideas, the "gob of spit" launched by a "foreigner" seen from a bus:

It was as if I'd seen it all before—
. . . the afternoon
Rearranged itself around his act.

And though I could not say what place it was
Or how long ago, I too hung there
Encapsulated in that quick pearled light,
Spewed by his volition, about to crack,
The taste of sea already penetrating my mouth.

By the end, *The Slant Door* is beginning to show signs of a considerable and enterprising new talent.

PAUL WILKINS' *Pasts*[5] has received some moderately rough treatment for a too insistent nostalgia and melancholy; and certainly too much in this first book is "blurred" and "hazy" (favourite adjectives) and a little lost, with not all of the poems earning their length. But there's a genuinely observant and humane talent at work in poems like "Pasts" itself, and "Father":

a life still
shadowing the hands, that ash
collecting under all belongings:
newspapers skimmed through years ago
found lining trunks or chests of drawers,
yellowed, breaking down the folds.

And it's something to have written, after Seamus Heaney, a good poem about collecting blackberries in Ireland:

seasons sank; thorn sagged,

sprang back after us.
Far in the thicket, an unreached sweetness
wrinkled.

[5] *Pasts*. By PAUL WILKINS. Carcanet Press, £2.

IS BRITAIN DYING?

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The best of *Pasts* is in "Legacies", a sequence of nine poems partly about going back to places, where Wilkins' eye concentrates on concrete reality with more purpose (in his Bermondsey poem, or "At the Slipper Baths", for example). It's a pity that "everything becomes/irony or the tang of loss", but not too big a pity in a writer who seems poised, on the evidence of this collection, to write moving and memorable poems when the mist clears.

Peter Reading's fourth book, *Fiction*[6] (this time round) is hardly more than a small batch of sardonic jokes and wheezes: a near-found poem about price increases for gravestones, several shots at easy targets (young freaks with their Tarot cards and joss-sticks, the local Thespians), a mock correspondence with an admirer who has invited him to give a reading. It's a give-away when the best poem is "found" in a discourse on "Mens Talents in Difcours Shadowed out by Mufical Inftruments" published in 1713; though I'm prepared to recant and say it's cleverer than most of Reading's latest if the joke is on the reader and he has actually *written* it.

Hubert Moore's *Down by a Bicycle* [7] and Daud Kamal's *Recognitions* [8] are booklets from small presses (Hippopotamus has done pleasing selections by, among others, Roy Bennett and Peter Dale in the past). Moore's flair, in a deceptively low-key collection, is for focusing on small, bizarre moments: the snap of W. G. Grace risen from a tumble in a muddy street, the man seen mysteriously letting the air out of a tyre in the title-poem. He *looks* absolutely conventional, every bit the domestic Sunday poet, but he delivers the surprises. Daud Kamal writes in a slow, almost too painstaking way, to detail his Pakistan landscape; until the point works through the careful serene surfaces; as in "Floods":

Their hut was
forty years old.
They had
three wooden boxes of dowry
and a sackful of expensive rice.

At the army relief-camp,
the bride-to-be
covers her head
while her parents
look the other way.

[6] *Fiction*. By PETER READING. Secker & Warburg, £3.50.

[7] *Down by a Bicycle*. By HUBERT MOORE. Hippopotamus Press (29 Cedar Road, Sutton, Surrey), £1.75.

[8] *Recognitions*. By DAUD KAMAL. Interim Press (3 Thornton Close, Budleigh Salterton, Devon), 50p.

Two Dreams

In the first an adder,
One foot long and brown,
Basked on hillfort pasture
Drought had done to a turn,
As I walked with my daughter
Around the dairy farm.

The other dream was odder:
I knew the woman's son;
I was his English master
And I had met her once.
Now we discussed her future
Over a buffet lunch.

The snake moved like a ripple.
I panicked for an axe
To sink into its middle—
A flash of blade and sparks
And head and tail would dribble
Writhing on dusty grass.

A Riesling stood on the table,
Lettuce and hard-boiled eggs.
The mother was suicidal:
Divorce was on the cards.
But as she peeled an apple
Had she made a pass?

My face in the shaving mirror
Is implicated still:
What Joseph said to Pharoah
Or Jung and Freud reveal
Can never root out my horror
Of the serpent or the girl.

Duncan Forbes

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DISCUSSION

The David Marquand Debate

End of a Movement

By Julius Gould

DAVID MARQUAND'S analysis of The Great Labour Movement has the ring of truth and authority. Labour could hardly avoid defeat in 1979.

Its central dogmas on public expenditure and the social wage were indeed antique and stale. British social democracy had degenerated into a bizarre blend of corporate practice and pseudo-proletarian ideology. Its exponents denied that extremists existed: they paraded themselves on picket lines, mouthed the empty slogans of a fusty egalitarianism, and sneered at the advocates of greater liberty and wider choice. They had triumphed in 1974 through a brazen alliance with trade union power. They lost the 1979 election because enough people in enough constituencies distrusted—yes, even hated—that power and because a winter of industrial unrest had undermined Labour's claim that it alone could stop the unions from rocking the boat.

Marquand shows, too, how the leaders of the "natural party of Government" (as its friends in the media and universities had described it) persistently obscured the central truth—that "the socialist and the social democratic positions are not merely different but irreconcilably opposed." What is more they had refused to see that their "natural" support in the country was (with regional variations) being eroded by changes in class structure.

Marquand portrays with great verve the anti-intellectual ethos of The Great Labour Movement—how it distrusted new ideas "because it knew in its bones that worthwhile new ideas would tear it apart. . . ." If such ideas were, for example, to justify greater private choice, private profit, and freedom from bureaucracy they would certainly outrage the guardians of the party's puritan socialist conscience. That several of those guardians are of impeccable upper-middle-class origin and are cushioned by inherited wealth simply heightens their socialist zeal—and emboldens them to burden and overtax (and, happily, alienate . . .) the affluent worker.

JULIUS GOULD *is Professor of Sociology at the University of Nottingham.*

MANY PEOPLE—myself included—had once hoped that the tensions within the Labour Party would explode, that a change of course might come about under a resolute social democratic leadership.

But for many years now it was clearer to some of us than it was to others (perhaps, despite his intimate knowledge of these matters, even to Mr Marquand) that these hopes were ill-founded, that no social democratic leaders could cut the cord that bound them to their illiberal fundamentalist socialist allies.

We saw that in 1970. By 1974 there were further inscriptions on the political wall. We came to see that welfare state bureaucracies and high taxation were the enemies of economic growth; that the bogus "social contracts" with trade-union bosses were a passport into a stagnant corporatism; that the enemies of choice in the spheres of education and health were also seeking (by "press charters" and the like) to nibble away at the freedom of the press. We did not relish, either, the claim that trade unions, with their compulsory closed-shop membership, could on occasion picket us into chaos by using—oh happy phrase!—"legal intimidation." We saw in such nibbling, in such claims, fresh signs of a distrust of freedom and of an indifference to the rule of law.

TO HAVE DEFEATED the nibblers is, of itself, a famous victory. But only fools would pretend that the way ahead will now suddenly be smooth or that national revival or prosperity lie just around the corner.

The international outlook is dark and dangerous. Stagflation and corporate indolence in modern Britain have very deep roots. The *bien pensants* still regret that we do not have the "hung" parliament they so eagerly predicted; the "pragmatists" believe that, in the end, nothing can or, indeed, should really change. The time has come to prove them wrong.

"Free market ideas" can help to blow away the mists of spurious income policies and social contracts. But they need to be reinforced by a real map of our changing social structure and be supported by a national sense of purpose and direction. That sense can only come from the new self-confident political centre. Labour's thrust in the

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1970s was, at one and the same time, to extend state power and, by its inefficiencies, excesses and hypocrisies, to bring the political leadership itself into disrepute.

Mrs Thatcher's task is immensely difficult and urgent. For to reconcile freedom and authority is never easy. To do so in a culture that prizes equality before liberty; in which the spring of dynamism has been broken; and in which the very idea of authority has been weakened, if not crippled, will require remarkable gifts of insight and leadership. Over the months ahead, amid the daily tribulations and crises, Mrs Thatcher needs to establish overall political confidence where now there is general cynicism—and to do it in face of an Opposition which can only reconcile its internal differences by belittling and deriding the Government's authority.

Inquest on a Coroner

By Eric Heffer

DAVID MARQUAND'S view (July) that the Labour Party has no future, unless it fundamentally changes its character, is incorrect. What is more to the point is that the Labour Party, particularly in Parliament, must get back to actually fighting for and carrying out its basic socialist principles, and not get bogged down in accepting the "mixed economy" concept which in practice means the acceptance of the capitalist system.

David Marquand rejects socialism for something which he calls a "new model, libertarian, decentralised social democracy." It would have been useful had he clearly spelt out what he means by that. It could be a type of anarchism which he advocates, but it is not; because while he argues against a centralist state, he does not positively argue for a system of non-state socialism, as the anarchists and syndicalists do.

What he is really advocating is a liberal type of capitalism. This is clearly spelt out when he writes,

> "In any case the kind of revisionism which is needed now would cut much deeper than Gaitskell's did. He was merely trying to persuade the party to abandon socialism in favour of social democracy. What is needed now is to abandon both socialism and the kind of social democracy we have known since the War, and do so in a way which would upset the old Right of the Labour Party at least as much as it would upset the Left. . . ."

David Marquand is correct in one respect, however. It is not necessarily socialism because an industry has been bureaucratically nationalised under strict centralised control. Socialism does not mean that type of State ownership. That can mean, under certain types of political systems, a State-Capitalist economy. On the other hand, socialism cannot be built without varying forms of public ownership which is essential to eliminate class society based on the ownership of industry. Personally, I believe socialism requires a wide variety of public ownership with forms of democratic management and control, and with the

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State playing a different role to that in the bureaucratic societies of Eastern Europe.

David Marquand, in rightly saying that a third ingredient in the Labour Party was the adherence of the Radicals (previously the Left wing of the Liberals), seems to imply that because of this the Labour Party's socialist and working-class base was weakened. I would argue that their adherence to the Party had the opposite effect. The Radicals usually were Republicans, and politicians who believed in colonial freedom, in world peace and international law; and they had the support of the most advanced sections of the workers in their demands. Their intellectual impact on the Party actually consolidated working-class support, and rather than weaken socialist concepts gave them a new dimension.

David Marquand's piece, therefore, contains serious flaws. Some of the points he makes, of course, have a measure of truth in them, as for example, when he says Labour leaders had a "grandfatherly complacency about the country's existing course tinged with a weary pessimism about the possibility of change. . . ." But (and it is a big but) he suggests that more changes in the Party's character have taken place than is the actual case. It is not the Party which has changed dramatically, but David Marquand—unless of course he never really understood the real nature of the Party. He argues that both Sir Harold Wilson and Jim Callaghan failed conspicuously to provide doctrinal leadership, which, he says, was badly needed by their followers. He believes, however, that the Party's lack of doctrine lies with the Party as a whole and not just with Wilson and Callaghan. That is true, because they, like most Party members, are pragmatic in their approach, and ideology has never entered into their thinking.

THE REALITY of the Labour Party is that despite its middle-class Parliamentary leaders, it has always been a working-class party, based on the trade unions and never tied to any particular dogma. In that, it faithfully reflects the British working class as a whole. There are strands of thought in the Party such as Marxism, Methodism, High Anglicanism, Humanism, Feminism and Radicalism; but its basic philosophy is simply that of support for the working class, a fact recognised by those intellectuals referred to by David Marquand who left the Liberals to throw in their lot with the Labour Party.

It is this working-class, trade-union basis which determines the fundamental attitudes of the Labour Party. In fighting the Heath Government's industrial relations legislation, the PLP did not (as David Marquand says) make itself look ridiculous, except perhaps to him and some of his friends. To trade unionists, the Party did a reasonably good job and made up for the bitter disappointment which had been engendered by *In Place of Strife*. I should like to remind David Marquand that the last Labour Government also got itself into serious difficulties only when it came out against the interests of working people, especially when it made cuts in public expenditure, leading to a rise in unemployment, and when the Government insisted on a 5% ceiling for wage settlements.

The Parliamentary Labour Party has not become more proletarianised, even in the sense that David Marquand uses the term; but it had become divorced from the views of the workers in industry. It had moved away from its proletarian base and those thinking proletarians in Parliament had to assert themselves to keep the Party to its basic principles and concepts.

David Marquand is overstating the case when he says that there was a mood in the PLP and at Party Headquarters that there was no need for ideas or intellectuals and that the Party could rely exclusively on the strong right arm of the workers. If there was such a mood, it encompassed a small minority who had little support amongst the majority. The argument about intellectuals is not a Right or Left issue. The Labour Party rightly has its intellectuals on the Right and the Left.

IT IS NOT, as David Marquand says, that some Labour MPs in the tea-room object to some of their colleagues having dinner parties, displaying middle-class tastes or values (whatever that may mean), but that they object to what is cooked up at such parties, behind the backs of the membership without open and free discussion. I think that in that section of his essay David Marquand reveals his own lack of self-confidence and a surprising inferiority complex, especially when he writes that "the clever people, the intellectuals, the claret drinkers . . . the frequenters of London clubs, the article writers and television appearers, with their glib phrases and disloyal attitudes . . . had been shown up", and that the Party felt that they were not needed.

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It is clear that that is what David Marquand personally felt; and it would seem as if that is why he left Parliament, seeking other fields of activity, where he could shine more effectively than in Parliament. I write this in sorrow, because it is sad to know that someone with such obvious ability feels that he has been rejected, and because of this builds false theories to explain those feelings.

What I find remarkable is David Marquand's loose use of terms, and his failure, since he is a distinguished historian, to put definitions into their proper historical perspective. For example, he says that the gulf between Socialists and Social Democrats is now the deepest in British politics. That statement requires some explanation. What are socialists, and why are they different from Social Democrats? What is the definition of Social Democracy as against Socialism? After all, in Britain, as in Russia and Germany, Social Democrats prior to 1917 were the Marxists, and the Austro-Marxists even after 1917 never gave up the concept of Marxism, while continuing to call themselves Social Democrats. The Socialists of the Scandinavian countries are Social Democrats and have a Right and a Left wing as does the Labour Party here. The truth is that, in Britain, the divisions are not between a mythical group of socialists and social democrats, but between those who accept a reformed capitalism and those who seek to fundamentally change society in line with Labour's constitution. Sometimes the argument is primarily about the pace at which the Party should pursue its policies.

I WOULD BE MOST interested to find out from Shirley Williams, William Rodgers, and Roy Hattersley whether (as David Marquand suggests) they feel they have more in common politically with Peter Walker, Ian Gilmour and Edward Heath, than with Tony Benn, myself and Stanley Orme, because if they do, then they really should follow Reg Prentice and join the Tory Party. Actually, I believe that David Marquand is doing them a great disservice when he says this.

It is clear from what David Marquand writes that he would like the Labour Party to follow his example and abandon all concepts of socialism. It is advice which I am sure the Party will wisely ignore. What it appears David Marquand wants is for the Party to become a sort of "Liberal"-Democratic Party, rather like the Democratic Party in the USA. That of course has been the model which some on the Right of the Labour Party have long wanted the party to adopt. Such a Democratic Party, however, would not be the chief vehicle of radical reform as David Marquand fondly believes. It would be the other side of the Tory coin and genuine radical reforms would never really be achieved. The Labour Party *is* the Party of radical reform, and even the last Government's efforts are proof of that. Already we can see those reforms under attack and they are soon likely to be seriously weakened if not entirely killed off. Some of those reforms have greatly benefited and protected working people, and do not (as David Marquand puts it) "create new privileges for the over-mighty, undemocratic and illiberal trade union establishment." Now that Orders are being introduced into Parliament, weakening the rights the workers have gained, it is clearly not the trade-union leaders who will suffer, but those who work on the shop floor.

DAVID MARQUAND BELIEVES that Labour cannot do the job of "revising traditional welfare state social democracy" without a new Party structure. (I find this term "a new structure" very intriguing, as it is being used increasingly by Right-wing elements in the Party.) The real point is that Labour needs to do a different kind of job to that outlined by David Marquand, which it could do, with a dose of radical democratisation, so that the rank-and-file members exercise greater influence over their Parliamentary representatives and Labour Governments than ever before. In recent years, the Labour Party has had a number of prominent defectors, all of whom have ended up by supporting the Right-wing policies of the Thatcher/Joseph Government. That is something which the Party must take seriously. In conclusion, let me quote George Lansbury, as Chairman of the Labour Party Conference in 1925, when he said,

> "Socialism is inscribed on our banners. . . . The ultimate end we intend to reach is simple; we intend that the land of Britain and all its resources shall be owned and used in the service of the British people."

The task before the Labour Party today is to go out and make socialists which is the very opposite to that which David Marquand proposes.

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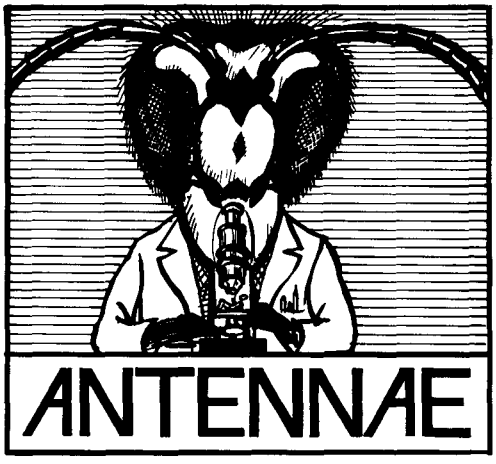

Biofeedback

By Brian Inglis

THE TERM "feedback" first came into colloquial use among the early experimenters with radio communication, early in the century; it was defined by one of them as "a method of controlling a system by reinserting into it the results of its past performance." I do not know who first added the "bio"; but the principle is the same, and has long been recognised and exploited. The household clinical thermometer represents the most familiar example: when it registers a degree or more above 98.4 F. most of us react by trying to control the system in whatever manner past performance has recommended to us, such as taking a couple of aspirins and/or a hot whisky-and-lemon.

In the last decade, though, biofeedback has acquired a new meaning, and a new significance. It is not too much to say, in fact, that it is the most significant advance medical science has made since the discovery of the antibiotics; and it has come conveniently at the time when the antibiotics, owing to crass misuse, are ceasing to be effective. It has confirmed that the mind has powers over the body of a kind which orthodox medical science has long refused to accept, even when they have been demonstrated; powers which enable us to exercise a measure of control over parts of our nervous systems that were assumed to be autonomous—brain rhythms, temperature, heart-beat, blood pressure, visceral processes, and many more.

The history of biofeedback has yet to be written, and it will present somebody with an unenviable task, because there are so many strands. Many workers in different disciplines in different countries pursued research into the subject, often without being aware of what was going on elsewhere. It was only in 1969 that such awareness spread, with the holding of the first conference on the subject, and the publication of several scientific papers. One of them, "Learning of Visceral and Glandular Responses", by Neal E. Miller, Professor of Psychology at the Rockefeller University of New York, appeared in *Science* (No. 163, 1969). And as of all of the contributions made to the development of biofeedback Miller's was certainly the most startling and probably the most influential, it will serve to set the scene. (It also has a weird twist in the tail; of that, more later.)

MILLER was "a Behaviourist of the Behaviourists", working in the Pavlovian tradition with laboratory animals, demonstrating learning theory with the help of reinforcements, positive and negative, food pellets and electric shocks. As Behaviourists have notoriously tended to do, he might easily have become so fascinated by their learning ability as to lose sight of the ultimate objective of such research: improvement in the human condition. But fortunately his curiosity led him in that direction.

If rats could learn so much, Miller speculated, might they not be able to learn to—say—control their temperature? So preposterous did this notion seem at the time that, as he has since recalled, "for more than a decade it was extremely hard for me to get any students, or even paid assistants, to work seriously on the problem. . . ." But he persevered; and he found that rats *could* learn temperature control.

To sustain the traditional assumption that the autonomic nervous system is autonomous, Miller's critics searched around for a plausible explanation, settling for "skeletal muscle activity"—his laboratory rats, the implication being, must have found a way to warm themselves up by a kind of internal jogging. Or, perhaps, changes in the rats'

THIS *is the second in a series of columns planned by Arthur Koestler, for which he acts as an editorial adviser; his article "Horizons in Space" inaugurated the series in the October issue. In a sense this new departure is intended as a positive contribution to the debate about "the Two Cultures" which* ENCOUNTER *initiated some twenty years ago, when we first published C. P. Snow's controversial Rede Lectures. It could be, however, that the new frontier does not lie between the sciences and the humanities, but on the peripheries of contemporary science itself which, in a silent revolution, has abandoned the classical view of the universe as a mechanical clockwork, has de-materialised matter, and has liberated philosophy from the strait-jacket of strict causality and determinism. This department will be mainly concerned with those border areas, from cosmology to psychology, which are of special relevance to both cultures.*

The next contributions will be by H. J. EYSENCK *on "Behaviourism & Astrology" and* JOHN BELOFF *on "Parapsychology."*

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respiration were responsible. Miller, though, was able to disprove these propositions. He showed how the rats could vary the temperature at their extremities (one rat, incredibly, even learned to "blush" first in one ear, and then in the other). By paralysing them with curare, too, he was able to ensure that neither skeletal muscle activity nor respiration could be invoked; the paralysed laboratory animals "learned either to increase or decrease, respectively, heart-rate, blood-pressure, intestinal contractions, peripheral vasomotor responses, amount of blood in the stomach wall, and formation of urine by the kidney. . . ." The paralysis (or the curare), in fact, appeared to facilitate the learning process.

COULD HUMANS, TOO, learn to exercise control over their autonomic systems? At this point, a few of the researchers who had delved into the history of the subject recalled that humans had in fact demonstrated that ability innumerable times, in the 19th century, without being able to convince doubters. In experiment after experiment, hypnotists had shown that if one of their subjects was put into a deep trance, not merely would he yelp in pain if touched by a pencil, and told it was red hot; a blister would form on his skin. And vice versa: if touched with something which *was* red hot, but told it was only a pencil, he would feel no pain, and no blister would form.

Every change of mental state, the French psychologists Alfred Binet and Charles Féré had felt justified in claiming in 1887, is accompanied by modifications of temperature, bodily secretions, and other physiological reactions.[1] As a demonstration, Féré would show how the resistance of the skin to a mild electric current varies with changes of mood. C. G. Jung later made use of this discovery in his word-association tests; the slight changes in skin resistance enabled him to detect which words had powerful associations—the principle upon which "lie-detectors" work. But the potential clinical significance of these links was not realised, even by the Behaviourists (the reason, as Barbara Brown has suggested in *New Mind, New Body*,[2] being that Pavlov's example had so conditioned them to work with animals that they failed to make the obvious association with humans).

Two men, however, who had studied hypnosis and its effects groped their way to a better understanding of the psycho-physiological process involved: a German doctor, Johannes Schultz, and the French chemist Emile Coué. Both realised that hypnotism was not so much a matter of the hypnotist imposing his will through suggestions made to the hypnotised subject (as Svengali did with Trilby) but of the subject releasing faculties by auto-suggestion—Trilby must have been potentially a fine singer, needing only a prompter to enable her to develop her talent.

The homeostatic mechanism by which we maintain health, Coué claimed, can be restored to working order by auto-suggestion.[3] All that is needed is for the mind to be kept attuned to the notion of well-ness, by the use of the imagination (*not* the will, he insisted: willing is futile). To facilitate the tuning-in, he suggested the use of an incantation, "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better"; and in the 1920s people all over the world were muttering it, in the bath or on the bus.

Coué had to rely on his disciples' subjective reactions: what counted was whether they felt better for following his advice. Schultz developed an objective way of proving that "autogenic training", as he called it, was effective. He showed his patients that if they settled down in a relaxed frame of mind, and visualised their fingers warming up, their fingers *would* warm up; and when they had satisfied themselves of their ability to perform this feat, if

[1] Alfred Binet and Charles Féré, *Le Magnetisme Animale* (Paris, 1887).
[2] Barbara Brown, *New Mind, New Body* (New York, 1974).
[3] Charles Baudouin, *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion* (London, 1920).

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necessary with reference to a thermometer, they could use the same technique to prevent or treat common disorders.

NEITHER COUÉ NOR SCHULTZ could convince the medical profession; but both men had followers who carried on their work. In 1965 Schultz's ideas were expounded in a book on autogenic training by Wolfgang Luthe of Montreal,[4] and a copy came into the hands of Elmer Green, a psychology student in Chicago. Originally a physicist, Green had become intrigued by psychophysiology, a subject much in vogue a century before in Germany, where the researches of Gustav Fechner and Wilhelm Wundt had made it, for a time, a major discipline; but later, split up between medicine, psychology, physiology and physics, it had lost its identity. Here was the chance, Green realised, to revive it.

Offered a post in the Menninger Foundation in Kansas, Green and his wife Alyce seized the opportunity to experiment along Schultz's lines. Several of their subjects, they found, could raise the temperature of their hands, some by up to 10°F. And further trials showed that when subjects had immediate biofeedback, so that they could watch their hand temperatures rising on a monitor, the learning process was faster.

BY THIS TIME, other researchers had introduced different forms of biofeedback, including the one which has since become perhaps the most familiar. "Brain waves", when they were discovered by Berger in the 1930s, had for a time attracted world-wide interest; but the clinical significance of the fact that the rhythms varied according to mood when measured on an electro-encephalograph, much as skin resistance did, was not appreciated. By the 1960s, though, growing realisation that stress might be a cause or precipitant of illness suggested the possibility that people might learn, by observing their brain rhythms, when they were under stress and how to avoid it.

This would have particular relevance to heart attacks, which by this time had reached epidemic proportions in the United States and many other countries. Research had revealed that the higher an individual's blood pressure, the greater the risk of a heart attack; and if, as the supporters of psychosomatic medicine had long asserted, high blood pressure was a stress disorder, the reduction of tension would be an obvious preventive measure.

In the 1960s Herbert Benson, an associate Professor of Medicine at Harvard, was engaged in research to try to establish the relationship between stress and blood pressure; and, being a good Behaviourist, he was using baboons as his subjects. In 1968 he was approached by some students who had become followers of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, who with the help of The Beatles and others had established himself as a cult figure among the young; why, they asked Benson, did he not experiment with them, to find if their blood pressure fell when they were in a state of Transcendental Meditation? He told them—politely, he claims—to run away and play. But they persisted; and eventually he agreed to trials.

Volunteers included academics, artists and business men, as well as the core of the Maharishi's student disciples. The system they adopted was similar to Coué's, except that each of them used his "mantra", his secret word, to repeat to himself, instead of Coué's incantation. The disciples, Benson found, did not lower their blood pressure during meditation; but their blood pressure was already low—perhaps because it had become that way as a result of their training. That TM enabled them to exercise control over their autonomic nervous systems, though, was indisputable; and also that it was a way of managing stress. Benson's *The Relaxation Response* (1975), describing how East and West had come together, was to become a best-seller, and along with Barbara Brown's *New Mind, New Body*, it established the identity of the new discipline in the public mind.

THE IMPLICATIONS were, and are, staggering. There is theoretically hardly any limit to the possibilities which biofeedback/meditation/auto-suggestion offer in the prevention and treatment of the diseases of civilisation. It is already being quite extensively used in cases where patients are deemed to be at risk of heart attacks—or have had one; and it has been introduced in the form of "visualisation therapy" by Carl and Stephanie Simonton, also in Texas, for cancer patients. The idea is that they learn to mount a kind of counter-attack by their own health forces. Whether they "visualise" it as a military operation designed to rout the insurgents, or as peaceful persuasion, is their own affair; but the prognosis for patients who find the process rewarding has been significantly better than for matched patients (in so far as such matching is practicable) who are treated by conventional methods.

Many other possible applications of biofeedback have been described in such surveys as *The Awakened Mind* (1979), by C. Maxwell Cade (the leading exponent in Britain) and Nona Coxhead; and by the Greens in their *Beyond Biofeedback* (1977). Perhaps the most immediately attractive of all the possibilities raised has been the work done by the Greens with an American subject who can demonstrate to sceptical observers his ability to

[4] Johannes Schultz and Wolfgang Luthe, *Autogenic Training* (New York, 1959).

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withstand what would ordinarily be agonising tortures, burning, battering, stabbing, not merely without pain but also without injury. This, again, has been a commonplace of Hindu fakir territory, and has also endlessly been demonstrated on deep trance subjects under hypnosis, without carrying conviction in the past. But now that the mechanics of psychophysiology are coming to be better appreciated—and, thanks to recent research into the physiological processes relating to "placebo effect", better understood—the possibility that biofeedback will become a standard method of preventing or controlling pain can no longer be regarded as fantasy.

THIS PRESENTS the medical profession with a problem. Until as recently as a quarter-of-a-century ago, psychosomatic medicine was dismissed as of no importance; and to this day medical students—as a glance at their textbooks reveals—are taught that the diagnosis "psychosomatic" is to be made only as a last resort, when every physical/chemical possibility has been exhausted. What biofeedback research has been showing, though, is that almost all the diseases of civilisation are psychosomatic, at least in the sense that they represent a failure of the mind's ability to cooperate with the body to deal with them; and almost all can be prevented or controlled if that cooperation is renewed. To look at diseases as entities, in fact, requiring different treatments, is to look at them through the wrong end of the telescope. But specialisation is still proliferating, and such is the structure of the profession that it will be extremely hard to put into reverse.

For the public, the revolution in attitudes will be as traumatic. People who go to a doctor ordinarily do so with the intention of taking what he prescribes for them, on the assumption that he knows best. In hospital it is rare indeed for a patient to refuse to do what the doctor orders. The lesson of biofeedback is that this is a misguided principle. We must learn to diagnose and treat ourselves, if we wish to become healthy, and remain healthy.

Admittedly there is a catch. "One ought to feel elated at the prospect of taking personal charge", Dr Lewis Thomas remarks in his chapter on the subject in his engaging *The Lives of a Cell* (1974), "calling the shots, running one's cells around like toy trains." But the prospect leaves him uneasy; if he were told he could communicate with his liver, it would only depress him, because "I am constitutionally unable to make hepatic decisions, and I prefer not to be obliged to, ever."

THE PROSPECT OF the entire community kept busy testing its blood pressure, brain rhythms, skin resistance and visceral responses with a variety of gadgets is indeed unnerving. Few of us would even be as well placed as Lewis Thomas to decide what to do if any of our internal organs signalled "Help!" But Thomas in a sense disposes of his own fears, when he gives us his reason for not wishing to be put in that position—"I am, to face the facts squarely, considerably less intelligent than my liver." This is precisely what biofeedback has been teaching.

THE PRINCIPLE UPON WHICH it is founded derives from the Hippocratic writings, with their reliance on the healing force of nature; from the sanest of British doctors, Thomas Sydenham, who preached the same gospel; and from Claude Bernard's concept of mind-body homeostasis. Biofeedback takes for granted that the liver, the heart and the other organs *are* more intelligent than we are. What we have to do is liberate them to perform as unhampered as possible by our own errors—unbalanced diet, insufficient exercise, polluted air, cigarette smoke, drugs, stress, and the rest. Not all these are avoidable, but some are; and the ill-effects can be reduced, experience is showing, by exploiting our own resources. The aim will be not to try to teach our livers their business, but to

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provide the milieu in which they can give of their best.

It may be, though, that a few minds will be able to assist in that process. This, at least, is a possibility that arises from the weird twist in the tail of Neal Miller's experiments with rats. When I went to see him in the Rockefeller University some five years ago, he and his colleagues were already busy applying some of the lessons they had learned from the rats to humans—as, by this time, were scores of other researchers in America and elsewhere, now that there could no longer be any doubt of man's ability to learn to exert control over his autonomic nervous system. And as earlier experience had shown how reluctant medical scientists had been to accept such evidence when it was provided by people—whether being "burned" under hypnosis, or resisting being burned while fire-walking—Miller's rat experiments could reasonably be claimed as the crucial factor in converting the medical scientists (fellow-Behaviourists, such as Benson, do in fact regard Miller as the key figure in the biofeedback revolution).

But something extraordinary had happened, Miller told me, which he felt compelled to admit in his contribution on the subject to the second edition of the *Comprehensive Textbook of Psychiatry* (which was due to be published later that year).[5] When he had presented the evidence for his studies with rats paralysed by curare, results had been replicated by six different experimenters. They consequently appeared to be, as he put it, "robust." Yet later experimenters, trying to repeat them, had all failed. "The unexplained difference between earlier repeated success and present failure is an extraordinarily perplexing dilemma", he observed. "Hopefully, its eventual resolution will produce a fundamental increase in our understanding. . . ."

If experiments with humans had not abundantly confirmed the results of those early experiments with rats, Miller would now look very foolish indeed. Worse, he and his colleagues might be suspected of rigging their results. The explanation, it seems highly probable, is that this was a case of what has come to be known as "experimenter effect", for which there has been growing evidence.

Originally "experimenter-effect" was used loosely to account for certain discrepancies in the results of tests, which could most easily be ascribed to the bias, conscious or unconscious, of the individual conducting them: for example, by influencing his subjects through letting slip intimations of what he hoped they would do, or say. But recently it has come to be used in a more specialised sense, in connection with cases where the influence appears to be exerted by some as yet unexplained means. It is as if the minds of experimenters are capable, even when there is no direct communication, of exerting some control over the actions of test subjects—even when those subjects are laboratory animals.

Here is irony, indeed, because if "experimenter-effect" can be shown to exist, it means that all the results of all past experiments conducted by Behaviourists, whether with laboratory animals or with people, will need to be reassessed; and wherever this intrusive element may have crept in to falsify results, they will have to be regarded as suspect. But in connection with the clinical uses of biofeedback the possibility of such mind intervention, though disconcerting for experimental work, may turn out to be an asset—particularly if it can help to account for "healing", in the psychic or spiritual rather than psychological sense of the term, reported throughout recorded history and still practised the world over.

[5] N. E. Miller, "Applications of Learning and Biofeedback to Psychiatry and Medicine", in Freedman et al., *Comprehensive Textbook of Psychiatry* (2nd edn., Baltimore, 1974).

Bereft

The only one left who could use a scythe
in all Onibury, or pleach a hedge
the *old* way: but could not understand
how the electric cooker worked or
(and this takes some believing) the light switched on—
when his wife died he sat in the dark, hungry.

Dialled the Surgery with my assistance,
held the phone in two paws like a sad dog
gnawing a bone, not knowing which end spoke.

Peter Reading

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MEMOIR

Herbert Butterfield, Historian

By George Gale

HERBERT BUTTERFIELD spent his entire working life as a member of Peterhouse, the oldest and smallest college in Cambridge. He went there as an undergraduate and remained as a fellow, being elected in due time and without dispute its Master. He became Professor, then Regius Professor of Modern History in the University, and during his mastership of his college did two years as the university's vice-chancellor. Honorary degrees were showered upon him. Other historians reached far wider public circles than he; none reached, and having reached, influenced, more historians nor did any impose upon his pupils and his discipline a more broadening and deepening understanding. When finally he retired he and Pamela, his wife, left the substantial and handsome Master's Lodge for a cottage in Sawston, a village outside Cambridge, where he died in July of this year, aged 78.

His mind was bright and agile almost to its end; his conversation had lost none of its mischief. Gossip he loved, and he was good at it, too. He wore his opinions and his prejudices as lightly as his knowledge; his Christianity—remarkably unobtrusive for a nonconformist lay preacher—did not weigh him down (nor, come to that, did it ever appear to lift him up); and a giggle was never far from his throat. The bow-tie he usually sported gave him something of a raffish, Bohemian look, his hair was usually long and dishevelled, and he smoked like a trooper, cigarette often stuck in his mouth, ash dribbling down his front.

His appearance changed remarkably little over the years. His face was broad and kind and around his eyes were the lines of laughter; there was, however, no indulgence in his eyes. He was of a short and stocky build, very much the Yorkshireman except that his hands were surprisingly soft to shake. They had, I suppose, never done a scrap of manual work, and I do not believe he ever bothered about sport or exercise or dutiful forms of physical exertion. He enjoyed strolling in the Lodge's garden but he never, I think, did any gardening. Conversation was his recreation and he excelled at it. It was hard work playing conversation with him, just as it is hard work playing chess, or bridge, or croquet with someone who excels at such recreations.

His voice surprised like his hands, it being light, even delicate and not in any way gruff, as might have been expected from his appearance. It retained a mild Yorkshire accent and the inflexions of the north; in other respects it was much like Michael Oakeshott's, whose conversational manner Butterfield's much resembled. These two men, colleagues and friends, shared not only a delight in mischievous gossip but also a perception of human frailty that invested them with tolerance and authority. Oakeshott has lived a life about which there is something to be tolerant. Butterfield's blamelessness might well have worked itself out in priggishness or intolerance; but it did not do so.

MUCH LESS TOLERANT, and thus less authoritative, among these men who were the giants of my youth, was Bertrand—or Earl, as he chose to call himself at Cambridge—Russell, who, despite his dogmatic espousal of tolerance as a virtue, was quick and eager with ought-not-to-do thises and should-do thats. His life demanded a tolerance from others of scope and extent that few possessed. There was a certain self-righteousness about him, a smugness in his scepticism, a confidence in his genius, which, combined with an aristocratic disdain for the judgment of his fellows, set him apart and reduced his impact. His ideas glittered, his lectures shone with brilliance; but, his knowledge apart, he was not a man possessed with authority.

This, in my eyes, was possessed by the late and great Denis Brogan who, drunk or sober, knew more about both the United States and France than any other man knew about either; whose rudeness was, fortunately, precisely coterminous with friendship; and who never failed to place his vast acquaintanceship at the disposal of those among his pupils he thought worth his while. These were many more than might have been expected. Brogan's authority did not come from his generosity, however, nor entirely from his knowledge, but rather from that combination of knowledge and experience which was unique to him. "No one can understand diplomatic history who has never seen a diplomat drunk" he would proclaim; and Butterfield, who knew a great deal of diplomatic history but who cannot have seen many drunken diplomats, and certainly not a tenth as many as Brogan, would not really have disagreed. He would most certainly have accepted the thesis underlying Brogan's enthusiastic hyperbole.

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Others from whom I learned included the delightful snob, the erudite Michael Postan, the much younger Denis Mack Smith, and Brian Wormald; but they will forgive, or at least understand me when I say that none of them spoke with authority in themselves. Dom David Knowles, however, did so, his monk's ascetic face startlingly lit up by hectic, reddened skin drawn smoothly and tightly over his cheekbones. Neither slight body nor taut mind had any slack or fat in it. His own act of deliberate disobedience to his abbot may have had something to do with his authority, although I doubt it; I think instead it flowed from the quality of his scholarship. At all events, he overawed me more than a little (and I, so he told me many years later, made him more than a little nervous).

Of all these, and many others, whom I heard, or met, or came to know, none possessed more natural authority than, in his tolerant way, Herbert Butterfield. His was not the authority of scholarship, like Knowles's, nor of knowledge, like Brogan's; and although his scholarship may have been deeper than Brogan's and his knowledge broader than Knowles's, his combination of academic virtues was not exceptional. But that he was a most exceptional man, and a most exceptional historian, those who knew him did not doubt.

I SEEK TO pin down this question of tolerance and authority because I think it assists in understanding Butterfield and the nature of his reputation and influence. Michael Oakeshott occupies in some respects a similar seminal position and enjoys a similar role. But although the quality of their tolerance is alike, that of their authority is not alike at all. Butterfield, unlike Oakeshott, possessed what I can only call moral authority. He would not take kindly to such a remark, and I am by no means sure it is intended kindly. But that he possessed such authority I am sure. His genial acceptance of frailty and his reluctance to utter explicit judgments were quite incapable of concealing the stern and convinced moralist who lay behind the gossiping or quizzing face. He was very capable of anger and sometimes acted quickly and decisively if he thought a wrong could be righted. At such times he was not afflicted by self-questioning doubt. He was quite capable of changing his mind where any question of historical interpretation arose. Indeed he positively asserted that history had to be kept fluid else it became dead. But as to the fundamental truths, these were unchanging. His faith early on became rocklike and impervious. He had no need to make superficial or passing or historical judgments because his judgment was that mankind was truly fallen. He was a profound pessimist as well as a cheerful man; and his pessimism may have led people to suppose him to be a conservative, although it never occurred to me to think of him in political terms.

He was a man of faith, his protestantism requiring him to take scant note of good works. The world was a naughty place "with everything in it", in Oakeshott's rendering of Voltaire, "a necessary evil." Butterfield liked to think, and often said, that he passed no judgments. But he was, in himself, a kind of standing judgment, so secure in his certainties that he felt no need from time to time to judge. His tolerance was a kind of carelessness. His own authority, especially of the moral variety, he took for granted not in any smug way, but knowing himself. I always found it an immense relief that he chain-smoked; and I am delighted to learn, from an appreciation of him by one of his devoted pupils, Patrick Cosgrave, in *The Spectator*, that he actually drank alcohol, albeit only during prohibition in the United States. Had he had no obvious vices at all, he might have been intolerable. As it was, once the unease at his moral authority had gone, he was delightful, but demanding and difficult company, never overtly moralising because never needing to. Judgment was taken as read.

BUTTERFIELD WAS NOT ONLY a straightforward historian. He was also a far from straightforward critic of historiography. Not for him Henry Ford's "History is bunk"; rather, "History is *dangerous*." In his straightforward, professional work he established an eminent and influential position. His *The Whig Interpretation of History* (1931), which finished off for good the cosy notion that English history was a pretty smooth and undoubtedly designed and masterly progression from tyranny to liberty and from poverty to wealth, also hints at one of his great themes, which is that men are nothing like as much masters of their destiny as they, and their historians, like to make out. In *George III, Lord North and the People* (1949) he showed that he could produce a major work of historical research and consideration capable of utterly changing our understanding of the time. *The Statecraft of Machiavelli* (1940) is required reading on that odd Italian genius who, in Butterfield's words in another place,

> "would try to discover how states developed and declined, so that governors could become more aware of the processes which are liable to take place over long periods of time. So, he marks a stage in the attempt to make politics more of a science and to treat in scientific manner the data supplied by history. . . . "

Essentially, Butterfield sought to rebuke the Machiavellian presumption. Neither then nor now is history up to the task Machiavelli set for it when he claimed "that he knew how to cure the ills

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of the time, and had discovered a way of limiting the dominium of Chance." Cosgrave quotes Butterfield: "In the long run there are only two views about life or history. Either you trace everything back to sheer blind chance, or you trace everything back to God. . . . " Butterfield, repudiating the dominium of chance, traces everything back to God, which he believed to be an improvement upon Machiavelli, his statecraft and his efforts to learn the lessons of history in general and of Roman history in particular.

Butterfield was an historian who spent a great deal of time and intellectual effort worrying about history and thinking about its relationship with Christianity. Since he also tackled, and indeed almost single-handed inaugurated, the professional study of the history of science, he was exceptional in both the size and the scope of his topics. I remember him lecturing on Christianity and history: he drew a great crowd and was much applauded, but was not, I think, much understood. He lectured on the history of science, as he did on Christianity and history, not because (as Cosgrave says Butterfield claimed) "nobody else would." There was no particular need for such lectures; they had scant relevance to the History Tripos. He gave these lectures not because no one else would, but because he would. They were reflective and, in so far as they contained historical material, were entirely synthetic.

Butterfield was always anxious to synthesise and to look at things afresh:

> "Of all forms of mental activity, the most difficult to induce in the minds of the young, who may be presumed not to have lost their flexibility, is the art of handling the same bundle of data as before, but placing them in a new system of relations with one another by giving them a different framework, all of which virtually means putting on a different kind of thinking-cap for the moment. It is easy to teach anybody a new fact about Richelieu, but it needs light from heaven to enable a teacher to break the old framework in which the student has been accustomed to seeing his Richelieu."
>
> *The Origins of Modern Science*

The same year this was published (1949), having been elected into a research studentship at Peterhouse, I became a pupil of Butterfield, or Herbert as I suppose I should now say. I put forward to him most vigorously the view that there was already plenty of historical facts known, quite enough historical data, and quite enough historians quarrying away seeking to extract more facts. What some historians should be doing should be synthetic: handling the same facts in a new way; standing back and looking for new frameworks. I was, in fact, saying, in this regard, what he was saying.

He was sympathetic, but insisted that I should at the very least go through the motions of working for a Ph.D., a degree he despised with good reason. We cooked up a compromise. My ambition then was to study how Hitler and Nazism came about, a topic ludicrously vaster than those considered suitable for the confines of Ph.Ds. His suggestion was to approach the matter through considering why liberalism failed in Germany, and to do this by studying either the young Acton, Döllinger and the Vatican Council, or anti-Prussian historiography in 19th-century Germany. I cannot say that I was enthused and instead went off to Göttingen University to get the feel of Germany. My academic ambitions subsequently waned, or, perhaps more accurately, did not wax sufficiently strongly for me to persist in putting some of Butterfield's precepts to the test.

I DO NOT THINK he approved of my endeavour. I think he thought that synthetic work such as he enjoyed was the reward of hard labour in orthodox history. It may be, too, that my own very noisy disbelief in the reality of the choice he posed between God and Chance was uncongenial. Butterfield was very difficult to understand. Sometimes, I do not know if he himself understood what he was saying. If the choice is between "sheer blind chance" and "everything back to God", I see little room for science or for history, and reason excludes itself.

I agreed with him that "a little history" is a dangerous thing, but he would not accept from me what I took to be the consequential argument in favour of synthetic work.

It was in the area of historical judgment that I found most difficulty, for Butterfield seemed constantly to be saying "Do not judge", while as constantly making judgments, or being a judge. The simplest sorting out of historical facts involves judgments, as does the decision to study this bundle of Pipe Rolls or that dusty collection of letters. The search for pure history is unreal, and I am not sure that I agree with Brian Wormald, who probably knew him better than anyone, that he believed that truth in history was attainable. Butterfield, in his fear of the dangers of a little history, would hope that those who had read history at Cambridge (or indeed elsewhere) would forget the facts which, forgotten, would be "transmuted into a deeper wisdom that melts into the rest of experience and is incorporated in the fabric of the mind itself. . . . " Well, I have done the first part and forgotten the facts; as for their transmutation and incorporation I cannot tell. But in retrospect I believe Herbert was telling me to get out of history and out of Cambridge.

He wanted to write and became an historian as a

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way of writing. But he also wanted to preach, and not only as a lay preacher. He thought that somehow history had usurped religion; he wanted to put history and historians back in their place, but what that place was he never made clear. What it certainly was not was a source of inspiration to politicians, or a guidebook to political action, or any kind of mentor. Religion alone, in his view, should instruct behaviour; and for men to think that they can learn how to control their destinies through studying their past was presumptuous nonsense. The great historian puts down the study of history. The observer beats a retreat into religion.

Brian Wormald has written that in Butterfield's view, which he quotes,

> "the inflated sinister influences of historical professors, historical politicians and the myriad history books have stepped into the place of religion 'and of anything else that seems authentic' to give men and nations a sense of their station in the universe and of their purpose in life and a notion of what they can do with their destiny; 'they acquire an academic dream-impression of what statesmen can do in the world, what governments achieve, what their national mission is, and what can be brought about by sheer self-assertion and will. . . .'"

This, as a matter of historical fact, is a fair enough description of what happened in Germany where, exchanging history for religion, Hitler and the Germans acquired a sense of station and of purpose and of destiny, a "dream-impression" of what could be done in the world, of national mission, and of "what can be brought about by sheer self-assertion and will." Butterfield hated the German experience and he hated the historiography which had contributed towards the making of it. But it happened. Bad history proved itself to be more efficacious than religion; sheer self-assertion and will were seen to work. There was thus a failure of religion, rather than of liberalism or of democracy or whatever. That which Butterfield would have regarded as "unauthentic" proved itself to be more powerful than the "authentic." But how is an historian to say that that which worked was unauthentic and that which failed was authentic? He cannot say such things. He falls back into contemplation and seeks to avoid making judgment upon an irretrievably fallen world.

THERE WAS a great deal of religion going on at Peterhouse in Butterfield's time, and much of it I found obscure. Brian Wormald himself, married with a brilliant wife and sons, as chaplain, became converted to Rome; at the College's request, he postponed his official conversion until the end of term, so that a replacement chaplain could be appointed. David Knowles was the first Roman Catholic monk to become an Oxbridge fellow since the Reformation and his disobedience in refusing to return to his abbey took years to tidy up through the device of exclaustration.

There was mysticism as well as catholicism in the air. The college remains religiously active, with Edward Norman, the incumbent Dean, preaching his austere commitment to revelation and the idea of the divine, and generally seeing eye-to-eye with Maurice Cowling. Cowling's present concern, conservatism and politics having been put aside or left behind, is with Christianity and intellectuals. One of his subjects is Herbert Butterfield, under whose auspices he transferred to Peterhouse. Cowling is of that generation and group which acknowledges its debt to Michael Oakeshott.

There is here, therefore, a tradition which has to do with concern about history in itself, with the deficiencies and dangers of reason and of historiography, and with both Christianity and conservatism. It does not amount to a school of thought. It does, however, amount to a way of thinking, an adjustment of the mind, which applies the most rigorous scepticism to the dealings of men in their public or political life while abandoning reason to seek solace in, or to affirm, the truths of that which is divine, or, failing which, of that which can be held at any rate to be Platonic.

BUTTERFIELD'S non-conformism, which might have been expected to hive him off from the Anglo-Catholicism, Romanism and Platonism with which he was often surrounded, did not do so. His and his friends' Christianity and idealism united themselves against the heathens. His moralism set him apart from his friends. He was far too quirky a man to follow another, and far too quirky a man for men to follow him. He left no disciples: but, instead, a host of pupils who had suffered under, and thereby greatly valued, a mind which they, with him, had wrestled to grasp. Often his words fell like quicksilver through our fingers. His thoughts were as swift as they could be elusive.

Very much a Peterhouse man, Herbert Butterfield was both historian and anti-historian. Unlike Oakeshott's, his thoughts and intuitions have not been fertile. He is his own dead end or full stop.

> "Historical knowledge is valuable only while it is, so to speak, liquid—it is worse than lumber if it freezes and hardens in the mind."

This is what the great moralist, Christian and historian preached, not as moralist or Christian but as historian. It is a rock-like assertion, thrust upright in the midst of a flowing tradition, which leaves nothing more to be said.

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LETTERS

Science, Religion, & Truth

JOHN NAUGHTON'S article, "Science and Anarchism" [ENCOUNTER, June] contains serious misunderstandings about the nature of science, as does his reigning *Wunderkind*, Feyerabend. To begin with, Naughton uses the fact that many people see science as the only authority on truth as the basis for arguing that science is not much different from a religion. While some people regard science and scientists religiously it doesn't follow that science must be equivalent to a religion. It is true that science has usurped religion as an authority for explanation and prediction. However, the subject of ultimate causes, ultimate meaning, and morality—which are really the essential core of any religion—are still completely outside the sphere of science and are accepted as such by most scientists.

Feyerabend's charge that science has no objective methodology because great scientists like Galileo used every trick in the book to get their point across is irrelevant. It is not *how* one reached a conclusion which makes that conclusion objective, it is whether or not that conclusion or theory can survive the successive logical and experimental assaults which it will be subjected to by the scientific community. This is really the quality which separates science from religion and which makes the methodology of science so much closer to being objective than any other discipline.

A religious question is always settled by the word of the highest authority, while a new scientific theory can successfully topple reigning theories with only the least bit of replicatable experimental evidence. Naughton, Feyerabend, and their ilk cannot concede the greater objectivity of science because of a failure of nerve and imagination. They cannot conceive of objectivity without a single rule or a single mind to encompass it. The idea that theories can approach closer to the truth through a spontaneous process of the conjectures and refutations of many unrelated scientists rather than by conscious design is beyond their understanding.

THE REJECTION OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY by the scientific community is seen as proof of science's religious dogmatism. Far from proving the subjectivity of scientific knowledge, it shows that scientists will not accept a challenge which is not backed by rigorous theoretical underpinnings, equal or better at explaining and predicting events than the accepted theories it is challenging.

On this count parapsychology fails miserably—and for good reason. It is parapsychology which religiously applies the trappings of science—experiments and, above all, statistics—while rejecting what is the essential core of the method of science, i.e., accepting wholeheartedly the continuous process of conjecture and refutation via replication of experiments and tough criticisms of method and argument. Instead, parapsychologists complain of being persecuted by the very process by which science approaches objectivity. Not one notable discovery in parapsychology has been successfully replicated; there is not one theory which comes close to the power of accepted theories to explain known physical events let alone unknown ones. Parapsychologists brandish statistically significant results as evidence to refute accepted scientific theories. Yet "statistical significance" only demonstrates that the results obtained are improbable. It may seem highly improbable that a man could cause spoons to bend without our seeing how. Are we to conclude that this man has special unearthly powers or should we not say that he is one of those rare individuals, called magicians, who have a unique talent for doing things in such a way that we cannot imagine how they could be done? Ditto telepathy, levitation, and other spiritual phenomena.

FINALLY, if we allowed the majority to dictate the direction of science (as John Naughton suggests), I believe that scientific research would be forcefully led down many a blind alley and be prevented from following up more fecund ideas. This because most people cannot imagine how things work and fall easy prey to the dogmatic and the fraudulent, who explain phenomena in seductively superficial terms and who violently object to the kind of critical process which gives science its objectivity. (Witness the immense popularity of von Däniken, Uri Geller, and the like.)

CHARLES JUSTICE

Montreal, Quebec

I AM GLAD that Mr Justice agrees that "science has usurped religion as an authority for explanation and prediction." That is sufficient for my argument. He may well be right in claiming that questions of ultimate meaning and morality are still widely regarded *by scientists* as lying outside the bailiwick of science; but whether the public shares this perspective is more open to doubt. Besides, there is more to a religion than its subject matter, as Professor Ninian Smart has pointed out (*Secular Education and the Logic of Religion*, Faber, 1968), and any comparison of science and religion would have to take into account the six "dimensions" of the latter which Professor Smart enumerates.

On more substantive matters, I am sorry to see that Mr Justice, despite the warnings in my piece, has fallen into the time-honoured trap of bowdlerising Feyerabend's main claim. This is not that science has no "objective method", but that what are conventionally regarded as great scientific discoveries contradict all the established methodologies of science. In making this claim, Feyerabend has really only formulated bluntly the inference which many philosophers have drawn from the failure to impose "rational reconstructions" on scientific progress.

Mr Justice's claim that "A religious question is always settled by the word of the highest authority, while a new scientific theory can successfully topple reigning theories with only the least bit of replicatable experimental evidence", implies a limited acquaintance on his part with the sociology of science and the work of T. S. Kuhn. In the first place, scientific communities are social systems, complete with their own hierarchies, peer groups, informal networks, refereeing systems and so on. This implies

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Ho Chi Minh, Pol Pot, & the Consequences

Hanoi

UNITED NATIONS and Red Cross officials have said in interviews here and in Ho Chi Minh City that 2.25 million Cambodians were facing imminent starvation. The officials, who agreed to discuss their recent fact-finding trip to Cambodia after being promised anonymity, also described the widespread starvation as only one element of what seemed to be the near destruction of Cambodian society under the regime of the ousted Premier Pol Pot.

"I have seen quite a few ravaged countries in my career, but nothing like this," an official said. He added that as much as $100 million in food and medical aid was needed urgently.

The officials, representing the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva and the United Nations Children's Fund in New York, expressed dismay that the concern of many Western nations over the plight of the Vietnam refugees had overshadowed what they said would be a far greater tragedy in Cambodia. Relief efforts in Cambodia have been slowed in part because of suspicion over the authenticity of the new Cambodian government headed by Heng Samrin, which was installed by Vietnam after the invasion of Cambodia early this year.

THE RELIEF OFFICIALS said that during their visit to Cambodia they had seen evidence of systematic torture in chambers operated by the Pol Pot government at a prison near Phnom Penh. Members of the Pol Pot regime, they said, carefully logged the names and titles of their victims and the types of torture each suffered. The officials said they knew of one large burial site where the remains of perhaps hundreds of the torture victims had been found after the Vietnamese invasion.

The relief experts said that the former regime had not only forced citizens to evacuate Phnom Penh, the capital, and other cities to work in the fields—as has been widely reported—but also had destroyed all vestiges of intellectual life and whatever they could find of 20th-century civilization in the country. The Pol Pot government took over Cambodia on April 17, 1975, after the defeat of the United States-backed government of Marshal Lon Nol.

POL POT BELIEVED *that the salvation of Cambodia was possible only through the expulsion of all foreigners and foreign influence and through "purification"—or evacuation—of the cities in an attempt to reconstruct Cambodia's war-damaged agricultural system. Since the fall of his government and its replacement by the Vietnamese-backed regime of Heng Samrin early this year, Vietnam, itself faced with a deficit in food, has diverted some of its supplies to Cambodia.*

Cambodia's social welfare apparatus has been left in shambles, the relief officials said, citing demolition of hospitals, schools, water supply facilities and sanitary systems. The destruction of such facilities has been on a scale far wider than previously believed.

Intellectuals were systematically purged. Survivors reported that all persons who were known to speak English, French or other foreign languages were hunted down, imprisoned and, in some cases, beaten to death with sticks, they said. Of more than 500 doctors known to have been practising medicine in Cambodia before the defeat of the Lon Nol regime by the Communist forces in 1975, only 40 have been found. The rest are presumed to have been slain or to have died while working in the fields.

The relief officials said they had read many of the public accounts of the isolation of Phnom Penh under the former regime, but they still had been unprepared for the extreme destruction they saw. "It cannot be understood. It's a dead city. I saw only one pipe with running water. Honestly, we could not believe it. Every house has been destroyed and there are piles of garbage and furniture on the sidewalks."

UNDER THE POL POT administration, foreign journalists and other visitors were permitted to walk down a main thoroughfare that had been cleared of debris. Seen from the street, buildings seemed to be empty but in relatively good condition. In fact, every home had been systematically ransacked. "It was not looting," an official declared, "because the soldiers did not take anything for themselves." But all signs of modern civilization—typewriters, radios, television sets, phonographs, books—were destroyed.

In the shuttered hospitals of the capital, all the medical equipment, textbooks and reference journals were found, broken and scattered, on the floors. A Roman Catholic cathedral in the center of Phnom Penh had been razed, with not a sign of its existence remaining. Similarly, the city's central market had been destroyed. All the automobiles in the city were driven by soldiers to an empty field and abandoned, left to rust as further symbols of modern decadence.

THE PROLIFERATION of rats and other vermin has caused outbreaks of plague and other diseases. The treatment of the sick is complicated by a lack of proper medical equipment, since the former government was scrupulously methodical in its destruction of hospitals.

Complicating all of the medical supply efforts is the food crisis. They were permitted to visit some outlying towns and everywhere they saw hundreds of young children with the blank looks and distended bellies of the starving. The officials said that the fragile government of Heng Samrin had set the daily intake of rice per person at 130 grams, roughly 4.5 ounces.

The officials said that Cambodia's fall harvest was expected to yield almost nothing, since many of the rice fields had been devastated in guerrilla warfare between Vietnamese troops backing the Heng Samrin regime and the surviving Pol Pot forces.

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that epistemological criteria of validation have to be implemented through social processes and that the "word of the highest authority" plays a role in science, though of course in a non-transcendental sense. In the second place, I cannot think of any instance in the history of science where "the least bit of replicatable experimental evidence" has proved sufficient to unseat an established theory. The work of T. S. Kuhn suggests that scientific paradigms are largely invulnerable to attacks on the basis of *experimental* evidence alone. And Imre Lakatos' "methodology of scientific research programmes" may be seen as an explication of the tendency of scientists to surround their central theories with "protective belts" of subsidiary theories specifically designed to ward off experimental challenges.

JOHN NAUGHTON

Cambridge

Mosley

PROFESSOR MAX BELOFF in your August issue accuses Sir Oswald Mosley of anti-Semitism. In truth, he had a quarrel with some Jews, but not all, on the basic question whether there should be a second World War. That quarrel is long since over, and he has at no time attacked any Jew on racial, anti-Semitic grounds.

The degree of Professor Beloff's own prejudice may be recognised in his phrase: "If it is true that Mosley stressed other themes as well. . . ." If Mosley had done nothing but attack Jews would the following among many others have stated that he might have been Prime Minister or leader of either party: Michael Foot, Lord Hailsham, Malcolm Muggeridge, Lord Boothby, R. S. Crossman, Colin Cross, *Sunday Express*, *New Statesman*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Yorkshire Post*, etc? Much was added, notably by A. J. P. Taylor: "A superb political thinker, the best of our age." These and many other quotations render comical Professor Beloff's ingenuous inquiry whether he stressed themes other than the Jews. Professor Beloff's own article certainly provides a curious example of how far prejudice can lead.

E. J. HAMM
Secretary
Sir Oswald Mosley Secretariat

London

Marquand's "Inquest"

DAVID MARQUAND'S analysis [ENCOUNTER, July] of the present position of the Labour Party reads to my mind too much like humbug for comfort. Couched in a depressingly flat, clichéd style, and tricked out with all the paraphernalia of intellectual flatulence (with even a little editorial whimsy—one can hardly now describe Ashfield as a "safe" seat), it left me wondering why the author went to so much trouble. He admits that his emotional loyalties have been and are to the Labour Party, but nowhere concedes his own partial responsibility, as a leading socialist intellectual, for the condition to which this country sank during 1967–77. He writes in the manner of one on the outside looking in, when the reality is that he is inside, looking hopelessly out at a world moving rapidly in a new direction. In any case his analysis of why things went so badly wrong during those years is in no way original.

One would expect that an honest and searching critique would lead its author to the proclamation of a new stance or the realisation of a major truth. Instead, after reading Mr Marquand, one is no nearer to an understanding of what now should be done. The harsh impression I received was not that of an acceptance that Socialism has failed and is, at least for the time being, discredited, but that of a confused attempt to analyse a problem under the carpet.

Both major parties, of course, bear jointly the responsibility for this country's nightmare of extravagance and debt since the last War. We should think rather more highly of our leaders if, having failed, they withdrew into silence and not into well paid Eurocratic or academic sinecures, from the security of which they burden us with their despairing pandects.

A. BAINBRIDGE

Farnborough
Hants

Baron Grimm's Prophecy

THEODORE DRAPER has once again performed a valuable service to his readers in his essay, "The Idea of the 'Cold War' and its Prophets: On Tocqueville & Others" (ENCOUNTER, February). Written with his customary attention to scholarly detail, the essay is exhaustively researched, temperate in its assessments, and (as one has come to expect from Draper) a model of clarity.

However, in the essay he cites the idiosyncratic English writer, John Bristed, as the earliest and clearest of those whose prophecies of confrontation between "The already formidable Russian power and the ripening American power" echo across a century-and-a-half, little known though most of them are to us today. We are much in debt to Draper for unearthing Bristed, among others, and setting them into the context of their times. Bristed's volume, published in 1818, was indeed prophetic, and certainly is early enough to merit the attention Draper allots to it—but it may well not have been the first such statement. In a recent book, *Before The Sabbath*, Eric Hoffer engages in speculation about the capacity for prophesying displayed at various times and places throughout history.

> "About the capacity for prophesying. The Baltic barons, suspended between Germany and Russia, and with a foreign peasantry on their land, had both the inclination and the gift of prophesying. On the eve of the French Revolution, Baron Grimm wrote to Catherine of Russia: 'Two empires will divide the world between them: Russia in the East, and America, which has gained its freedom in recent years, in the West; and we the people in between shall be too degraded to know what we have been.' Thus when, about fifty years later, de Tocqueville prophesied the impending domination of the world by Russia and America, he was echoing something that was floating in the air." (p. 125)

Mr Hoffer, it would appear, has provided us with an earlier claimant than Bristed to the recognition of a future confrontation between Russia and America. That the "Baltic barons" may have had prophetic insights may indeed have been the case, but as it turns out the estimable Baron Grimm (1723–1807), was not one of them. German-born, educated at Leipzig, Friedrich Melchior von Grimm appeared in Paris in 1748 and shortly thereafter became naturalised as a French citizen. Acquainted with Rousseau, an associate of Diderot and Mme d'Epinay, Grimm's career as journalist and critic marks him as one of those extraordinary, one is tempted

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to say fabulous, men of letters in 18th-century Europe. Hoffer does not cite the source for the above reference, but its origin undoubtedly was in Grimm's *Correspondence Littéraire*, written between 1753 and 1790 and collected and published (17 vol.) 1812–14. This work included a series of private letters to princely and royal persons through Europe. European courts were thus introduced to the intellectual currents and liberal ideas of the Paris of the Encyclopedists. It is not unlikely that Grimm's prescience was shared by some of his contemporaries. Forced to flee Revolutionary France, Grimm lived at St Petersburg where he enjoyed the favour of Catherine II and in the last year of her reign served as the Russian minister to Hamburg.

As both Draper and Hoffer have demonstrated, de Tocqueville's oft-quoted prediction of Russian-American conflict was not unprecedented. It appears that those precedents reach at least as far back as the interval between the American Revolution and the French Revolution, predating the Constitutional Convention and the stabilising influence of Washington's two terms as President.

Now that *is* prescience!

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"Rubbish Theory" & Economics

IN HIS otherwise perceptive and provocative article [ENCOUNTER, June] Michael Thompson errs in associating serious social theory and economics with an uncritical acceptance of the utilitarian doctrine, "away from the question of fashion." The latter phenomena have always been subsumed, under "Demand" factors, in juxtaposition with "Supply" factors, in analytical economics, since the days of Alfred Marshall (*vide* his celebrated analogy of the two blades of the price scissors). Similarly, Lord Robbins' seminal work on *The Nature and Significance of Economic Science* (1931) was rightly critical of the "fallacy of misplaced concreteness" (first exposed by Whitehead), of assuming that "objects have the qualities that they have as a result of their inherent physical properties—" (Michael Thompson).

Admittedly, practising economists, particularly those in "advisory" roles, often tend to neglect demand factors. This has resulted in the creation of a fallacious subculture of "value-less" supply-and-production economics, so persistently castigated by Professor P. T. Bauer. Thompson's "Rubbish Theory" would, among others, help rehabilitate orthodox value economics in so far as "the study of rubbish holds out the possibility of understanding value" and "the process whereby value is continually being created and destroyed." In fact, the often irrational contemporary distrust of the price-and-market mechanism and its misconception as an ideology rather than as an instrument are due precisely to the neglect of value and opportunity costs, the very phenomena which are amenable to analysis under Thompson's rubric of Fashion and the Butterfly of Taste. It would be richly ironical if a sociologist were to refurbish the tarnished armour of analytical economics. Economists should eagerly get to work on Thompson's "Rubbish Theory."

ANAND G. CHANDAVARKAR

Washington, D.C.

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Raymond Aron's "Defence"

READING Raymond Aron's "From Yankee Imperialism to Russian Hegemony" [ENCOUNTER, August], it occurred to me that it would be extremely valuable if we had a discussion of the compatibility of liberal democracy with the extensive "defence" posture often recommended for the United States. After all, liberal democracy sets very high standards of propriety by which citizens should interact with each other, standards that are clearly applicable to the conduct of governments. Yet the extensive "defence" posture, often reaching far beyond the borders of a government's jurisdiction, advocated by some who favour liberal democracy, seems to jeopardise, *in principle*, liberal standards of due process. If the "defence" posture to be assumed is to be justified by reference to the defence of liberal democratic values, these standards must surely be first in line as the objects of the defence at issue. But if that defence entails the sacrifice of those values, one will have great difficulty in sustaining the justification for this defence.

My concerns may appear to be naïve, if I am to judge by the unbelievably collectivist abstractions that constitute the language of the relevant discussions in ENCOUNTER and in other forums—e.g., even Professor Aron slips into referring to states as "who", in the third paragraph of his recent essay. But this appearance notwithstanding, the point I raise deserves full discussion, lest we completely lose sight of the ultimate substance of

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the concern with East-West (and adjacent) diplomatic and military relations, namely, the value of individual liberty.

TIBOR R. MACHAN

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View from Sinai

PRESUMABLY, since Professor Robert Sinai mentions no exceptions to his indictment, "What Ails Us and Why" [ENCOUNTER, April], he intends it to apply to all modern, industrialised countries, more or less. Hence he apparently asks us to believe that in Britain, as elsewhere, "modern man is confused, anxious, depressed, frustrated, aimless and weary, discontented and increasingly lawless."

How is it, then, that in Britain more people than ever before are engaged in active hobbies and recreations—walking, hiking, mountaineering, sailing, games-playing, gardening? There are long waiting-lists for allotments in some districts.

Again, there has never been such a profusion of "fringe" activities. They include all sorts of religious sects and esoteric cults and an immense range of unorthodox medical treatments. Some of these pursuits may be dubious, but at least they show that in Britain it is not true that "anybody who is not like everybody, who does not think like everybody, is either eliminated or reduced to silence and impotence."

Recent years have seen the rise also of numerous "fringe" theatres, often set up by enthusiasts in makeshift premises, over and above the many repertory theatres up and down the land. Music—leaving aside pop and rock—has never drawn so many performers (school and youth orchestras, amateur chamber groups) and listeners. Young people crowd the Proms.

Of course Professor Sinai raises many other issues and makes some effective points. But if he has recently spent any time in Britain, he must have gone around with eyes half-shut.

CHARLES DAVY

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Nixon's "China Opening"

R'S COLUMN in ENCOUNTER (April) states a case for the inscrutability of China and the Chinese, as compared with the more easily predictable attitudes and behaviour of the Soviet Union and its people—a case which is not altogether convincing because it seems to be carried much too far.

To suggest that America and the West in general should remain cool to all Chinese overtures, in order to keep all options open with Soviet Russia, is really to fly in the face of the positive initiatives, in both Americo-Soviet and Americo-Chinese relations, taken by President Nixon while he was in the White House. However misleadingly it may have been portrayed by over-enthusiastic apologists for the Carter Administration the "China Opening" was rather like the *second*, not the first, moon landing—a vital piece of "follow-through", not the original initiative itself.

The "China Opening" really began just over seven years ago, when President Nixon first visited China, in February 1972. Accordingly, if a "China card" really were being played now—which I would doubt—that card would be one inherited from Carter's predecessor-but-one in the White House, not one primarily of his own making, even though Teng Tsiao-ping's visit to the United States (in January of this year, at Carter's own invitation) obviously has great significance.

In essence, what I am suggesting is that the primary foreign policy alternatives for the United States are not "either/or" but "both"—both a developing relationship with China and a continuation of the *détente* with the Soviet Union. For all his glaring faults in other areas of conduct as President, Nixon has been proved right in one fundamental foreign policy tenet: China had to come "in from the cold", in its relations with the rest of the world community. He argued this cogently in his landmark article in *Foreign Affairs*, "Asia After Vietnam", written in October 1967, more than a year before he became President. This article, as a portent of subsequent developments in Americo-Chinese relations, surely ought to rank with President Kennedy's American University Address of June 1963, a speech vital in both content and timing for the eventual emergence of the presently-continuing US-Soviet *détente*.

ROBERT A. IMLAY

London

Lacouture's Apology

ONE DOES not want to hit Jean Lacouture ("The Revolution that Destroyed Itself", ENCOUNTER, May) on the head, and one welcomes every contribution this talented writer makes to our knowledge of conditions in South-East Asia, particularly Cambodia. And yet one cannot resist feeling some discouragement with the way he salvages what is left of his conscience by prefacing his devastating report on one of the great crimes in history with what amounts to apology for having helped to make it possible.

"Must one now regret", he writes, "having supported a resistance movement"...? Yes, one must: "We should have spoken out sooner", he says:—but, still, it was a resistance movement, wasn't it, "against a grotesquely corrupt social order—...", and as such, we had to speak out for it, did we not, before waking our consciences and raising our voices to speak out against it!

The problem with this way of thinking is not merely that it is utterly obtuse. Lacouture and his pernicious club of progressive intellectuoids have throughout their lives been playing a game which in the Old South used to be called the Battle Royal: Set the poor creatures against each other, and then pull them apart after you have had your fill of cheering on the side you put your money on. In addition, it is bound to lead to the next round of progressive apologies for new murders. For it maintains intact the mentality that supports "those Heroic Guerrillas" against the "middlemen and the agents of a Foreign Power." This kind of mentality is never able to judge the point at which a totalitarian "resistance movement" becomes a new system of oppression, because there is no such point, unless it is at the very time the so-called resistance movement is conceived.

The simple fact is that Lacouture dehumanised the patriots who fought with General Thieu for the freedom of their homeland. He dehumanised those who, perhaps clumsily at times, came to the aid of these patriots. Between the Lacoutures and the Chomskys there is a difference only of degree.

ROGER F. KAPLAN

New York City

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AUTHORS

Clive Sinclair's *Hearts of Gold*, a collection of his short stories (of which two first appeared in ENCOUNTER), is published this month by Allison & Busby.

Sir Karl Popper is Emeritus Professor of Logic and Scientific Method, London School of Economics. Among his many distinguished works are *The Open Society and Its Enemies* (1945, n.e. 1977), *The Logic of Scientific Discovery* (1959, n.e. 1977), *On the Sources of Knowledge and of Ignorance* (1961), *Objective Knowledge* (1972, n.e. 1979), and a volume of autobiography, *Unended Quest* (1976). His most recent contribution to ENCOUNTER was "Indeterminism is Not Enough" (April 1973).

Kyrill Panoff is a journalist and political scientist. He works in the Bulgarian Department of Radio Free Europe and for Danish State Radio.

Pierre Kende, an economist and sociologist, is Director of Research at the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique in Paris. Among his books are *Logique de l'économie centralisée* (Sedes, 1964) and *L'abondance est-elle possible?* (Gallimard, 1971). His article first appeared in *Commentaire*.

Simon Leys is the political pen-name of Pierre Ryckmans, a leading specialist in Chinese art and history, who spent several years in China and now teaches in the Department of Chinese Studies at the Australian National University in Canberra. Among his books are *The Chairman's New Clothes* and *Broken Images* (Allison & Busby, 1977, 1979), and *Chinese Shadows* (Penguin, 1978).

George Watson is a Fellow in English at St John's College, Cambridge, and author of *Is Socialism Left?* (Liberal Publication Department) and *Politics and Literature in Modern Britain* (Macmillan, 1977). He was Liberal candidate for Leicester in the European elections of June 1979.

François Fejtö is Paris correspondent for *Il Giornale Nuovo* and author of *The French Communist Party* (M.I.T. Press, 1967) and *History of the People's Democracies* (Penguin ed. 1974).

Craig Raine is the author of *The Onion, Memory* (1978). His new book of poems, *A Martian Sends a Postcard Home*, will be published by Oxford University Press in November.

Goronwy Rees has been a contributing editor of ENCOUNTER since 1966. His many published works include two volumes of reminiscences, *A Bundle of Sensations* (1960) and *A Chapter of Accidents* (1972), both published by Chatto & Windus who in 1974 brought out his *Brief Encounters*—a selection of the "Columns" which, as "*R*", he contributes to ENCOUNTER each month.

Alan Brownjohn reviews new poetry regularly in ENCOUNTER. His own most recent volume of poems was *A Song of Good Life* (Secker, 1975).

Brian Inglis is a free-lance writer, historian, and TV commentator. One of his particular interests is in the borderline between "official" and "unofficial" medicine, and his books in this area include *Fringe Medicine* (1964), *Drugs, Doctors, and Disease* (1965), *The Forbidden Game* (1975), *Book of the Back* (1978) and *Natural and Supernatural* (Hodder, 1978). His latest book, *Natural Medicine*, will be published this autumn by Collins.

Peter Redgrove's latest book of poems, *The Weddings at Nether Powers* (the title poem appeared in the October 1978 ENCOUNTER), has just been published by Routledge.

Fleur Adcock's most recent books of poetry are *The Inner Harbour* (Oxford University Press) and *Below Loughrigg* (Bloodaxe Books).

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Paris

KAPITAL: French Communists have been stupefied to learn that one of the rare first editions of Karl Marx's "Communist Manifesto" of 1848 was up for auction at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris where it was expected to reach a high sum.

Veterans appalled at the abandonment by Party Secretary Georges Marchais of "the dictatorship of the proletariat", now find the Manifesto itself is about to suffer at the hands of an acquisitive class enemy.

It was sold for a staggering 280,000 francs (or about £30,000, or over $60,000). The buyer was identified only as a young French industrialist.

A.P./LE MONDE

New York City

GOD SAVE THE MARK: **When a trademark gets into the dictionaries, it may be in trouble. When Merriam-Webster's Third Unabridged came out in 1961, the brand-name crowd was dismayed: "The only word capitalized was 'God'," moaned Dorothy Fey, executive director of the U.S. Trademark Association. Since that time, most dictionaries—including Merriam-Webster—capitalize such household-word trademarks as "Deepfreeze," and identify them as trademarks. (Anybody can call a dictionary "Webster's.")**

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

London

HARM'S WAY: *For centuries they have been discriminated against. Their very name is a term of abuse. Yet today they represent one in ten of every child born.*

But now some help is on the way for Britain's illegitimate children of whom 1,500,000 have been born since the war. The Law Commission yesterday called for an end to all discrimination against illegitimate children.

In polite language they are described as being "born out of wedlock"; gossip columnists these days know them as "love children"; but in rough parlance they are still called what they always have been, "bastards."

DAILY MAIL

Copenhagen

SWEET FAREWELL: There was a home-from-home Shakespearean touch to the end of the Queen's Danish State visit when she sailed into Elsinore in the Royal Yacht *Britannia*. There is a Hamlet Hotel, although it is not commercialised.

The Queen was told that before Viking times there had been a dithery Prince Amleth from Jutland. This was according to Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish chronicler.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Suffolk

PRESENT DISCONTENT: Now that the media have followed the illiterates and are using "presently" to mean currently, what word are we expected to use when we mean presently?

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

WORD GAME: *As the study of the learned tongues declines the few remaining classicists will derive more and more snobbish fun from linguistic solecisms such as "horrorama".*

If you must add the Latin word "horror" to the Greek "(h)orama" you get the even more horrific horrororama, if not horrorrhorama, which is really delicious (but a terrible temptation to the fellow who does your famous misprints).

I remember an egg-head conchie as long ago as the Great War who was more upset by the epithet "pacifist" than by his incarceration. It should be "pacificist", a maker of, not a fist of, peace.

But what about the more recent neojollyologism "dyslexia"? It means difficulty in reading but it can't come from the Greek word "lego" because that means to say. Yet as every schoolboy once knew you get a terrible lecture if you put an x in any inflection of the Latin word "legere", to read.

THE GUARDIAN

Washington, D.C.

LONELY ONLY ADVERBS: **The adverb only has slipped its moorings, and now drifts anywhere in a sentence. Why do most people say, "I only have eyes for you," when they really mean, "I have eyes only for you."**

Only the other day [William Safire writes] I was humming that golden oldie and it never occurred to me that the sentence would gain emphasis if the only moved closer to the eyes. More often than not, only qualifies the whole idea of a sentence, and in that use most naturally precedes the verb. But the songwriter could have written three other versions: "I have eyes only for you," "I have eyes for only you," or "I have eyes for you only."

Most people would understand all four versions to mean essentially the same thing, but the lonely only must not be allowed to float too far. They would immediately recognize that "only I have eyes for you" means something very different and less flattering.

We are talking here about the order of words in a sentence, a subject that transforms grammarians. "Why do people say, 'I don't think I'll go' when they really mean, 'I think I will not go'?"

I think I will not answer that, because I don't think there is a good answer in logic or grammar. I will only say, "An idiom is its own excuse for being." (I will say only? I only will say? Only I will say?)

NEW YORK TIMES

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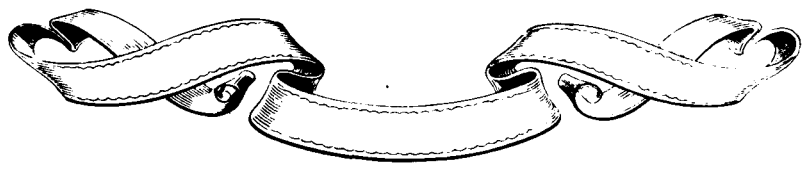

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